

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

May, 1930

10¢



IN

THIS
ISSUE:

Lady Hay Drummond-Hay

Talks on

"People I Have Met"

Clever indeed are these New Floors

Striking designs in rich colours make all sorts of clever decorative schemes possible with the new Dominion Inlaid Linoleum Floors.

There are tiles, mosaics and parquetry effects . . . new charm for any uninteresting room . . . inspiration for brightening every part of the home. And all at very moderate cost.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum floors are easy to lay and to clean; odourless; long-wearing and polish beautifully with little effort. The mellow effect of their soft-lustre Domolac finish is particularly lovely.

Other Beautiful Dominion Floors

Dominion Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs offer a wide variety of beautiful and durable floor coverings at popular prices. Designs for every room.

At House Furnishing, Departmental
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Made in Canada by the
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Dominion Battleship
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Dominion Marble Tile
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Border design is No. 7550



DOMINION I N L A I D LINOLEUM

England's leader in Beauty Culture

Mme. BERTHA JACOBSON

warns "against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils"

"By using Palmolive," says Madame Jacobson, "you can always be sure that your skin will retain its natural freshness of beauty. Other soaps may irritate the skin: may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness, Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."

Bertha Jacobson

11/12 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W. 1



Entrance to Madame Jacobson's Mayfair salon, where the smartest women of London consult this renowned beauty expert.

Nothing safeguards the skin more effectively than olive oil in soap—particularly as blended in Palmolive.

"WHEN women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

Dangers to skin beauty

The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin



Madame Bertha Jacobson, herself, administering to a client in her Mayfair beauty salon. Madame Jacobson was the teacher of many of our own famous beauty experts.

free of these blemishes . . . the preferred method of more than 19,800 world-famous experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist, Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession, many of whom have studied the essentials of beauty culture under her tutelage. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAJ and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



Retail Price 10c



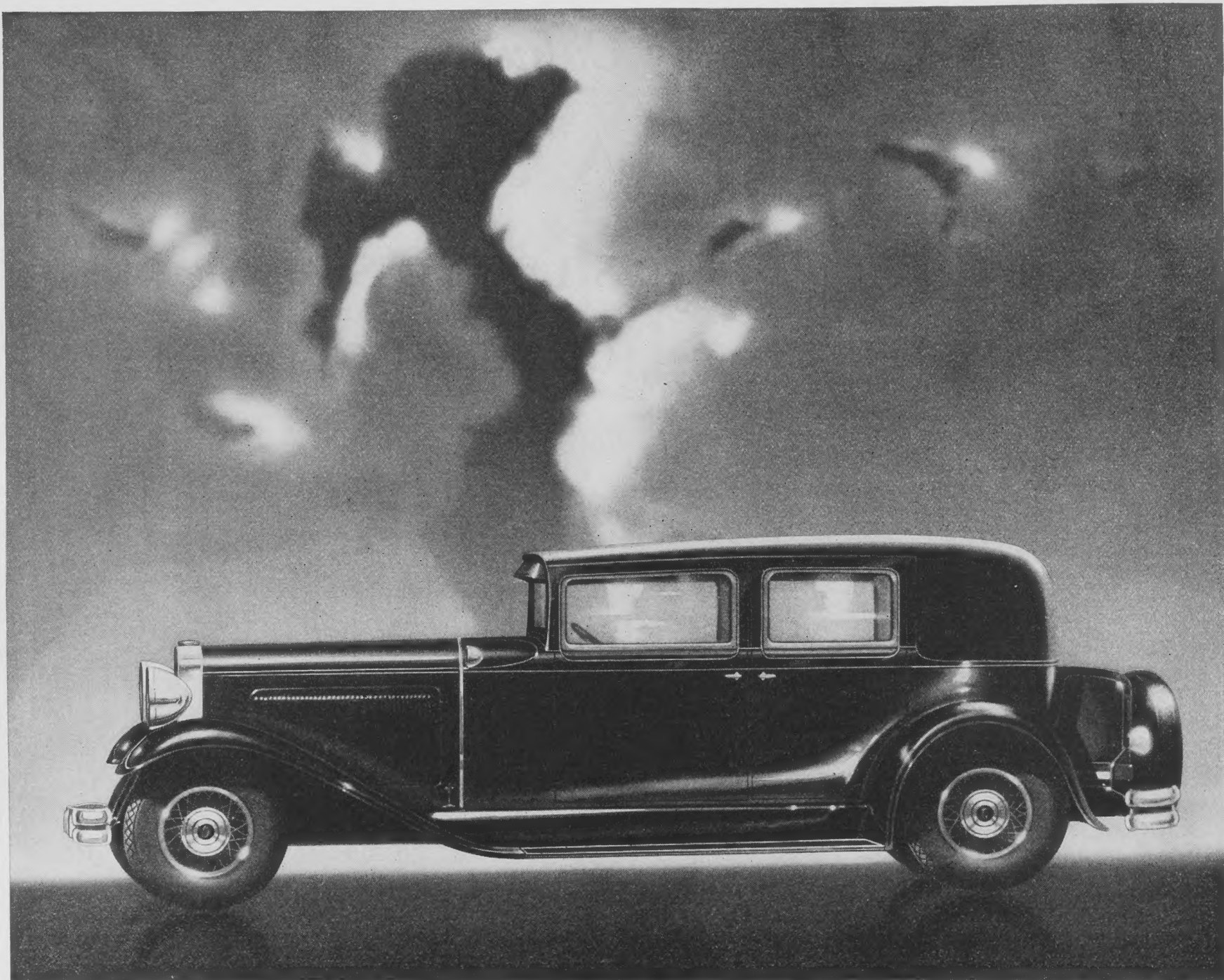
A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon. Furnishings help to reveal the interesting background of this well-known shop.

When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent.

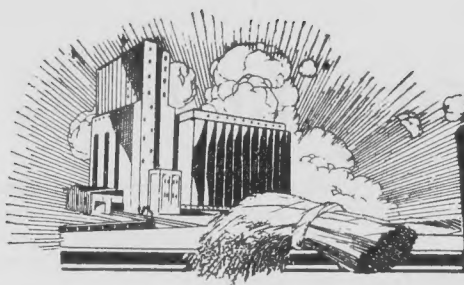
To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness. And since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions of lovely women already do, in 48 countries the world over.



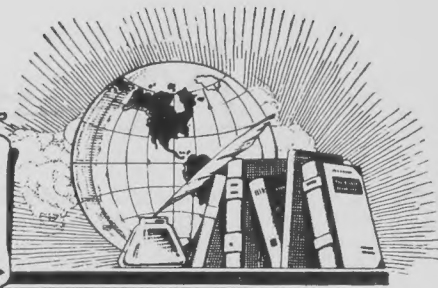
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Thermostatically-controlled Radiator Shutters
Steel Spring Covers with Lifetime Lubrication*

NASH "400"



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXI

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 5

Combatting Communism

SAYS the Christian Science Monitor: "It is only when the policeman himself turns lawless and by beating up his victims turns them into martyrs that the radical demonstrator becomes a dangerous factor. That he will seek to extend his influence during every period of depression and industrial maladjustment can be taken for granted, but the nation can afford to pay little attention to the Red orator if it gives honest and constructive attention to the solution of the unemployment problem. Communism has no attraction to men who hold good jobs."

There is just enough truth in this to make readers think a little. Fifty years ago, when wealth was fairly divided in this land, and when nearly everybody had enough to eat and something to wear, there was little Communism. People loved their country because they had a stake in it. There are many agitators today who would be peaceful citizens if they had enough to keep body and soul together, and there are many rich people who would become Reds were they deprived of the means of living. Social and economic conditions often help to explain political unrest. This is no attempt to justify the demonstrations of those who come to this country uninvited and who begin to air their foreign-born animosities. We do not ask to have old-world hatreds revived in this land. What we have to be careful about is the maintaining of such social and economic conditions as will make it easy for every citizen to be loyal. Allegiance cannot be compelled, it must be won. Sometimes this means readjustments, to ensure delayed justice; sometimes it means education to overcome prejudice and to remove misconceptions; always it means patience and wisdom. Right disposition cannot be hammered into a man's head.

When we say some readjustments must be made we have in mind the fact that less than one-eighth of the people own more than seven-eighths of the wealth; that there is ample production of food and manufactured articles in this country to supply twice the population, but that some are in want and approximately 200,000 out of work; that some who do not labor are living on those who do; in short, that it is a little too easy for people to practice selfishness and unrighteousness in the conduct of business affairs. There are other readjustments to be made touching trade and industry, but they must of necessity be temporary, since conditions are constantly changing. Sometimes the odds are in favor of the man on the farm, and sometimes in favor of the man engaged in manufacture; sometimes (perhaps nearly always) the consumer pays more than he should, sometimes (perhaps rarely) the railway makes less than it should. Constant re-arrangements are necessary. There is never going to be perfect satisfaction at any time.

When we say that education is necessary, we have in mind not only the very wealthy but the very poor; not only those engaged in trade, but those who conduct public affairs; not only those who have been born and bred in this country, but some of those who have come from other lands. With regard to the last-named group it is especially necessary that education should be given to the adults. Often they do not understand our mode of government and our way of life. They are easily led by demagogues who have neither honesty nor intelligence. Those who have spent their youth in countries where autocracy held sway find it easy to think of government in this land as similar to that they knew in youth. They are quite ready to become Communists. The meetings they attend, directed by irresponsible agitators, warm their zeal. They become a menace to national peace. The state, in self-defence, must not only educate children but give definite instruction in citizenship to incoming adults. When a man is in financial difficulties he naturally blames the government—local or federal. He does not take into account world conditions. The cure for ignorance is education.

When we say that wisdom and patience must be exercised, we mean that our governors, mayors, police

authorities and the like must be men who are governed by reason rather than passion, and that we all must expect understanding and good-will to be arrived at slowly. Neither in this land nor any other are the people likely to become saints over-night. Never will they become saints by compulsion. The Soviet method of force is for us who are free beings, hopelessly impossible.

Conscription

THE time for people to discuss their differences of opinion is not when differences have caused actual trouble, but before trouble has arisen. In the heat of conflict people do not usually exercise good judgment. At a meeting of the United Farmers of Alberta held recently a much-discussed topic was the conscription of wealth before man-power. It is well for a country to commit itself on a question of this nature when peace prevails, so that, should an emergency arise there will be no need for discussion. As a step towards crystallization of opinion the Alberta United Farmers adopted the following resolution, which seems to be definite enough, even if it will not meet with favor among certain classes. Only the central idea of the resolution is presented:

"Whereas, wars in the past have been encouraged, consciously or unconsciously, by corporations, financiers and statesmen, who stood to profit by international conflict.

"Whereas, all economic and commercial activities should be utilized for the sole purpose of national service, and bankers, manufacturers, commercial institutions, farmers, etc., be on the same basis of income as soldiers at the front.

"Whereas, since provisions of this character will not be made after war has been declared,

"Therefore, be it resolved:

"1. That legislation be introduced now providing that upon the outbreak of war the following shall be automatically effective: That the credit of the nation, involving all financial institutions, shall be used for national service on a non-debt-creating basis.

"2. That all munition factories be nationalized at once and permanently, and provision made for the compulsory enlistment of all industries concerned, directly or indirectly, for the duration of the next possible war.

"3. That fullest provision be made for the foregoing before any step be taken for the mobilization of our national man-power."

Nationalism in Trade

IN 1926, the industrialists of sixteen nations issued a manifesto which declared:

"Too many states, in pursuit of false ideals of national interest, have imperilled their own welfare and lost sight of the common interest of the world by basing their commercial relations on the economic folly which treats all trading as a form of war."

The Geneva Conference in February of this year undertook to discuss this question, and there was unanimity that a truce on tariffs would have world-wide benefits; but, one after another the nations began to explain why such action would be impossible in their own countries. Nationalism is still too strong a bond for most to break. Or is it nationalism? Should we not rather say that self-interest of leaders in trade and production prevents them from appreciating world needs? Fortunately there has been recently a growing recognition that what seems at first sight to be a marvellously sound policy is in reality a stupid blunder. "Enlightened self-interest is beginning to dictate consideration for the interests of good customers."

A writer in the Round Table puts forth this interesting proposition: "Economic nationalism is incompatible with prosperity just as nationalism in armaments is incompatible with peace." It is noteworthy that this theory is being seriously considered in the United States, which has until now been the stronghold of protection. Perhaps Canada may be excused if she is not too ready "to cut off her nose to spite her face."

The Youth of Today

MISS KAY KENNEDY, writing in the Outlook, makes a valuable contribution to the much-debated question of the moral tendencies of present-day youth, she has had communication with thousands of young people in all parts of the country and from all grades of society, on matters pertaining to the relationship of the sexes, and her conclusion is this:

"The youth of today, by and large, like the youth of that much-ridiculed Victorian era, are clean of thought and habit, and cherish those ideals of industry, home-making and happiness which presumably were upheld in youth by the maturer generation that of late years has been looking upon its successors in American life with an apprehension and doubt bred only of lack of exact knowledge."

Question and Answer

THE editor of the Toronto Globe put down seven questions and answered them as truthfully as he could. The questions are incisive, the replies unequivocal. Here they are:

1. Is it your opinion that government control makes for real temperance?

Reply: No.

2. Does government control decrease or increase the consumption of liquor?

Reply: Liquor consumption has doubled in Ontario in two years.

3. Does government control decrease or increase number of drunken drivers of automobiles?

Reply: Drunken drivers have multiplied by ten, while cars doubled.

4. Have deaths from accidents due to drunken drivers increased under government control?

Reply: Yes, enormously.

5. Have industrial accidents decreased under government control?

Reply: No. Increasing 7 per cent faster than pay rolls.

6. Has government control eliminated the bootlegger?

Reply: Large bootlegger eliminated, but small bootlegger multiplied.

7. Has government control proved any benefit to the young people?

Reply: No.

Parents as Background

AS CHILDREN advance in years they become more and more independent, and the parents become but a pleasant background for the pictures the young people are painting. It is well to remember that often a picture is made or spoiled by the background. The background of a picture may be very simple yet admirably fulfil its purpose. The home background furnished by parents need not necessarily contain an abundance of material things, but there should be in it the spirit of tolerance, of understanding of youth, of love enlarged by freedom. Wise parents, as the children grow in years, learn to retreat into the background, but this does not mean their effacement. They become all the more necessary as they become silent admirers as the children paint their life-pictures.

It is not every parent who is ready to recede into the background and allow children to fight their own battles and arrive at their life-goal without everlasting dictation. A young person directing his own life is like the driver of an automobile. He resents too much dictation from those in the back seat. There is within him a feeling which prompts him to realize his possibilities through his own efforts. And it is a feeling that should be encouraged. The most pitiable object in the world is a young person who, in politics, religion or social customs has no opinions of his own. It is absurd to think that all opinions worth anything were coined and fashioned by one's ancestors. The worst thing possible for any young person is to be a mere imitator. It is the lives of the parents that count, not their minute directions as to details of conduct. If the life-influence is wholesome, beliefs and conduct of young people will not be very far wrong.

Memories of John Norquay

By R. G. MacBeth, D.D.

ONE day a few years ago I was delighted to come across, in Vancouver South, the familiar name of John Norquay, the native son of Manitoba who became premier of the province in which he was born. His name was on one of the splendid new schools of the locality and had evidently been placed as a designation on the school building by some who knew the fame as well as the name of the giant premier whose eloquence and ability made him a most conspicuous figure in the Middle West and farther East. It was in that same goodly province of Manitoba that I first saw the light of day and I knew Norquay all my life. I was aware that his standing in his native province was high and splendid, but it was gratifying to a fellow-citizen in the first of the Western provinces to enter Confederation to know that his fame had reached out to the Pacific, so that an important public institution was named in his honor. For it must be remembered that Norquay died at a comparatively early age, nearly forty years ago, when this province by the western sea was still, in a sense, remote from the East in its social and public life. Hence it is a pleasant thing to know that the greatness of his natural gifts, his integrity of character, his interest in education and his services to Canada are recognized so far afield as the Pacific shore. Winnipeg, of course, that knew him at first-hand, long ago named a school, not far from his residence, after this distinguished citizen.

Norquay's ancestors were of that sturdy Orcadian stock which furnished to the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company many of the men whose sterling qualities had much to do with building up the business of that ancient organization. One of Norquay's ancestors, in the service of the Company, according to a general custom had married one of the daughters of the land. And those of us who know the history of the West can quote many names of men of mixed blood whose commanding strength of body and mind became of immense value to the country. John Norquay grew up on the land and was educated at St. John's Parish School and College, mainly by the good offices of the Anglican bishop, who early recognized the lad's powers. After leaving college, he took to school teaching, but his public gifts marked him out for public life and he became a member of the first legislature of his native province. From 1871 to 1891, the date of his death at a comparatively early age, Norquay was an outstanding and a commanding figure in the legislature of Manitoba and in contact with the various Dominion Governments of his day concerning "better terms" for the Western provinces. For a time after entering the Legislature, Norquay retained his farm home down the Red River, residing there with his family and driving into Winnipeg to look after his public duties.

IT WAS while Mr. and Mrs. Norquay were living there on the farm at Park's Creek that I got to know him more particularly in a personal way. Their six sturdy children came to the public school where I was then teaching. Some of them were at least of equal stature with their young teacher. But they were well trained by their big father, who was to them a sort of older playmate and companion, and by their quiet mother, whose very gentleness placed a wholesome restraint upon their robust and exuberant spirits.

One Saturday afternoon when I called to see Mr. Norquay, his wife had to call him in from the wheat harvest, where he was using his giant strength in the fine art of pitching sheaves on the wagon racks for stacking in the yard. He came in at once, coatless and warm with his exertions, but in a most cordial mood, so as not to embarrass the young teacher who had been rather timid about calling on the great man. I recall the interview with much delight.

Norquay took great interest in the school and made a practice of coming down from Winnipeg for any special occasion. It was a joy to him to get home, and I recall how his children used to climb and clamber all over him as he sat in his favorite chair. He would take part joyously in our little school concerts, and his presence always drew a crowd, as he was immensely popular with the people who knew him best. He had a strong, clear, resonant voice and could sing the immortal "Annie Laurie" so as to bring down the house. When encoered, he would repeat a verse and

there was a legend that he never cared to sing any other song. But he sang it well.

One evening, before a concert, I called at the house and asked him to give us an address or a reading. He said he would be delighted if he could get anything to read and asked the boys to hunt up something. They selected a piece about a lodge initiation which was so full of humorous situations that it set the big Premier laughing with delight. And when he started to read it at the concert the humor of it broke upon him afresh till he laughed so heartily himself that the audience rocked in an uproar of hilarity. Nothing gave Norquay more pleasure than to contribute in any way to



The Late John Norquay—a forceful legislator of the past.

the enjoyment of the people who came in crowds to hear him.

When Norquay spoke on important occasions in public life he had the impressiveness of the physique and voice which give advantage. Standing six feet three and built in massive proportion, he was a commanding figure. As an indication of his strength, I recall a rather riotous meeting when two men who led opposing factions were seemingly determined to attack each other. Norquay, leaving the platform, forced his way through the crowd till he got between the two combatants, who were suddenly separated as decidedly as if a rock had dropped between them. Norquay laughingly told them to be good boys and sit down, which they did lest this kindly giant might knock their heads together.

NORQUAY'S education had not been extensive, but he had read widely in the classics, both ancient and modern, and had an unusual command of language in public address. He was rather fond of latin quotations and could use scriptural allusions with effect. He had a voice of bell-like clearness and

power. Perhaps it may have been through his maternal ancestors that there came to him the gift of that remarkable eloquence which had so wonderful a place by the campfires of the Great Plains.

I heard him speak on many subjects, on various occasions, and always with tremendous effect. Once, in my law-student days, I recall that the St. George's Snowshoe Club went to St. Paul, Minnesota, to help the citizens there with an ice-palace and winter celebration. It fell to the Winnipeg contingent to put on a miscellaneous concert before an audience that ran into thousands from all over the States. It was a big undertaking, but Norquay happened along on the way back from Ottawa and with his usual desire to help the boys, agreed to appear and give an address at the concert. The massive figure of Manitoba's Premier, clad in full evening dress, caught the imagination of the great audience at once. The clear ringing quality of his voice reached to the farthest corner of the vast hall, while the rolling periods of his eloquence as he spoke of international friendship evoked thunderous applause. He made our concert a real event in the celebration.

Once, in the Legislature at Winnipeg, I recall him when he was in opposition leading a small following as the result of complications arising between the local and Dominion authorities. He was defending his record so well that a member of the other side, angered by his success, taunted him with his mixed blood. Norquay drew himself up to his colossal height and threw up his right hand with dramatic power. Then, pointing to his wrist, he said he was not ashamed of the strain that darkened his skin, but there was no blot upon his record, and he would leave an unsullied name to his children and to his country. The words were uttered with such tremendous passion and sincerity that cheers broke out from both sides of the House, and that speech remains as the loftiest example of eloquence that the Legislature has known.

His attachment to his native province was profound. He has special claim to being gratefully remembered for securing from the Dominion a grant of a hundred and fifty thousand acres of land as an endowment for the struggling infant University of Manitoba. To some it did not seem of great value at the time, because the country was new and sparsely settled. But that land eventually did much to put the University on its feet.

NORQUAY had a keen sense of gratitude, and was quick to acknowledge the slightest effort to serve him. Once at a political meeting in Kildonan he was being hotly attacked by a brilliant lawyer from Winnipeg because he had allowed some of the members of the Government to plunge the province into some unnecessary expenditures. There was some ground, doubtless, for the attack, as Norquay was a little too trustful of others for this work-a-day world. A small boy in the audience saw that Norquay, whom he greatly admired, was feeling the attack and this boy, though not understanding the whole discussion, watched for an opportunity to come to the assistance of his big hero. It came when the Winnipeg lawyer, summing up the opposition programme, declared vehemently: "This is our platform, gentlemen. We are going to stand on that platform and we are going to carry that platform in this country." At that point the small boy saw the incongruity in the expression and shouted: "How are you going to carry the platform if you stand on it?" A meeting, as everyone knows, gets to a tense point where a relief is welcomed, and that schoolhouse rocked with laughter till the effect of the lawyer's speech was forgotten. It was a proud moment for that small boy when Norquay looked him up at a neighbor's house after the meeting and, shaking hands, thanked him for his timely intervention. Next day the small boy met the lawyer in Winnipeg, but the lawyer was a good sport and he said with a laugh: "You knocked my speech out last night, but it was a fair blow," at which the boy was a good deal relieved.

Norquay was twenty years in the Legislature and over fourteen years in government office, but he had never dreamed of making money, and died poor. Norquay was a fine example of a man who was anxious to do something for his country, regardless of whether his country did any thing for him or not, which characteristic proved him a real statesman.



for Economical Transportation



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 just notice
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NOT until you have actually driven the new Chevrolet Six, can you fully realize what a difference there is in Chevrolet performance. Until *you try* out this great new Six you will never know its smooth, effortless power . . instant acceleration . . new safety and stability factors . . greater riding ease.

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 General Motors' Own Deferred Payment Plan*

I T'S B E T T E R B E C A U S E I T'S C A N A D I A N

Four girls speak out in meeting about complexions

And 73 eminent dermatologists* agree with them

Four of us were attending what business men call a "conference"—four girls and six men.

One of us is tall and slim and cool. She is an authority on fashions. Another is small and soft, but such a tiny dynamo of energy that her husband calls her "Little Tug-boat." Another is an artist, who always looks dressed for tea at the Ritz. And the fourth—well, she has a warm voice and a quick smile and a generous ear for everybody's problems.

What were we doing in the meeting? We were there to represent *you*, because such large and experienced soapmakers as The Procter & Gamble Company, realize that men often don't quite understand what women feel about things. So they called us in to advise them.

What the men thought

Calay, their wonderful new soap, was at last in nearly all the stores and they were ready to talk to you about it in the magazines you like best to read.

There were lots of opinions—there always are in these meetings. But, as sometimes happens, the men and women didn't agree.

One man wanted to tell you about the 10 long years of experimenting it took them to make this really new *kind* of soap. Another was sure you should know about the new process they had discovered to make the world's finest soap oils even finer. Still another thought you'd surely want to hear about Calay's delicate perfume that is pressed from living flowers when they blossom on their sunny French hillsides.

But long ago I'd fallen in love with this lovely new Calay for a very different reason. Also I'd been talking to a lot of girls about it—friends, casual acquaintances, even complete strangers. And I knew that what I had found so marvelous about Calay was the one thing that these girls



most especially wanted to know: Will Calay help me keep my skin fresh and lovely and outdoor-looking?

My idea

So I spoke out in meeting for you—at considerable length, if I remember rightly! And the other three girls backed me up. Finally, after a lot of discussion, these men said, "Well, Miss Chase, we believe you girls are right." Then I *did* have an idea!

A few days later I consulted one of the most eminent dermatologists in

the country. I found him most sympathetic with my idea of wanting to see whether this lovely new Calay would give your skin the right kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely.

He agreed to have Calay analyzed for me and to test it thoroughly in use.

And more than that! He sent copies of Calay's analysis to the 72 other eminent dermatologists and asked them to examine it and test Calay, too. Most of these doctors

are the heads of the department of dermatology in leading universities and hospitals.

Why 73 leading dermatologists approve Calay

And now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists approved Calay's analysis and the gentle way Calay cleanses even the most delicate feminine skins, they have given Calay their unanimous approval.

So every time you cleanse your face with Calay's velvety lather, you can know that you're using just the kind of soap these leading skin specialists would recommend to you if you consulted them about a soap for your complexion.

If you think any other soap can give you an assurance more important than *that*, I wish you'd write me about it!

Helen Chase

*What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Calay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

John A. Pusey
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 eminent dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YHH-50, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Calay is a Procter & Gamble Soap — Calay is 10¢ a cake





"Miss Lester, can you, or can you not, take dictation?"

One Can Love So Often

By Gertrude Macaulay Sutton

Illustrated by Robert Dorf

DENIS BARTLETT looked up at the next applicant. Tall, dark and slender, pale with fatigue-pencilled eyes . . . Denis stared, incredulous. Then he started forward.

"Clare! I hadn't the remotest idea you were in New York. Oh, I say, you know, it is jolly to see you! Oh, please sit down. You look most awfully done up."

She took his hand. Her rouged lips smiled slowly.

By Jove, what gameness! She always had been topping . . . at the frayed end, yet her lips tricked out like that!

"So you are the Impervo Roofing Company, Denis? Just my luck. Well, mustn't waste your valuable time."

Her eyes were still, to Denis, the most beautiful he had ever seen.

"You've taken up secretarial work? Had any experience, Clare?"

Her eyes inhibited the kindly, personal questions that seethed within him.

"Yes. Not much." She still had her slight drawl. He had always thought it attractive.

She rose, with a gay scarlet smile. But her movements were desolate.

"Goodbye, Denis. Don't tell Montreal that you saw me."

"Oh, absolutely not. But I say," he flushed and began to stammer. "I - I say, don't go, Clare! I - I think you'd make a - a topping secretary."

"I'd make a rotten secretary." Her eyes met his derisively. Her low voice drawled the "rotten."

Denis Bartlett was not merely touched, he was stabbed, with sympathy. Three years ago Clare Lester had been the *debutante* of the season in Montreal. Now she was shabby, haggard, ill. Three years ago it had needed courage to ask her for a dance.

Impulsively, apologetically, Denis offered her the position of secretary to himself and his partner.

DURING the six days that Clare Lester had been his secretary Denis had slept badly. Of course he was not in love with her, just as he had not been in love with her three years ago, when he had thought her the most glamorous person he had ever known. But a commonplace chap didn't aspire to fairy princesses, even when they had fallen on evil days.

For in love Denis had no conceit, only an illimitable chivalry. He had believed Bernard Shaw and his own instincts, both of which told him that the female did the courting. This inalienable right

of the fair sex he had revered. But ever, with healthy manhood, he had "stood by," ready to take his cue.

The love-records of his twenty-six years could be easily classified—calf, once; gratitude, once; awkward situation, twice; curiosity, once; never-fail-a-lady, twice. All unsuccessful.

There was about him, clearly, nothing of the cave man. Yet neither had his succession of denials engendered an inferiority complex. For Denis was not self-conscious.

Healthy, athletic, interested in his business, he thought girls were pretty things. If one smiled on him, his reaction was that of any normal male, as prompt as a knee-jerk to the physician's tap. If the fair one continued to smile, in Denis something chivalrous and guileless had always made him offer himself as a husband. Decent thing to do, you know. Hang it all after a nice girl giving away that she liked a fellow, letting him kiss her and that sort of thing—dash it, she rather had a proposal coming to her, don't you know?

And each refusal had seemed to Denis a damned sensible decision on the girl's part. He wasn't handsome or interesting or rich—why the deuce should she want to marry him? It had been a relief to have done the decent thing, and to have her let it go at that.

His blue eyes were as frank as a child's. He had still the look of a happy, English schoolboy, with scrubbed face and hair brushed, *energetically* brushed.

But they had all refused him—the girls back in England, the one during his six months in Montreal working with his uncle, and the charmers he had met since settling in New York. For he had no subtlety, no indelicacy, and not extraordinarily much money. They had found him unexciting. They had not been intrigued by his chivalry and sympathy.

It was this last handicap which had kept him sleepless, distressed over Clare Lester's shabby pallor. He felt unpleasantly coked up, for her eyes defied him to pity her. And Denis ached to ask what life had done to her in the past three years that her beautiful eyes should regard it so inimically.

Of course, there had been her broken engagement to the Hon. Austin Atkinson. But to Denis, veteran of many such deathblows, this seemed a small thing. He remembered too that it had occurred at the end of her first season, close on the heels of her father's catastrophic failure. Yet surely to a beautiful girl of eighteen a broken engagement and sudden poverty must be the merest trifles.

All subsequent rumours of her had been palely glamorous. She had gone abroad, was social secretary to some exclusive milliner. She was writing a book.

And now, glamour stripped, she was listening impassively while Philip Gallert, his partner, bullied her about mistakes in his letters.

From his adjoining office Denis could overhear Gallert's curt query.

"Miss Lester, can you or can you not take dictation correctly?"

And her reply, toneless but civil, "That, Mr. Gallert, is for you to judge."

Now she was in his own office, speaking softly that Gallert should not hear her.

"Denis, are you free tonight? Will you—take me to dinner?"

"Will I, Clare? I say, what a jolly old idea!"

"Thank you. I'm," her voice drawled off, "hungry."

HE made it an early and a good dinner. And he kept the conversation trivial until it was impossible she was still hungry. At last, embarrassedly, he ventured. She smiled, as if she had expected such questions.

"You know, I suppose, about Austin. He was a cad."

Had her voice shown resentment, it would have disturbed him less.

"But at the time I cared most dreadfully." That imperturbable drawl. "Most dr-read-fully. All day I grinned like an idiot, and all night I cried like a bigger idiot. I used to stuff my face into the pillow so that Mother wouldn't overhear me from the next room. And sometimes I would lie comfortably on my back and cry silently, the tears trickling down my cheeks and into my ears. Ever manage that? Fact. They will."

"Oh, Clare, I'm most awfully sorry. How beastly for you."

"Nothing. It merely wasted time when I should have been casting about for another man. Instead I managed introductions to some prominent English people, and finally secured a job in England. Social secretary to an elderly fiend. I hoped there to meet Austin again. He had gone back, you know. Even after I had learned to despise him, I still hoped. That fatal feeling that we *belonged*. I suppose that is why I have felt no attraction to any other man."

I think I always hoped. Until last year when he married."

"But, Clare, old thing!" Denis was staggered at such devotion. "But, I say, you know, one can love so often!"

"Oh, love doesn't bother me now. I'm much more interested in three meals a day."

"That's all settled now, Clare."

She shrugged. "Gallert is going to fire me pretty soon."

Embarrassed, he protested, denied.

"Do you know, Denis, I believe you are really kind. And I have to tell some one. I don't think you have ever realized how destitute I was, I am. Oh, I know you've probably heard about the art, and the millinery, and the writing, and the movies. Well, I'm a business failure."

"I should think you'd be topping in the movies. I never go to the things, but I do think you'd be thundering good in them."

"Thanks, Denis. Other people told me that. And the screen has always appealed to my picture sense. I go whenever I can scrape up the pennies. So in London I paid six hard earned guineas for a course. They told me I would be wonderful too, until they had my six guineas. Then they found I was much too tall. Besides I couldn't act. I had been idiot enough to think my good looks would get me in."

"You didn't like the social secretary job?"

"Denis, you have never had a woman hectoring you all day long. It's impossible to explain that particular hell in a few words. I stood it for five months, and then she decided that she had had enough of me, and let me go."

Denis understood. He thought Clare's "diabolically beautiful" eyes and stoical drawl had probably fretted considerably the fiendish Englishwoman.

"I then spent my savings trying art—anything from portrait sketches to commercial stuff. It was expensive."

He inquired about the millinery venture, which had seemed to him more practical.

She smiled drily. "Oh, yes, the hats. Took a course. I toiled incessantly until I developed a good case of eyestrain. Then, the course finished, I found that no shop would take me at more than twelve dollars a week. I had returned to Canada, working my way across as secretary to an old blind man, who used the Braille touch system up and down my body. He is a philanthropist. I wanted to start a millinery shop, but I had no money."

These women! Why could she not have found out such details before taking her course? But that was why chaps had the pleasant duty of looking after these adorable creatures.

"About the writing. That was utter silliness. Everyone thinks they can write. It wasn't that I tried to do highbrow stuff. Most failures say it is because they want to do trash. I'd write anything, twaddle pious or snappy, for money. Just as I'd marry for money. Frankly, I haven't had the chance. All this probably bores you, but you rather asked for it. And please don't be sorry for me, for at this moment I am absolutely happy."

Ah! Definitely a cue! A couple of cues! Denis responded with alacrity.

"Oh, no, Denis, I wasn't playing for that. All I want from life is just enough money a week for food and lodging. That's why I'm in New York. It gives a better chance for a girl than in Canada."

"But, Clare, you mustn't talk like that! You'll care for some chap again—"

"With my luck, he would be sure to be a cad."

He wanted terribly to help her. Terribly. If only she were not so impersonal. Never had he been so stirred. He remembered her vividly—eighteen, insolently beautiful, run after by half the young bloods in Montreal, dancing her shoes through each night, by day giving studio parties to admiring youths, intriguingly Bohemian in paint-smudged smocks. Had she smiled at him three years ago, Denis would have flung himself, a doormat at her feet. For Denis was thorough in his chivalry. Had he been Raleigh, never would he have offered Elizabeth a mere mantle to tread on, he would have prostrated himself, a grateful stepping-stone.

And now the beautiful, the glamorous Clare Lester sat opposite to him, talking quietly of wanting nothing from life but enough money for food and lodging.

No man could bear it.

"Clare, I'm not rich, you know, but I've a decent—"

"Now, Denis!" She cut him short with indulgent firmness. "I always said you were the unparalleled knight errant."

"Oh, not at all! Not at all, Clare! I mean, Clare, I'd—I say, I'd be most awfully bucked if marrying me would help at all!"

Her eyes blurred.

"I'm not that hard. I couldn't marry a nice man, just as a way out."

"But—how do you know I'm nice?"

"I know more than you think. I know, Denis, that you have asked *lots* of girls to marry you. Now that, I think, is most awfully nice of you."

"I'm not quite sure that you flatter me."

"Oh, but I do!" Her eyes twinkled. "Confess, Denis, that every girl you proposed to *began* it!"

This was too bad of her, first to probe his record of failure, and then to demand that he be ungallant.

"Why most absolutely not!"

"Denis, you *are* a gentleman."

"I don't think girls are awfully keen on gentlemen."

"But of course they aren't."

Their eyes met in droll forlornness. She, the inexpressive, drooped under her own revelations, while Denis felt as if all his nicely healed little wounds had been stripped raw. Into her eyes came a candid groping.

"Denis, we can help each other."

But *she* had refused his aid, and *he* never whined to a woman.

"Denis, let's be honest."

"Righto."

"You won't be hurt?"

Honesty had, apparently, to be painful.

"Hurt! Rather not!"

"Denis, do you know what you've been for the last eight years?"

"No," appalledly.

"You've been nothing but a *nest egg*."

"But, I say, really! A chap can be a good egg, but I don't think he can be a—what do you call it—a *nest egg*!"

"Every bright girl knows that if she hasn't a suitor, she'll never get one, not one of the kind she wants. You know, not a 'gentleman,' but a genuine-to-goodness cave man. A nest egg is a 'talking point' with other men. He is not only a confirmation of charm, a challenge, but most important of all he gives, like every decoy, a false sense of security. All flirts keep one or several nest eggs on hand."

His face was pink with humiliation.

"I get you perfectly. The next point in our honestly helping each other?"

"You're too nice to be an old bachelor. And that's what you will be, unless you take warning. Old bachelors are not wife-proof veterans, they are stale nest eggs. Really, Denis, I am trying to be helpful. I was so hungry. I've lived for weeks on three cups of coffee and three rolls a day. I *am* grateful."

"Clare, promise that you'll never do anything like that again, anything like three rolls and three cups of coffee!"

"Not if you get me a husband. I must have one, because I was brought up in the nice old inefficient school. I just am no good at any respectable way of earning my living. In return I will show you how to win the most beautiful and brilliant girl you know."

"I don't know any more glorious than you, Clare."

"Thank you. Pick some girl that a dozen men are already after, some one who *doesn't* encourage you. It's really an insult when a girl invites a man. It shows she thinks he is easy and may be useful. To the man she really has her eye on she tries to suggest that he hasn't the ghost of a chance. If I coach you till your 'technique' is irresistible, will you in return be my temporary nest egg?"

"I say, this is all deuced subtle. Can I go on being your bally nest egg till I've learned to act like a tuppenny movie-lover?"

"You have no idea," she continued gravely, "how incensed I am at that Gallert man. This morning my last scruple went. He deserves it. I am going to marry him. That is why I need a nest egg."

"I say, supposing Gallert takes the deuce of a time to get up steam? Do I keep on nest-egging?"

"Of course."

"Look here, do girls ever get kind of attached to a faithful old nest egg? You know, sort of used to the thing. Do they ever—"

"Sometimes, if they're getting old or desperate."

DENIS slept no better that night, although he now knew the story of Clare's last three years. She was tophole! Refusing him, when she was quite



"N-no. Gallert hasn't asked me to marry him; but

willing to marry without love! The girl was just chuck full of ideals. Wouldn't marry a *nice* man just as a way out! Perhaps that had only been a polite excuse. Perhaps it was because he was not the sort that women fell for. Just the sort they used for a "nest egg." Putrid thing to be—a nest egg. Except for Clare. Jolly to be anything for Clare.

He really must learn to act like this beastly sort of man that girls liked. Might want a girl some day, really want her badly, not just being obliging about it, and then it would be rather priceless to have the whole bally thing at one's finger tips—just romp home at a canter.

This was new to him, this introspection stuff. But—had he ever been in love? Oh, of course, pretty things, girls. Nice to kiss them—fact was, a chap could only go a certain length of time without kissing them....

He was about due to kiss one of the delightful creatures right *now*. No. No use. Couldn't kiss Clare. Didn't want to kiss any of the others.

My word, this *was* something new! This was

serious. Not willing to kiss any pretty girl who invited it? But, this was impossible! Just couldn't be.

HIS first remark to Clare the next morning was—"Can nest eggs kiss? I mean, you know, have they any privileges?"

"If a nest egg knew how to kiss, it wouldn't be a nest egg."

"Between ourselves, old dear, you don't know half as much as you think you do."

But it was the first time that any girl had really hurt him. Still he mustn't let her down on their bargain. So, before Gallert, he showed great interest in Clare. And she played up to him.

This went on for several days. Denis kept

"But, I say, Clare, there is a girl! I mean, you know, a perfectly priceless girl. I'd have been soppy about her years ago, but I didn't think I had the foggiest chance. But now with this jolly how-to-be-a-Romeo-in-ten-lessons course, I'm rather planning to step out a bit."

Clare regarded him skeptically, and said that she would be delighted to lunch with him. When they were in the street, Clare renewed her incredulous inspection.

"There is really a girl, Denis?"

"Absolutely."

He beamed at her. She was looking better since their hearty lunches and frequent dinners together.

"My sex owes you a lot, Denis. I'll repay all I can."

"Thanks. She's rather a winner. Do your best for me, Clare."

She took so long to answer, that he began to hope she would say something exciting. Might tell him, for instance, that nest eggs had certain privileges. His other mother-hens had thought so. It was a bit of a blow when she remarked.

"Your clothes won't do, Denis."

"What's wrong with my togs?"

He had never cared what he wore.

"We'll buy a new overcoat at once."

"But, my dear thing! I can't go with a girl—"

"Rot. We'll pretend we've been married for years."

They entered Lord and Taylor's, where Denis had a charge, and shot up in the elevator to the Man's Shop. A dapper youth inquired their needs. Overcoats were produced.

"My husband," drawled Clare, "will dress as if he were unhappily married. Show me something happy and young."

The clerk smiled. Denis pounced upon a good but unassuming coat.

"No, Denis," whispered Clare, "that's not 'conservative,' it's just pokey. Can't you trust me not to make you look like a vaudeville actor? Here—this one!"

In Clare's choice Denis saw himself in the mirror—what all young men secretly want to appear—easy, distinguished, and young.

"And now, dear, your hat," cooed Clare in impeccably wifely tones.

The clerk, doubly attentive since they had not troubled to ask the price of the coat, led them to the hat department.

"No! Take it off at once, dear," Clare glared at the assistant, who had put on Denis a fresh version of the hat he had been wearing.

Clare puckered her forehead and inspected Denis tenderly.

"I don't know much about men's hats, dear. But I think that brim curls too much. No, that one doesn't suit you either. I think for informal wear you will have one without the ribbon binding."

Never had Denis found hat-and-coat-buying so jolly.

"And send the old coat home. My husband will wear his new one. Oh, and throw out the old hat. I never liked it on him."

And while the assistant was verifying the charge, "Oh, Denis, your collars! She'll never have you in those collars! Men stopped wearing stiff collars, except with evening clothes, before the flood."

Dozens of soft collars, and a promise to burn every hard one he owned.

"Denis, you do look nice!" They were out in the street again.

And at lunch, suddenly,

"Denis, what is her name? Oh, just her first name."

"Name? Oh, she's an Elaine. You know, white skin and all that, lily maid."

Clare regarded her own shabbiness.

"I hate Elaine. But," her voice drawled, "she's going to marry you."

AT lunch the next day Denis was buoyant.

"I say, I think she likes me a little better. How's it coming with Gallert?"

"Nicely. He no longer bullies me. As yet I have aroused no personal interest, but he now has a general masculine-sex approval of me."

"He hasn't done anything?" demanded Denis furiously.

"Oh, dear, no. But I have earned the right to exist. I have attracted a man."

They resumed their "Romeo" lessons.

"Of course, Denis, I can't chart out every inch for you. One can't become a lover merely by rules, any more than one can become a gentleman from studying an etiquette book. Always remember that you are trying to put across a mental effect. First, that you are not interested; then that you are slightly interested; finally, that you are frankly interested, but not seriously. Let her imagine that she amuses you, or appeals to your masculine-nature stuff, or that you find her companionable, or—"

"But she does all those things!"

"Very well," Clare retorted impatiently. "But don't let her suspect that you want to marry her."

Denis nodded gravely. Then his eyes twinkled.

"I say, how about making love to her? I mean, you know, girls don't seem to mind it so beastly much, but does it make 'em any keener to marry the chap?"

"You said she was a nice girl, almost old fashioned? Well . . . Some are made keener by coldness. But they're not quite right themselves." Clare sighed. Then she turned irritably on him. "Kiss her! Yet do nothing her father could object to. But let her see that your restraint is putting you through the tortures of the damned. Don't be disrespectful, but show that it is agony not to be. The nicer the girl the more that thrills her."

His face was pink. "I see. Just pretend to be a gentleman?"

She flushed.

"You aren't spoofing? Girls really like such maggots?"

"Denis! What sort of a man did you think girls would like?"

"Oh, just a decent chap."

"More details, please."

"Oh, I suppose, a decent, healthy chap, not too much of an ass, no rotten stuff, you know—just a decent chap, you know."

"Denis, forget everything I've told you. Be just what you were before I began trying to change you."

"But the shop person has my old hat!"

"You know I'm not talking about clothes."

"Well, I do think it's all rather priceless rot. But I'm most awfully fed with the prospect of a nest egg future. I'm willing to make an ass of myself, if Elaine is going to enjoy it."

"Denis, you must tell me more of her. It's not just curiosity. I must know if I'm to help."

"Oh, beautiful, and, you know—lovely—ah—form."

"Oh, Denis! Not 'lovely form'! Not in 1931! You mean—'good clean-cut lines, slim straight legs, very dangerous'. But, what's she like?"

"Every man who sees her crazy about her, cold to them all."

Clare laughed. "That simplifies it. Elaine is then merely a type. They are, Denis dear, when they have a hundred suitors and are 'cold to them all'. Only one way with her kind. Make her propose. Otherwise, she'll never value you."

"She never will."

"Oh, yes, she will," drawled Clare, adding drily, "if you want her enough. Some one, I forget who, has said, 'Be careful what you set your heart upon, for someday it will be yours.'"

"I say! Rather like warning a chap off the stock exchange, because he's threatened with making a pile!"

GALLERT'S manner the following morning interested Clare. Hitherto it had always been a reflex of his correspondence. Routine letters were dictated seated. Rhythmic pacing accompanied deliberation. Fast, even jerky steps and sudden halts were the throes of important composition.

Clare regarded him puzzledly. What on earth flurried him in this letter?

A sharp spurt, and Gallert came to an abrupt halt.

"Miss Lester, you and Denis Bartlett—pardon me—are old friends. Is—is that all?"

Her eyes studied her shorthand notes.

"Mr. Bartlett and I?" Her drawl showed a lazy surprise. "Oh, yes, (Continued on page 78)



he's asked me to lunch. The rest is easy sailing."

insisting that Clare was working too hard, always in Gallert's hearing, and daily and loudly he asked her to lunch with him.

During these lunches Denis pursued his researches about the man - that - girls - like. Over these "lessons" they were spartanly platonic. But before Gallert they might have been teetering on the marital precipice.

And slowly Gallert's manner changed. He ceased bullying Clare. He regarded her with new interest.

It was the fourth successive day that Denis had asked Clare to lunch with him. As soon as they were out of Gallert's earshot, she said hotly:

"Denis, I hate you! You're still thinking of the three rolls and three cups of coffee. You needn't. I've my last week's pay cheque. I'm rich."

"I'm doing no such thing," wrathfully. "Look here, a bargain is a bargain. Don't I roll about the office all day like a beastly nest egg? In return weren't you to show me how to be something better?"

"I can tell you things in odd moments. You needn't ask me to lunch every day."

Welsh Rarebit By Harry Hind

Illustrated by

J. Graham Hunter



I HAD been working strenuously the last few weeks on a sordid crime which had taken place in the underworld. You see I am a reporter for a daily paper, and owing to the successful conclusion of two previous

gang-warfare murders, the Editor had summoned me to his sanctum, told me, "you have a clear field, my lad, to get the foul perpetrator of the above crime. Keep us posted on your movements, and don't forget to play up the news end of it." I may say that up to date the police were completely baffled, as was I.

Wearily, I let myself into the house with my latch key, glancing at my watch in the dim hall light, I noticed it was ten minutes to one, a.m. Crossing the hall, I opened my bedroom door and entered, closing the door with my foot. After taking off my clothes and donning my pajamas, I arranged my pillows comfy, and propped up in bed, I lit a cigar and was going over the case in hand.

I had found this a great help in former cases, for the quiet house at this hour, was conducive to concentration and clear thinking. I was mulling over a certain angle of the case, and was following a slim thread that had been overlooked previously. Whether I had dozed off to sleep, or just closed my eyes for a few minutes, I'll never know, but they certainly came wide open when a hissing whisper commanded me to "stick 'em up!" Being rather slow in complying, the same voice, in a low chilly tone said "make it snappy, bo."

Needless to say, I reached for the ceiling with both hands for the owner of that voice I recognized as a thug, by the underworld name of the Fox, and in his hand was a vicious automatic, pointing straight at my heart.

Having got on my feet, with arms extended, he ordered me into my clothes, after he had gone over my pockets—for a concealed weapon I suppose—for he took nothing.

As I donned my clothes, his glittering eyes followed my every move. This completed, he motioned me to my writing desk, and with the gat pressing into the small of my back, he asked me if I was Jimmy Farrell, of the Daily Booster? I admitted I was. The next crisp command was to take up my

fountain pen, reach for a sheet of paper. Now write exactly what I say:—

"I am leaving this vale of tears, forever. Goodbye, friends." Cold shivers were chasing up and down my spine, as he told me to sign it, put it in an envelope and address it to your Editor, stamp it." In a daze I complied. "Now put it in your pocket, get your hat. Now get this, and get it right! You are going for a ride. Make the least disturbance and I'll croak you like I would a snake."

We passed through the hall and out the front door. Here we were met by a shadowy form, who informed us all was clear; they marched me down to a powerful looking auto with all lights out. A gruff voice ordered me to get in—an inner voice urged me to die fighting—but, discretion urged "where there is life there is hope."

Soon we were speeding through the darkened City, passing an odd Cop on Petrol. Soon we entered the slums, where the greater part of my time had been employed, on (a bitter thought passed through my brain) likely my last case.

The car slowed down, stopped. The Fox peered up and down, got out, ordering me to do likewise. The car drove away, leaving me with the two thugs. We entered a narrow doorway. Three raps—a slit opened, and an evil face peered out, evidently satisfied, he opened the door. This was repeated twice more, as we progressed down a narrow passage, then down some spiral stairs, and we emerged into a square room, with a low ceiling, which I took to be the basement of some warehouse.

Here, we were greeted with a babel of voices, clouds of smoke, and foul air. We passed through this room, no one paying the slightest attention to us. Along another snaky passage to a broad door, same process as before, and I was pushed into the room. For a while the blaze of lights were so strong it took me about a minute before my eyes became



adjusted to it, when they did, a sight that I will never forget, met my gaze.

ON THE floor Turkish rugs of gorgeous pattern, and I'll swear the pictures on the walls were old Masters, or my name's Mud. Card tables were set here and there, and some twenty-five gentlemen dressed in evening clothes, some sauntering, others reading, but most of them playing bridge. The whole being lit by three chandeliers, suspended from a hand painted ceiling. Clusters of crystal glass were round the lights throwing out wonderful colors, but arranged in such a fashion, to throw a pure white light down on the occupants and floor of the room.

To say I was surprised at such a setting in this squalid part of the city, is putting it mildly. A murmur of quiet talk hung in the air, as a gentleman arose from a table and approached me, addressing me by name.

He introduced himself as Gentleman Jim. It was needless for I knew him well by contact with Police Headquarters. He was listed under his photo as a jewelry specialist, a wary bird, whom the Police had



never been able to hang anything on.

Looking around, I noticed the Fox and his mate had disappeared, also the door through which I had entered, seemed to have gone into thin air, possibly behind some of the draperies, I thought.

"What do you think of our quarters, Mr. Farrell?" the smooth voice of my host was asking. "Neat and refined, eh?" Glancing at his watch, he informed me, we had an hour or more before the chief would arrive. "Would I care to make the fourth at a rubber of bridge?" making up my mind right then, I said, "why certainly." I would show them I could be just as nonchalant and unconcerned as they, though inwardly, my heart was pounding.

He piloted me over to the other two men, and introduced them, one, I noticed had an English accent, and the other had the look of a foreigner, though his English was correct.

"Name your stakes, Mr. Farrell," from Gentleman Jim. I said my customary game was one cent a point, to which they agreed. We cut for partners, and the game was on. I chanced to be dummy the first hand, and when I had spread my cards on the table, I took the leisure to look the other occupants of the room over.

There, at the next table but one, sat a notorious forger, who had just recently escaped a life sentence, through the good work of the best and biggest paid shyster lawyer in the country.

At another table, sat a man known as the bootleg king, it was said, he had a private distillery working full blast, night and day under protection. And anyone knew the four at that table, charged with robbing the mails of a cool half million, identified by the wounded mail clerk, as the men who had committed the robbery. All absolutely useless, twelve witnesses had sworn to the fact that they had been with them all the night of the robbery.

I was beginning to get an inkling of the powerful society they had for protection. A thought strikes me—suppose I was to tell the Chief that I had been associating with the pick of the world's crooks, playing Bridge. It's a certainty, I would be laughed to scorn, and told to go [Continued on page 38]



Needless to say I reached for the ceiling with both hands.



The sight of such a feast within charging distance was more than the bear cub could stand. He was hungry and he craved fish from the roots of his claws to the tips of his singed and woolly coat.

Whitefish Creek

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by H. E. M. Sellen

MOWEEN, the blackbear cub, dashed out of the burnt forest into the little green valley of Whitefish Creek. He came at a run, and one never saw a more disreputable bear cub. He was covered with bare patches where the fire had caught him when, seven days ago, the holocaust swept the North country, taking a belt seventy miles in width, and no one knew as yet what length. He had sought shelter in a muskeg pool, accompanied by three timber wolves, a moose, a whitetail, snowshoe rabbits and squirrels innumerable, his mother and sister, and the forest ranger. In that muskeg hollow he had endured two hours of concentrated hell, then, blind and groping, choking and dazed, a blackbear cub, a timber wolf, and a man had huddled together on the smouldering margin, huddled for animal companionship, hiding their faces against each other till night came with a driving mist, and they had crept in their respective directions.

Since then the bear cub had wandered through a charred and blackened desolation. He had wandered from valley to valley, slaking his thirst at every stream, but there were no succulent insects under the charred logs, nothing left living in the whole pathway of the fire fiend. He had starved, of course, but Nature has designed the blackbear for periods of starvation, and on the whole, it had probably been his salvation, for his wounds had healed, and now his skin hung as loose as a woodsman's parki. He was healthy and fit again, but—hungry!

So, here at last was a green valley, and Moween dashed into it—down to the water's edge to slake

that eternal, infernal thirst. He drank, he sucked, till he was blown out like a little balloon, then he sat back on his haunches and looked at the silver, laughing stream with his little beady eyes. He, at any rate, had proved himself among the fit, for he was alive, and now, as he looked at the water, a big silver fish sailed past him close to the surface, like a symbol of hope.

A fish—a big fish, just what his inner being craved! No doubt there were ants and snails all round, but that particular hunger of his craved fish. He thought about it, and being a bear cub, he *could* think. In the first place, he realized that the glitter on the surface was against him, so he climbed up the rocks to look down on the sandy bed of the river. It was a very sandy-bedded river, would have been nothing more than a trickling stream but that the beavers had dammed it everywhere that they could find water to dam, and the result was that instead of sticking to its course, the stream wandered hither and thither in a series of lagoons, in places cutting new channels where the cedars stood waist-deep. The beavers, indeed, were doing their utmost to flood the level bottomlands, and the bear cub, from his viewpoint on the rocks, saw that the little neck below was full of fish. This was the top of a still, shallow stretch, and in the water below the fish were congregated to snatch the surface insects which came down by the bubble and foam.

The sight of such a feast within charging distance was more than the bear cub could stand. He wanted fish; from the roots of his claws to the tips of his singed and woolly coat his whole being cried out for fish, and there they were under his very eyes, more fish than he had ever before seen in his life! So he dashed into the water, peering this way and that, driving the whole shoal hither and thither.

Now that his eyes had become adapted he could see them clearly. He drove them up to the dead end of the pool, where a shallow waterfall barred their way, and there he had them penned like sheep in a corner. Hither and thither they swerved, and one could see the fear in their foolish, fishy eyes, one or two actually flopping from the surface as when, in their infant days, a pike or a lunge was after them. Then one led the way, and instantly the rest followed—for all the world like a flock of sheep behind their leader. Moween made one tremendous lunge. He literally fell on top of the main column, trying to catch half a dozen at a time. Had he singled out one he might have got it, but as it was, the air and the water all around him were literally full of fish for the space of a second, but at that crucial moment his eyes were full of spray. He floundered, he struck, he fell on his tummy, he tore up the river bed, he blew water from his nostrils, and when he had recovered from the charge, there was not a fish to be seen!

Of course, he had made a fool of himself, and if ever a bear cub knew it, he did. Just then a whisky-jack uttered its cackling peal overhead, and Moween crawled from the water, [Continued on page 83]

Interesting People

By Lady



Lady Drummond-Hay

I AM one of the luckiest women in the world. Thrills, adventure, excitement and new experiences enough for a whole life-time, have been crowded into the last twelve months for me, and I am still here to tell the tale. It might well have been otherwise on a number of occasions. What a year it has been for me! Dreams have come true. I have lived fiction-like Romance in real life. Fate seems to have denied me nothing in the way of sensation and glamor.

I have flown around the world—the only woman on the pioneer Hearst-Zeppelin Round-the-World Flight last summer. Standing at the helm of the mighty airship, I thought my heart would burst with exultation as we swept through the clouds like mythical demigods. I have crossed the Atlantic twice by air, travelled 71,250 miles—an average of more than 195 miles a day for every one of the 365 days of the twelve months from October, 1928, to October, 1929. I have sat in the second-pilot's seat of the colossal twelve-motored "Do.X," the "mystery" Dornier flying-ship which has kept the world guessing for nearly a year, and felt the thrill of 6,000 horse-power tugging at the leash, like power-fiends tearing for freedom within their man-made turret prisons. I have visited twenty-one countries by air, interviewed celebrities from Washington to Tokio, Honolulu to Berlin, Shanghai to London—and know neither boredom, satiety nor disillusion.

"Exciting, of course," my friends say, "but does it make you happy?" I am happy. My travelling is always purposeful, never haphazard. My chosen work is at the same time my hobby and recreation. "Very happy," I tell them.

For ten years I have been a "wander-bird"; each year surpassing the last in interest and experience, until the climax last year, when Life gave me with both hands. Satisfied? Not yet. Appetite increases with eating. The smaller the world becomes to me, the greater do magic possibilities loom up on my ever-widening horizon. Experience mercilessly reveals one's lack of knowledge, provokes ambitious desires to wrest from strange lands the secrets of their learning and philosophy, to master new languages, to test the key of human understanding in accustomed locks, to study first-hand world questions, new inventions, national psychological phases, to view the world from the impartial perspective of Olympus, detached from fear, favor or prejudice.

Ambition surges. Grudging knowledge, Will-o'-the Wisp, cynically betrays one deeper and deeper into the bogs of doubt, dissatisfaction and realization of ignorance. One open door reveals another closed. Life is a sport and we all choose our own quarry. Desire, distilled into Will, can achieve almost anything, even though the age of miracles is said to be past. I articulated my ambitions as a child, and they are already being fulfilled in a superficial sense. The constructive sense, far less spectacular, if not entirely mental and spiritual, comes slowly, with decades, not years. The self-confidence encouraged by the first is a wonderful groundwork for the serene, uncraving detachment which is one of the only fertile soils for the eventual second.

NEARLY three years ago, I arrived in New York for the first time. It was at night. From an apartment on the twenty-third floor I watched night pale to dawn, lending my whole being to the palpitating, nerve-threaded city below. The ambition-laden air swept round me like a maelstrom, fanning desire. "If only," I thought, "I could possess this pulsating metropolis for a day, draw it to me . . ." My finger-nails cut into my flesh, and I saw my hands were tightly clenched.

Nine months later, I flew the Atlantic with the "Graf Zeppelin" on her pioneer trans-Atlantic flight as the first woman to cross the Atlantic by air from east to west. New York gave herself in unreckoning generosity, in a frenzy of emotion to the Zeppelin pioneers. My dream came true.

I was the solitary woman participant in storm, accident and victory over the elements, witness of the dramatic heroism of Knut Eckener and his daring companions, of civilization frozen with horror at the prospect of fifty-nine human beings penned up in the Zeppelin being dashed to destruction on the turbulent Atlantic; of our proud finish as we swept undaunted with broken fin over Washington, and New York, crazed with emotion, of the soul-stirring reception at Lakehurst when the damaged airship, like a wounded bird, sank in exhaustion to the friendly earth, when men who knew no fear, who had smiled whitely at Death, were suddenly blinded by hot tears. I had lived an epic in five days.

Ten months later, the successful finish of the historic world-flight at the Statue of Liberty, New York, again conjured the very heart from the city's swelling bosom. Honors at the City Hall, the Broadway



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The late Baron Tanaka, Premier of Japan, wearing ancient ceremonial robes.

parade, feasts, receptions, public acclaim at the spectacular realization of man's dreams since the time when Icarus tried his wings. We had flown around the world, fought storm and tempest, outwitted the outraged elements, ridden with the wind gods, travelled on the tail of a typhoon, darted through rainbow hoops over sinister Siberia, gazed upon landscape which no living being has ever seen before. The sixty of us who travelled in the Zeppelin lived a romance which up to that time had been regarded as the "fine frenzy" of extravagant fiction-writers.

High-lights of last autumn flash back at me from

my diary, record of that almost incredibly fantastic year. Election night in New York, when America went election-mad. With a couple of newspaper reporters I went round the city, from Broadway to Bowery, the Ritz to Chinatown, East Side to Dockland. Stately entertainment in diplomatic Washington, "night-life" in New York, parties in gilded Chicago. At a dinner one night, all of the twenty-odd guests owned his or her private aeroplane used in the same way that the ordinary person would use a motor-car. Chicago aspires to the title of the "most air-minded city" in America.

MARCH inaugurated my wanderings for last year with the Mediterranean flight of the "Graf Zeppelin"—an Easter "sky-lark" of over five thousand miles in eighty-one hours, visiting ten countries, three continents, and not uneventful either. Storms assailed us over South Italy. Dr. Eckener, with his usual daring, made a wild dash over the Dinar Alps by night, at what would have been a terrible risk on the part of a less inspired navigator than himself. Between Vienna and our home-goal, Friedrichshafen, the Zeppelin fought the greatest battle of its life to that date, against wind, snow, sleet and hail. But we had seen Rome from the air, waved to Mussolini, even if he did not know it; flown by the new Papal State, viewed white Athens flushed by dawn, Jerusalem the Silver under a full Eastern moon. We had flown the Zeppelin below sea-level over the Dead Sea, which is itself nearly a thousand feet below sea-level, and toasted the achievement of this fantastic feat in rich Palestine today.

Two days after the flight was finished, I was in Berlin, "the capital of Europe," boasting a night-life as gay, and more gaudy than Paris itself. Yet two days later still, I was in Paris—Paris of the Rue de la Paix, hats, frocks, luscious snails at the "Escargot d'Or," caviar, pressed duck, 1889 Bordeaux at the "Tour d'Argent," and exactly one week after the day that we had been flying over Athens, Albania, Jugo-Slavia and Hungary, I was esconced in luxury on the SS. "Homeric," ploughing its watery way towards America.

In the twelve months, I have spent twelve months in constant motion, travelling continuously some 510 hours in the air and a little over sixty-two days altogether by steamer and train. I have no account of my automobile travelling which is in addition.

I have met interesting people all over the world, discussed world questions with those holding the reins of power, penetrated behind the scenes of international movements and politics, been invited to homes in all quarters of the globe.

IN BERLIN, Hassan Pasha Nachaat, Egyptian Minister to Berlin, was entertaining Dr. Hafiz Affi, Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs. I spent much time with them, both my good friends of many years' standing. Hassan Nachaat is one of the most dashing and picturesque personalities in the Near East. He paid dearly in the old days when I was living in Egypt for his unswerving loyalty to King Fouad when the throne was threatened by Zaghloulists. His enemies had not a name bad enough for him. Called him the "Rasputin of Egypt," at which the handsome Egyptian flashed his white teeth in contemptuous amusement, continued the way dictated by his conscience, and is today His Egyptian Majesty's Representative in Germany, with honors beckoning him on. Dr. Hafiz Affi is one of the strongest and most dependable pillars of constructive progress in Egypt. Moderation has always been his watchword. His mentality and outlook are as Western as they are Oriental. We talked about the significance of Egypt's desire to repossess the famous head of the beautiful Queen Nefertiti, negotiations for

I Have Met

Drummond-Hay

which were part of Dr. Affi's mission to Europe. That, and political questions in London, including Egypt's demand to enter the League of Nations.

"The awakening of national consciousness, long dormant in Egypt as a subject nation, urges the Egyptian people, whether they realize the source of the urge or not, to make such efforts to reclaim and hold national treasures which inspire the present and will inspire the future, by tokens of a brilliant past."

Hafiz Affi's words were re-echoed to me five months later by Dr. C. T. Wang, Chinese Foreign Minister in Nanking, when he referred to the Chinese people as "reading the promise of the Future in a glorious past." The awakening of the East. What astonishes me most is the apathy in Europe, the indifference of the European press towards this most vital of world questions. America with her long Pacific coast-line harbors no such comfortable illusions.

From New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu, Tokio, Shanghai, Nanking, Kyoto, Nara, Tokio again, Vancouver, the Canadian Rockies and cities of our wonderful Dominion back to New York just "in time to catch the Zeppelin, and make the great world-flight, was the matter some three months in measure of time, and of years in experience and event.

LEOLA ALLARD, an executive of the Hearst Press, is one of my landmarks in New York. She is an amazing personality, gifted, brilliant, with a mind for logic and organization that is more "masculine" than feminine. I always gain inspiration from her strength, sweetness and charm. So many personalities are not celebrities at all, and many celebrities sadly lack personality. One who is both, is William Randolph Hearst, the "Newspaper King" of America. Few people really know him, and certainly not those who have only social or only business contact with him. He is dowered with a disarming charm of manner and voice, successfully camouflaging from the casual acquaintance the almost Robot-like precision and speed of his mental processes. I was his guest in California, land of flowers, sunshine and smiles, where he owns a regular "principality" of 185,000 square acres, a palace which is not completed but has already cost over a million pounds sterling, a reserve for wild animals, a zoo, a warmed open-air swimming-pool in Grecian marble setting, hanging gardens, beautiful guest-houses which are no less than museums. Mr. Hearst has to employ his own private "traffic-cop" on a motorcycle along his high-roads, lest cars should run over, or run into any of the wild animals straying about. A notice is displayed to the effect that it is dangerous for pedestrians to use the road on account of the wild animals!

Extraordinary place, practically unknown to the outer world, where wealth has amassed some of the world's rarest treasures, and still Mr. Hearst goes on

buying and collecting, building and planning on a scale that few, if any, modern kings could afford. Mixture of guests, too—Hollywood stars, newspaper executives, men whose interests lay far from either. Karl Von Wiegand was there, one of the world's most famous international journalists, chief of Mr. Hearst's

globe-encircling foreign service; Miss Alice Head, highest-salaried woman editor in Britain, in charge of Mr. Hearst's magazine interests in London; Mr. T. V. Ranck, general editorial manager of the vast chain of Hearst newspapers; King Vidor, picture director; Will Hayes, Billie Dove, Gwen Lee, English Juliette Compton, and some twenty more Hollywood celebrities. When the time came for the party to break up, Mr. Hearst chartered ten limousines to transport the guests fifty miles to the nearest station, St. Louis Obispo, and three railway cars to Los Angeles.

IN LESS than a few hours after arrival I was whisked into Hollywood life, invited to parties galore in that chimeric citadel of enchantment. Miss Marion Davies, the blonde screen star, gave me a wonderful party at her house in Santa Monica. Sitting next to Charlie Chaplin at dinner, my *vis-à-vis* was Adolphe Menjou. Within the radius of a few yards were gathered Prince Louis Ferdinand, son of the ex-Crown Prince William of Hohenzollern, Lily Damita, who confessed to a "sentimental attachment" to the young Prince, and many more of the biggest lions of Hollywood Jungle. I also met Mary Pickford, at Marion Davies' place, shorn of her ringlets, but in real life just as she looks on the screen. I have often wondered what was the charm of Mary Pickford, and I saw it at once—a sweet expression, lovely eyes, naturally pleasing manner and heart. Charm which Time will never dim. Marion Davies is another girl of infinite charm and great heart. Mary and Marion both dressed in pale blue, sat and talked earnestly for a long time. No one could guess the subject of their conversation, I am sure . . . about a charity for orphan children in San Francisco which they both support, not only

with money, but with real personal effort. Marion is universally beloved in Hollywood. I do not believe she has an enemy. She gives with a simple heart, money and help to the poor, to her less fortunate colleagues, and pleasure to her friends. Hollywood is a curious place, not a bit as people imagine it to be. The architecture certainly does suggest Filmland a bit, but there are two categories of film-folk who do not correspond at all to the popular idea. They are the biggest stars and the smallest ones. The first are no different from successful, level-headed business men and women in any other walk of life, and the second have no illusions, vanity, time or energy to waste. The mediocre make all the noise. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks seldom go to "Hollywood Parties." Marion Davies has her own chosen circle. Charlie Chaplin is entirely serious, if not melancholy. We talked philosophy, the appeal of London, and he told me why he does not like the "Talkies."

Gorgeous days on the calm, sap-phire Pacific followed a visit to



Mary Pickford

San Francisco where I lived through the great earthquake and fire in 1906 in the reminiscences of those who had witnessed it. A sojourn in Honolulu, half spent in work, half in play—studying Hawaii's angle of the great Pacific problem, and never-to-be-forgotten sunbathing on Waikiki Beach. Long sunny days, and star-lit nights on the SS. "President Jefferson," where I learned to know and appreciate Captain Alvin O. Lustie, whom I discovered subsequently to be one of the recognized personalities of the Pacific Seas.

TOKIO, which I had visited before, two years ago, gave me the opportunity of an extraordinarily interesting interview with Baron Tanaka, then Prime Minister of Japan, on Japan's attitude towards disarmament. Baron Tanaka died on September 29th of last year, but I will never forget him, dressed in the sober kimono of the Japanese aristocrat enlivened only by the family crest in white. His delicate humor, classical—one might imagine almost studied—gestures, contrasted piquantly with the Western manners and tenue of the interpreter, Mr. Hiroshi Saito, in all the splendor of European morning dress and spats.

Visits to Japanese friends, talks to Japanese feminists, struggling to raise the status of their sisters and abolish the national Geisha system. Mrs. Edward Gauntlett, Japanese, married to a Scottish Professor, is one of the most active leaders, while another outstanding feminine personality in Tokio, is Mrs. Hugh Byas, Scottish wife of the Editor of the "Japan Advertiser," through whose drawing-room passes a seemingly unending stream of interesting people from Japanese Princesses, who rarely frequent ordinary society, downwards. Mrs. Byas introduced me to her great friend Mrs. Fukui, who arranged a real Japanese "tea-ceremony." The "Tiger Kakimono" was hanging for me, that is, the scroll picture of the Tiger. "We hung it for my son, who [Continued on page 80]



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

William R. Hearst.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Dr. C. T. Wang, Foreign Minister of the Nanking Government.

The Stroke of One

By T. C. B. de Lom

Illustrated by Newton Brett



"You can stay in after four," she decreed, "and make me a whole pageful of Ones."

"THAT," said the teacher firmly, "is not the way to make a One."

Chubby was resentful. Why, there was simply nothing to making a One. All you had to do was draw a straight line, and stand it up on its end.

"You should put a little stroke at the top—so!" pursued the teacher, "Or people will think it's just a mark you made by mistake."

Chubby supplied the extra stroke, meditating on the waste of energy involved, when you made two strokes where one would serve.

The Teacher surveyed the exhibit and spoke again.

"You can just stay in after four," she decreed, "And make me a whole pageful of one. It's four o'clock now. Close desks!"

Bitterness seared Chubby's soul. He would stay, he resolved, and he would do his page of Ones. He would make large Ones with long, generous strokes to them. If the Teacher wanted strokes, she should have them. He glanced forlornly at the other children trooping happily out of the room.

Scholars differ on nice points, and the stroke of a One is an example. Technicians who espouse this cause hold out for a little, half-hearted dash, sticking out to the left of the up-stroke, as if it were barbed.

But no such gravely academic Ones did Chubby produce. His were bold, self-assertive, defiant Ones, goaded by the Hand of Oppression into extravagant form.

So engrossed did he become in his handiwork that he was unconscious of other forms of life in the room. None the less, they were there.

One form of life, in fact, was standing right over him. It was the Teacher, just returned from putting her swarm out for the night. And now, as she watched Chubby, she was growing pinker and pinker.

"STOP IT!" she suddenly snapped.

Chubby jumped.

"You impudent little monkey! Making Ones like that. Take this—" producing the strap, "And this! And this!"

Chubby wailed mournfully and licked his palms. The Teacher left the room to file away the strap.

She expected no further insurrection. Chubby subsided into dreams of scarlet vengeance to be carried into effect when he was a man.

With a start he came back to earth at a touch on the shoulder. A thick voice was wheezing into his ear.

"Have some gum." It said.

"Gee, Porky," came the answer, "You're a good guy."

Carefully but swiftly, Porky produced from behind his grubby lapel, a large and unappetizing wad of gum. This he laid on his desk and skilfully bisected with a greasy knife. Chubby's eyes glistened. He accepted his half.

Gum, he maintained to Porky, was the ticket. It was, unmistakably used gum, but it gave him a devil-may-care feeling, as if leaving the stroke off a One, or putting it on were all the same to him, as long as it humoured the Teacher.

Porky grinned in modest self-effacement. It was, he admitted a bit of a thing—gum. Just the idea for a time like that, when strong men have to labor under the stress of repression.

The two masticated in unison, and Chubby resumed his Ones.

"Those" conceded the Teacher, as she returned, "Might be worse. You could still cut that stroke a little shorter, but it'll do for this time. Now—home with you!"

Merely an incident, you would say. But in incident lies the root of habit, and Chubby continued to make his Ones with a definite tail at the top—a monument,

each, to Porky—that Sir Philip Sidney of modern times.

JETHRO JUBB sat brooding in his office. In front of him lay the plans for his swagger new apartment house. But it was not over these that he brooded.

He was brooding, in fact, over E. Pontefract Perks. He was thinking of him bitterly.

Mr. Perks was secretary-treasurer of the Brothers of the Helping Hand. And Jethro Jubb, to his own great regret, was numbered on its rolls.

Mr. Jubb greatly feared Mr. Perks. The latter was, as usual, making a nuisance of himself, asking for funds to helping the Deserving Poor.

Mr. Jubb did not want in the slightest to help any poor whatever, no matter how deserving. And whenever he saw E. Pontefract, he endeavored to extract currency from Mr. Jubb for his nefarious purpose.

In the eyes of J. Jubb, Mr. Perks sported an evil leer, which combined with a glib tongue to make him hard to gainsay. And to Mr. Jubb, it seemed that he was always singled out with a loathsome cunning that send a shudder all down his spine.

There had been some misunderstanding when Mr. Jubb had joined the Brothers of the Helping Hand. He had looked at the sumptuous clubhouse, and imagined himself as the one who was going to be helped. To him it had been purely a business proposition. But it was a mistaken impression.

The Constitution put it this way, "For the Love of Humanity, and the Assistance of our Fellow-Man Less Fortunate than Ourselves."

But even at that, it was not until Perks was put in

as treasurer that anybody had paid much attention to the Brotherhood's objects. Now, however, that was all changed.

E. Pontefract was bent on being Lady Bountiful to the Breadliners, and, to his eyes, Jethro Jubb looked exactly like his meat.

"Jubb," he had said that very day at lunch-time, "You ought to be doing something for those poor fellows. Everybody else has given me a cheque."

Jubb, seeing the menace in the other's eyes, had hedged.

"Well, I'm pretty hard up now," he said.

"Hard up! What do know about being hard up?" Mr. Perks had advanced and attached himself to Mr. Jubb's lapel. His look bored through him.

"Do you know what I saw to-day?" he enquired, "I saw a long line-up of men standing outside a mission on Queen Street, waiting their turn for a bite to eat. Did you ever line up for your lunch?"

Feebly, Mr. Jubb essayed to jest. He had, he said, frequently been a unit in a cafeteria queue. Mr. Perks' eyes grew cold.

"Yes," he said, "While others were starving in the streets!" He glowered at Mr. Jubb as if he, J. J., personally had starved them. Mr. Jubb winced.

"Do you know" asked E. Pontefract, "What is necessary for these men to be fed? Do you know," he went on, "What that mission must have to feed them?"

"Ulp!" croaked Jethro, stricken with fear, as he saw the inevitable approach.

"Money!" Mr. Perks mouthed the word. Mr. Jubb attempted to draw back.

"MONEY!" repeated Mr. Perks, following him.

"Oh, yes. Of course. Money. They must have money," Mr. Jubb was nearing the brink.

"Yes, money."

Mr. Jubb knew the word. He had heard of money before. But its repetition jarred upon him. His throat uttered dry sounds. He thought wildly of



"You got knocked down by a taxi, you know. You are to keep quiet till you're better again."

the boa-constrictor and the rabbit. Mr. Perks, he thought, was just like the boa-constrictor.

"And do you know?" pursued the boa-constrictor, poising to strike, "Where that money is going to come from?"

"Well, of course, people are awfully generous about things like that," fenced the rabbit lamely.

The boa-constrictor coiled himself yet nearer.

"You, too, must give!" The serpent had struck. Jethro leaped back from him.

"Oh yes yes! Delighted. See what you mean. Of course. I'll give you a cheque some time." He summoned an artificial grin.

"They want money—now!" The grim voice was relentless. "They cannot wait for their bread. Families—in huts and tenements—children selling papers, pansies, pencils; mothers sick on a truckle bed with pleurisy, paralysis—"

"Pneumonia!" broke in the victim desperately. He wondered if Perks knew what a truckle bed was. Jethro didn't. He supposed it must be so-called because it might truckle up under you.

"Money!" The remark was crude. It was, Mr. Jubb felt, an unpolished way of getting to the point.

"I tell you how it is, ol' man," he said, "Just at present I'm building an apartment. Naturally my cash is all pretty well tied up."

E. Pontefract's eyes took on an odd, new, speculative expression. An appalling fear crept slowly over Mr. Jubb. Numbly it spread from his hair to his heels. He strained his ears.

"You need give no money," pronounced Mr. Perks ghoulishly, "Instead you can give homes. You can give your apartment." He permitted himself an oily smirk of triumph.

Jethro Jubb had reached his limit. He snapped.

"I'm damned if I will!" he roared, and, wheeling, quitted the club.

JETHRO JUBB sat brooding in his office. We have said so before, but now we know just why he broods, and knowing, have returned to watch him.

A presentiment was upon him. A boding of great, bobby thunderclouds, skulking in the offing.

Yet, apart from being annoyed all through, he could see nothing actually to worry about. After all, the apartment proposition—his own, not Mr. Perks',—looked like a pretty sound thing.

The lot was situated just far enough from a corner to avoid the traffic noise. It was near the busy thoroughfare of Church Street, in one of those streets between Bloor and Carlton, which are still respectably residential, and rapidly becoming good apartment areas.

It was a very old lot, Number 51. Upon it stood an aged and dejected mansion, once the scene of gay parties, and the port of call of many a swagger victoria and pompous brougham in the days when Belgravia Street was really exclusive. Now it stood alone, empty, meditating on its past.

By a strange chance, a little farther up the street, at Number 57, stood a similar relic of fashionable days, mouldering amid its memories, in a lot equally as spacious—and once equally as aristocratic—as that at Number 51. But Number 57 was the property of E. Pontefract Perks.

Sooner or later, thought Mr. Jubb, E. Pontefract would most certainly build another apartment house there himself. But he, Jethro, would be on the job first. He would snaffle the pick of the tenants.

Mr. Perks might, if he liked, fill his own apartment with Deserving Breadliners in those days, but he never, never would escort them into the house of Mr. Jubb.

Nor did Jethro consider it very likely that Mr. Perks would declare Number 57 Open House. No. Mr. Perks was a little too shrewd to fail to see the possibilities of the district.

Mr. Jubb felt a little brighter. Now, thought he, is the time for every good man to come to the aid of his party. He reached for his 'Phone and summoned his contractors.

LET us again halt for a minute the march of Time to watch Mr. Jubb's door open and admit the partners of that most prosperous firm—Carino, O'Kelligan and Poffski.

Many contracts had broadened their stature. They edged themselves in, and, wheezing from the exertion of ascending in the elevator, ranged themselves before the desk.

"Howya, Jeth?" So greeted him Mr. O'Kelligan.

"Sure, me too." This from Mr. Carino. It was not so much as a linguist as a masonry specialist that Mr. Carino shone.

"Ain't it hot enough for you?" enquired Mr. Poffski.

"It isn't so much the heat," replied Jubb judiciously, as the humidity."

The trio stood silent for a moment, pondering this new thought. Their host broke the silence.

"Let's get to business," he suggested, "I suppose you haven't much time to waste. Got any heavy jobs on hand just now?"

"Yebetcha! Beegapottamentoppapippavino." It was Mr. Carino who produced the foregoing.

Mr. Jubb sat up abruptly. Like the speaker, he was no linguist.

Mr. Carino said it again.



"You need no money," pronounced Mr. Perks ghoulishly, "Instead you can give homes. You can give your Apartment."

"He says," explained Poffski, more accustomed to his partner, "That we're building a big apartment up on Pape Avenue."

"Oh."

Mr. Jubb was struck with a sudden wonder.

"Why is it," he asked, "That the three of you always travel around together. One would think that, with as many different jobs as you have, you would all be in various places. Is it that you don't trust each other?"

The three of them grinned broadly.

"We like," volunteered Mr. O'Kelligan, "To all be there when the contract is signed. Then, if so be there's any argument—why the three of us is all witness. Fellow once denied he'd signed any contract, and we couldn't prove he had, because the two of us was alone when he did it. And there you are."

"I see," nodded Mr. Jubb, dismissing the thought.

He reached for a typed contract form, glanced over it, and handed it to them to sign, first doing so himself, and filling in, by hand, the number of the house, and the date.

The trio huddled together to inspect the document. Then, after the lapse of a minute, they too signed with a vague air of disappointment—presumably at finding no flaws in it.

Opening his top drawer, Mr. Jubb drew forth a roll of plans in his right hand, and a box of inferior cigars, kept purposely for visitors, in his left. Together, they set to.

It was late in the afternoon, and the dusk was drawing on outside, when the contractors stretched themselves, pocketed their papers, and, tossing their cigar ends lightly into Mr. Jubb's basket, sallied forth.

Mr. Jubb looked after them breathing relief, and opening the windows.

And that night, as Mr. Jubb stepped from the kerb outside his office, bent on home and dinner, a fleeting taxi-cab smote him neatly in the small of his back.

MANY thoughts filtered in confusion through the normally active brain of Jethro Jubb, as twenty-four hours later he awoke in the super-sanitary surroundings of a hospital ward.

He was conscious, upon moving his head one-sixteenth of an inch of a red-hot pain nuzzling its way into his innards. The white walls went black.

"Yoip!" ejaculated Mr. Jubb.

"Tut, tut!" coed a female voice beside him. "Keep quiet and try to get some rest."

Mr. Jubb uttered a groan.

"You got knocked down by a taxi, you know. You have to keep quiet till you're better again." She spoke as to a child. Mr. Jubb received waves of tolerant forbearance atop the receding billows of pain.

So that was it!—Hit by a taxi—hey? Wonder if they got his number. Well, he wouldn't get up just now. Better lie there till he was rested.

But then there was that apartment. He had told them to start wrecking at once. By now they must have begun.

Still, after all, why not let them carry on without him? Come to think of it, they had gone over the plans well—then there was always the architect to consult with—and anyhow they had done so many jobs for him that they knew just about what he expected of them.

"Yoip!"—the nurse was sticking something into his arm. It hurt. But then, what did that matter? Everything hurt.

Oblivion stole over him again. He ceased to worry—to think—even to feel. Mr. Jubb was under.

And it was just as well that he was under. For if he had been able to observe the concerned expression on the nurse's face, he would have been very

much alarmed.

And without foundation. For the grave expression was solely one of anxiety whether the night nurse would turn up in time to let her meet Oswald,—was was taking her to "Seared Hearts" at the Palace.

WHEN, after many weeks of physical unpleasantness, Mr. Jubb was once again able to assume a wobbly stance upon his feet, it was ordained by his doctors that a long period of convalescence should follow.

Rural surroundings were indicated. The company of sheep and eggs and butter recommended. Accordingly, Mr. Jubb went.

There followed more weeks of sitting in a deck-chair in the fields, protected by a tree. About him the cattle lowed and gambolled. Mr. Jubb, his days of lowing now happily past—except for an occasional twinge—but his gambolling days not yet arrived, satisfied himself with reading a book.

Then ensued a brisker time—a time of mild golf, and short walks lengthening into more generous ones, as the cooler days of Autumn tinged the leaves. And pretty soon Mr. Jubb, thinking of the progress of his apartment, yearned to be back in the bustling city.

And with the re-awakening of Mr. Jubb's red corpuscles, came a new and feverish desire to visit the site where stately walls were rearing themselves proudly above the aged aristocrats of Belgravia Street.

Visions danced before him of Messrs. Carino, O'Kelligan and Poffski, blushing displaying the glories of Belgravia Manor—J. Jubb, Proprietor., Confidential Life Bldg.—to hosts of the local nobility of wealth.

He would be up. He would hie him forth to the great city. Doctors be damned. Mr. Jubb sent for his car.

[Continued on page 65]

Meet the Family

By Mary R. Funk

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

"**H**ERE'S a good one, girls. Listen." Lonesome young man, dedicated to the higher things of life, wishes correspondence with plain, earnest young woman. Bobbed-haired, painted flappers, save your stamps. Object, matrimony. Box 4c206, Advocate."

Isn't that rich? I believe I was sent from heaven to answer that ad. Quick, Peg, give me the pen!"

"Susannah, shame on you! I don't mind putting something over on the ones that sound smart-Alecky and cocky, but that's some poor boob that doesn't know what it's all about."

"I know it. That's what makes it so good. Can't you just see him? Now, keep still, all of you. I've got to concentrate. How does this sound?"

Dear Sir:

Your ad. in the Sunday Advocate aroused me strangely. I, too, am outraged by the follies of the younger generation—"

"What in thunder are you girls doing?" a masculine voice demanded.

Squeals of protest greeted his entrance.

"Joe, you get right out of here," his sister Susannah ordered sternly. "Can't you see we're busy? We're studying for the exam. tomorrow—"

"Like fun you are! That's what I was trying to do, and a fat chance I had with this confounded racket down here. What's up?"

He wrested Susannah's correspondence from her in spite of wild shrieks from the entire group.

"Well, what in the Sam Hill—"

"Might as well tell him now," said Peg. "We each picked out a 'personal' in the Sunday Advocate—'object matrimony'—and answered it. We signed fictitious names, of course. We told each one to carry some different mark of identification and meet us in front of Graham's drug store Tuesday evening at seven-thirty. We're going to be down there minus the identification marks to look them over."

"Well, for heaven's sake! I knew you girls were hard up, but I didn't realize that it was as bad as that. Peg, give me back my pin if you're going to shop around."

"I may do that, old dear, after I've seen him. He says he's good-looking and affectionate, and you're neither one."

All the girls began to talk at once.

"Mine says he's a real he-man—"

"Mine is a widower with four children—"

"Mine says that no one need apply unless worth \$50,000—"

Susannah silenced them.

"Will you creatures shut up? Little do you care about my future now that yours are assured. Now listen—"

"I am too outraged by the follies of the younger generation, and long to meet a kindred spirit who also frowns upon this jazz-mad age. Your description fits me in every particular, so you need seek no further."

Let us meet next Tuesday evening at seven-thirty in front of Graham's Drug Store. There we can talk things over and discover whether or not we are as truly mated as we seem to be.

"Carry a yellow envelope so that I will not fail to recognize you, although I am sure my heart would tell me."

"Till then, yours for the good old days,
"Mary Jane Peppercorn."

Joe eyed his sister and her friends with gloomy disgust.

"It's a pity they don't give you girls enough to do at Northwestern Women's College so you wouldn't have time to cook up idiotic stunts like this. You'd better lay off that Tuesday-night business. Probably be a

bunch of thugs down there waiting for you."

"We wouldn't miss it for worlds, darling," replied his sister. "Now, run along and let us study. I do wish they'd give you people at Trentonville Tech enough to do so that you wouldn't always find time to hang around whenever I have a bunch of girls here."

Tuesday evening found the girls gathered in a giggling, whispering group at the soda fountain in Graham's busy drug-store. Some of their prospects had already arrived and were peering eagerly at every feminine passer-by. Peg's was conspicuously wearing the red carnation which she had requested upon the lapel of a gay checkerboard suit. The father of four had brought along three overgrown offsprings to meet their new mamma. The "he-man," identified by the sprig of green he had been asked to wear in his hat, proved bespectacled and anemic. The fortune-

hunter, pencil behind his ear as directed, caused a near-retreat by gazing suspiciously through crossed eyes at the culprits.

One by one they all arrived except Susannah's. The girls waited for him until the other swains had departed in disgust.

"Well, come on. We might as well go," the jilted lady remarked. "I have evidently been trifled with. Anyway, it's been fun."

The following evening as Susannah was idly glancing through the Personal column in the evening paper, she was startled by the following announcement:

"Miss M.J.P.—Was unable to meet you Tuesday evening, but am sincere. Will be at same place, same time, Thursday. Hope you can come."

"Yellow Envelope."

Susannah rushed to the phone to share this choice morsel with Peg. She lifted the receiver from the hook, hesitated, and replaced it. She found herself hoping, for no apparent reason, that the other girls would not see the notice.

ON THURSDAY evening, she pleaded a headache and repaired to her room immediately after dinner. There she locked the door and surveyed the wardrobe she had selected for the occasion. It was a strange assortment for a young lady supposedly embarking upon a romantic adventure. The attic had yielded a dress and hat of the vintage of ten years before. A strand of false hair and a large pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles completed the layout.

After she had arrayed herself, a glance in the mirror caused her to roll upon the bed in a spasm of stifled delight. With difficulty she once more resisted the temptation to share this with Peg. Peg was a good scout, but conventional.

She slipped out unobserved. Half way down the block she met Joe returning from an errand. She stopped short, undecided whether to stand her ground or flee. He glanced at her with idle curiosity and sauntered on, whistling. He had not recognized her!

She arrived at the trysting-place sufficiently early to have time to reflect upon her escapade. She began to feel a little frightened. Suppose Joe had been right? One was always reading of girls disappearing and never being heard of again. Had they answered matrimonial ads? Then she glanced in the mirror and with a hysterical giggle reassured herself that any fears of being kidnapped which she had entertained were entirely unfounded.

Promptly at seven-thirty her Knight of the Yellow Envelope arrived. She rubbed her eyes, gasped, and looked again. Surely they didn't make them like that off the vaudeville stage! Oh, if she had only brought Peg!

He was extremely tall, and his suit had evidently been made for a man at least six inches shorter. He

had also apparently underestimated the size of his head in purchasing his hat. A polka-dot shirt, a flowing tie, and a pair of old-fashioned pince-nez with a black cord completed the ensemble.

With an effort, she retained her composure and drew forth from her bag a yellow envelope. For a moment he appeared startled. Then he removed his preposterous hat and advanced to meet her.

"Miss Peppercorn?" he inquired.

She admitted it.

"My name," he said, "is Boggs. William Boggs."

They gravely shook hands.

"My car is parked around the corner," said William Boggs. "It and I are completely at your disposal if you will suggest how you would like to spend the evening."

Susannah followed him in a daze. He stopped before a vehicle about which quite a crowd had gathered. Judging from their remarks it interested them from a historical standpoint.

"By golly, I'll bet that's the first one Henry ever made!"

"Wonder what museum it's headed for?"

"What is it, anyway?"

"Must be advertisin' some show."

The appearance of Susannah and her escort confirmed them in this belief.

"Say, Mister," someone shouted, "let us in on it. What's it all about?"

To her consternation, Susannah recognized a number of former dancing partners among the group. Her face was scorching as they pushed their way through. As William cranked the venerable craft, she seated herself at the wheel. Violent convulsions from the interior testified to the success of his efforts.

"I'll drive," she told him briefly as he entered.

They departed amid shouts and cheers.

"I have tickets here for a lecture upon 'Evolution versus Creation,'" said Mr. Boggs. "Would you care to attend, or shall we drive to your home and spend this evening in getting acquainted?"

"Neither," replied Susannah. "I don't feel quite in the mood for a lecture this evening, and I'm sorry but I cannot take you to my home. My relatives are very strict. That is the reason I was obliged to resort to this unconventional means of getting acquainted. I will drive to some less public spot and we can sit and visit in the car."

"That is an excellent idea. By the way, I wish to commend you, Miss Peppercorn, upon your discretion in taking the wheel. I hope to convince you in



time that I am a trustworthy person, but until I have done so, you are quite right to safeguard yourself."

"Thank you. I was sure you would understand. I hope you are not disappointed about the lecture, Mr. Boggs."

"Not at all. The speaker was the Reverend Elmer Skippey, and I have an unreasoning conviction that nothing which a man named Elmer could say would interest me."

This illogical remark seemed to strike Susannah so



Did he hold her a shade closer, or did she imagine it?

forcibly that she almost drove into the curb. "Honestly? Now, isn't that the oddest thing? For years I've secretly nicknamed every man I didn't like Elmer!"

This coincidence impressed them both as one of the most important discoveries in recent years. They marvelled about it for almost a mile. Then it suddenly came to Susannah that it was a matter of no moment whatever that she and this freak should be victims of the same obsession. She changed the subject abruptly.

"Are you in business, Mr. Boggs?"

"No, I am working my way through Trentonville Tech."

"Trentonville Tech! Oh, I know loads of fellows there—I mean, of course, I know of them. Who are some of your friends?"

"I scarcely know whether you would call them friends. Those with whom I have come in contact seem inclined to play pranks upon me."

Susannah felt a sudden rush of sympathy. The poor nut, of course they would! If she only dared tell him what was the

matter with him! She had parked the car upon a quiet street, and now had an opportunity to glance at him furtively in the semi-darkness. He really wasn't bad-looking. She liked his hands. In fact, she liked them so well that she had difficulty in resisting a temptation to reach over and pat one of them reassuringly. He was so pathetic and helpless and ridiculous.

They talked steadily for several hours. The conversation did not remain upon the high intellectual plane which one would expect from young persons who, by their own admission, were "dedicated to the higher things of life," but, in the course of it, several more startling and significant discoveries were made.

For instance, the interesting fact came to light that both conceived an instantaneous and enduring hatred for any person uttering the words "comfy" or "hubby" in their hearing. Neither could eat a fried egg unless it was turned, and both found the odor of bananas distasteful. They agreed that slapstick movie comedy was not amusing, and they jointly confessed to a secret doubt that Shakespeare really deserved the eminence which he had attained.

With a start, Susannah realized that it was growing late. They arranged another meeting, and she drove the car to a spot a short distance from her home. There she alighted and insisted upon making the rest of the journey alone and upon foot.

SUBSEQUENT trysts proved more and more disquieting. She found herself yearning over him with a passion of pity that was almost maternal. Finally she was obliged to admit to herself with actual terror that she had unwittingly committed her happy, care-free heart to a freak whom she would be ashamed to introduce to her family and friends. In vain she railed at herself, wept secret tears of shame and despair. This wistful, solitary youth, the butt of Trentonville Tech, had accomplished something that many of his tormentors had attempted in vain. He had won the love of little Susannah Brown.

She longed to ask Joe about him, yet she did not dare. If Joe should make fun of him—and of course he would!

Whether or not her love was returned, she had no idea. Sometimes she thought he cared, then she remembered her unalluring disguise and wondered if he possibly could. Finally she reached the point when she could endure the situation no longer. Out of a clear sky one evening she turned upon him in a sort of fury.

"For heaven's sake, quit parting your hair in the middle!" she cried. "Don't buy any more polka-dot shirts—and burn up those darn clothes and buy some decent ones that fit you!"

He gazed at her in speechless astonishment. Then she remembered that she was Mary Jane Peppercorn, and was overcome by confusion.

"Oh—I beg your pardon!" she stammered. "My early environment—most unfortunate—"

"It's all right, of course," he replied slowly. "Only—well, you're the last person in the world to whom I thought such things would matter. I've known all along, of course, that my clothes weren't just right. I used to be uncomfortable about it—but since I've known you, I—I—Well, I [Continued on page 92]

Promptly at 7.30 her knight of the yellow envelope arrived. The antiquated vehicle he had brought along was parked around the corner.



Illustrated by
John F. Clymer



THIRD INSTALMENT



PERHAPS no mutineer in the history of the world ever succeeded, as did Dyck Calhoun, in holding control over fellow-mutineers on the journey from the English Channel to the Caribbean Sea. As a boy, Dyck had been an expert sailor, had studied the machinery of a man-of-war, and his love of the sea was innate and deep-seated; but his present success was based upon more than experience. Quite apart from the honor of his nature, prison had deepened in him the hatred of injustice. In soul he was bitter; in body he was healthy, powerful, and sane.

Slowly, sternly, yet tactfully, he had broken down the many customs of ship life injurious to the welfare of the men. Under his system the sailors had good coffee for breakfast, instead of a horrible mixture made of burnt biscuits cooked in foul water. He gave the men pea-soup and rice instead of burgoo and the wretched oatmeal mess which was the staple thing for breakfast. He saw to it that the meat was no longer a hateful, repulsive mass, two-thirds bone and gristle, and before it came into the cook's hands capable of being polished like mahogany. He threatened the cook with punishment if he found the meals ill-cooked.

In all the journey to the West Indian seas there had been only three formal floggings. His attitude was not that of a commander who declared:

"I will see the man's backbone, by God!"

He wished to secure discipline without cruelty. His greatest difficulty, at the start, was in making lieutenants. That he overcame by appointing senior midshipmen before the *Ariadne* was out of the Channel. He offered a lieutenancy to Ferens, who had the courage to decline it.

"Make me purser," remarked Ferens. "Make me purser, and I'll do the job justly."

As the purser of the *Ariadne* had been sent to the sick-bay and was likely to die (and did die subsequently), Ferens was put into his uniform—three-cornered cocked hat, white knee-breeches, and white stockings. The purser of a man-of-war was generally a friend of the captain, going with him from ship to ship.

Of the common sailors, on the whole, Dyck had little doubt. He had informed them that, whatever happened, they should not be in danger; that the ship should not join the West Indian fleet unless every man except himself received amnesty. If the amnesty was not granted, then one of two things should happen—the ship must make for a South American port, or she must fight. Fighting would not frighten these men.

It was rather among the midshipmen that Dyck looked for trouble. Sometimes, with only two years' training at Gosport, a youngster became a midshipman on first going to sea, and he could begin as early as eleven years of age. A second-rate ship like the *Ariadne* carried eighteen midshipmen and as six lieutenants were appointed from them, only twelve remained. From these twelve, in the dingy after-cockpit, where the superficial area was not more than twelve square feet; where the air was foul, and the bilges reeked with a pestilential stench; where the purser's store-room near gave out the smell of rancid butter and poisonous cheese; where the musty taint of old ropes came to them, there was a spirit of danger.

NO DEFENCE

Dyck was right in thinking that in the midshipmen's dismal berth the first flowers of revolt to his rule would bloom.

Sailors, even as low as the pig-sty men, had some idea of fair play; and as the weeks that had passed since they left the Thames had given them better food and drink, and lessened the severity of those above them, real obedience had come.

It was not strange that the ship ran well, for all the officers under the new conditions, except Dyck himself, had had previous experience. The old lieutenants had gone, but midshipmen, who in any case were trained had taken their places. The rest of the ship's staff were the same, except the captain; and as Dyck had made a friend of Greenock, the master, a man of glumness, the days were peaceful enough during the voyage to the Caribbean Sea.

The majority saw that every act of Dyck had proved him just and capable. He had rigidly insisted on gun practice; he had keyed up the marines to a better spirit, and churlishness had been promptly punished. He was, in effect, what the sailors called a "rogue," or a "taut one"—seldom smiling, gaunt of face but fearless of eye, and with a body free from fatigue.

As the weather grew warmer and the days longer, and they drew near to the coast of Jamaica, a stir of excitement was shown.

"You'd like to know what I'm going to do, Michael, I suppose?" said Dyck one morning, as he drank his coffee and watched the sun creeping up the sky.



Dyck made a gesture in Sheila's direction. "No, she does not know the truth," Mrs. Llyn said.

By Gilbert Parker

"Well, in three days we shall know what's to become of us, and I have no doubt or fear. This ship's a rebel, but it's returning to duty. We've shown them how a ship can be run with good food and drink and fair dealing, and, please God, we'll have some work to do now that belongs to a man-of-war!"

"Sir, I know what you mean to do," replied Michael. "You mean to get all of us off by giving yourself up."

"Well, some one has to pay for what we've done, Michael." A dark, ruthless light came into Dyck's eyes. "Some one's got to pay." A grim smile crossed his face. "We've done the forbidden thing; we've mutinied and taken to the open sea. We were fired on by the other mutiny ships, and that will help our sailors, but it won't help me. I'm the leader. We ought, of course, to have taken refuge with the nearest squadron of the King's ships. Well, I've run my luck, and I'll have to pay."

He scratched his chin with a thumb-nail—a permanent physical trait. "You see, the Government has pardoned all the sailors, and will hang only the leaders. I expect Parker is hung already. Well, I'm the leader on the *Ariadne*. I'm taking this ship straight to His Majesty's West Indian fleet, in thorough discipline, and I'll hand it over well found, well manned, well officered, on condition that all go free except myself. I came aboard a common sailor, a quota man, a prison-bird, penniless. Well, have I shown that I can run a ship? Have I learned the game of control? During the weeks we've been at

sea, bursting along, have I proved myself?"

Michael smiled.

"What did I say to you the first night on board, sir? Didn't I say they'd make an officer of you when they found out what brains you had? By St. Patrick, you've made yourself captain with the good-will of all, and your iron hand has held the thing together. You've got a great head, too, sir!"

Dyck looked at him with a face in which the far future showed.

"Michael, I've been lucky. I've had good men about me. God only knows what would have happened to me if the master hadn't been what he is—a gentleman who knows his job—aye, a gentleman through and through! If he had gone against me, Michael—he flicked a finger to the sky—"well, that much for my chances! I'd have been dropped overboard, or stabbed in my cabin, as was that famous Captain Pigot, son of an admiral, who had as much soul as you'd find in a stone-quarry. When two men had dropped from the masts, hurrying to get down because of his threat that the last man should be thrashed—when the two men lay smashed to pieces at his feet, Pigot said, 'Heave the lubbers overboard!' That night, Michael, the seamen rose, crept to his cabin, stabbed him to death, pitched his body overboard, put his lieutenants to sea in open boats, and then ran away to South America. Well, I've escaped that fate, because this was a good ship, and all the officers knew their business, and did it without cruelty. I've been well served. It was a great thing

making the new lieutenants from the midshipmen. There never was a better lot on board a ship."

Michael's face clouded.

"Sir, that's true. The new lieutenants have done their work well, but them that's left behind in the midshipmen's berth—do you think they're content? No, sir. The only spot on board this ship where there lurks an active spirit against you is in the midshipmen's berth. Mischief's brewing there, and that's what has brought me to you now."

Dyck smiled.

"I know that. I've had my eye on the midshipmen. I've never trusted them. They're a hard lot; but if the rest of the ship is with me, I'll deal with them promptly. They're not clever or bold enough to do their job skilfully. They've got some old hands down there—hammock-men, old stagers of the sea that act as servants to them. What line do they take?"

Michael laughed softly.

"What I know I've got from two of them, and it is this—the young gentlemen'll try to get control of the ship."

The cynicism deepened in Dyck's face.

"Get control of the ship, eh? Well, it'll be a new situation on a King's ship if midshipmen succeed where the rest dare not try. Now, mark what I'm going to do."

He called, and a marine showed himself.

"The captain's compliments to the master, and his presence here at once. Michael," he continued presently, "what fools they are! They're scarcely a baker's dozen, and none of them has skill to lead. Why, the humblest sailor would have more sense than to start a revolt, the success of which depends upon his personal influence, and the failure of which must end in his own ruin. Does any one think they're

the kind to lead a mutiny within a mutiny? Listen to me—I'm not cruel, but I'll put an end to this plot. We're seven hundred, on this ship, and she's a first-class sailer. I warrant no ship ever swam the seas that looks better going than she does. So we've got to see that her record is kept clean as a mutineer."

At that moment the master appeared. He saluted. "Greenock," said Dyck, "I wonder if you've noticed the wind blowing chilly from the midshipmen's berth."

A lurking devilish humor shot from Greenock's eyes.

"Aye, I've smelled that wind. It's ugly."

"Greenock, we're near the West Indian Islands. Before we eat many meals we'll see land. We may pass French ships, and we may have to fight. Well, we've had a good running, master; so I'll tell you what I mean to do."

He then briefly repeated what he had said to Michael, and added:

"Greenock, in this last to-do, I shall be the only man in danger. The King's amnesty covers every one except the leaders—that lets you off. The Delegate of the *Ariadne* is aboard the *Invincible*, if he's not been hanged. I'm the only one left on the *Ariadne*. I've had a good time, Greenock—thanks to you, chiefly. I think the men are ready for anything that'll come; but I also think we should guard against a revolt of the midshipmen by healthy discipline now. Therefore, I'll instruct the lieutenants to spread-eagle every midshipman for twelve hours. There's a stiff wind; there's a good stout spray, and the wind and spray should cool their hot souls. Meanwhile, though without food, they shall have water as they need it. If at the end of the twelve hours any still seems to be difficult, give him another twelve. Look!"

He stretched out a hand to the window on his right.

"Far away in front are islands. You cannot see them yet, but those little thickening mists in the distance mean land. Those are the islands in front of the Windward Passage. I think it would be a good lesson for the young gentlemen to be spread-eagled against the mists of their future. It shall be done at once; and pass the word why it's done."

An hour later there was laughter in every portion of the ship, for the least popular members of the whole personnel were being dragooned into discipline. The sailors had seen individual midshipmen spread-eagled and mastheaded, while all save those they could bribe were forbidden to bring them drink or food; but here was a whole body of junior officers, punished *en masse*, as it were, lashed to the rigging and taking the wind and the spray in their teeth.

Before the day was over the whole ship was alive with anticipation, for, in the far distance, could be seen the dark blue and purplish shadows which told of land; and this brought the minds of all to the end of their journey, with thoughts of the crisis near.

Word had been passed that all on board were considered safe—all except the captain who had manœvered them to the entrance of the Caribbean Sea. Had he been of their own origin, they would not have placed so much credence in the rumor; but coming as he did of an ancient Irish family, although he had been in jail for killing, the traditional respect for the word of a gentleman influenced them. When a man like Ferens, on the one hand, and the mutineer whose fingers had been mutilated by Dyck in the Channel, on the other—when these agreed to bend themselves to the rule of a usurper, some idea of Calhoun's power may be got.

On this day, with the glimmer of land in the far distance, the charges of all the guns were renewed. Also word was passed that at any moment the ship must be cleared for action. Down in the cockpit the tables were got ready by the surgeon and the loblolly boys; the magazines were opened, and the guards were put on duty.

Orders were issued that none should be allowed to escape active share in the coming battle; that none should retreat to the orlop deck or the lower deck; that the boys should carry the cartridge-cases handed to them from the magazine under the cover of their coats, running hard to the guns. The twenty-four-pounders—the largest guns in use at that time—the eighteen-pounders, and the twelve-pounder guns were all in good order.

The bags of iron balls called grape-shot—the worst

of all—varying in size from sixteen to nine balls in a bag, were prepared. Then the canister, which produced ghastly murder, chain-shot to bring down masts and spars, langrel to fire at masts and rigging, and the dismantling shot to tear off sails, were all made ready. The muskets for the marines, the musketoons, the pistols, the cutlasses, the boarding-pikes, the axes or tomahawks, the bayonets and sailors' knives, were placed conveniently for use. A bevy of men were kept busy cleaning the round shot of rust, and there was not a man on the ship who did not look with pride at the guns, in their paint of gray-blue steel, with a scarlet band round the muzzle.

To the right of the *Ariadne* was the coast of Cuba; to the left was the coast of Haiti, both invisible to the eye. Although the knowledge that they were nearing land had already given the officers and men a feeling of elation, the feeling was greatly intensified as they came through the Turk Island Passage, which is a kind of gateway to the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti. The glory of the sunny, tropical world was upon the ship and upon



IN the second instalment of "No Defence" we find Dyck was taken to prison and to trial. He refused to explain anything when he learned that Erris Boyne was the father of Sheila. A long letter from Sheila only fixed this resolve. The court sentenced him to eight years in prison, but the time was reduced to four. On coming out Michael Clones was in waiting for him. Without money they went to London.

Here he received another letter from Sheila, now mistress of the large estate in Virginia bequeathed to her by her uncle. Yet Dyck would not accept the offer to go to the new world. He joined the British fleet. After due consideration he joins the mutineers, led by Richard Parker, a fellow Irishman, and because of his daring and high intelligence is made Captain of the *Ariadne*—eventually making for the West Indies.

the sea; it crept into the blood of every man, and the sweet summer weather gave confidence to their minds. It was a day which only those who knew tropical and semi-tropical seas can understand. It had the sense of soaking luxury.

In his cabin, with the ship's chart on the table before him, Dyck Calhoun studied the course of the *Ariadne*. The wind was fair and good, the sea-birds hovered overhead. From a distant part of the ship came the sound of men's voices in song. They were singing "Spanish Ladies":

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'west,
boys,
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear;
Then we filled our main tops'l and bore right away,
boys,
And right up the Channel our course did we steer.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll range and we'll roam over all the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old
England—
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

Dyck raised his head, and a smile came to his lips. "Yes, you sing of a Channel, my lads, but it's a long way there, as you'll find. I hope to God they give us some fighting! . . . Well, what is it?" he asked of a marine who appeared in his doorway.

"The master of the ship begs to see you, sir?" was the reply.

A moment afterward Greenock entered. He asked Dyck several questions concerning the possible fighting, the disposition of ammunition and all that, and said at last:

"I think we shall be of use, sir. The ship's all right now."

"As right as anything human can be. I've got faith in my star, master."

A light came into the other man's dour face.

"I wish you'd get into uniform, sir."

"Uniform? No, Greenock! No, I use the borrowed power, but not the borrowed clothes. I'm a common sailor, and I wear the common sailor's clothes. You've earned your uniform, and it suits you. Stick to it; and when I've earned a captain's uniform I'll wear it. I owe you the success of this voyage so far, and my heart it full of it, up to the brim. Hark, what's that?"

"By God, it's guns, sir! There's fighting on!"
"Fighting!"

Dyck stood for a minute with head thrust forward, eyes fixed upon the distant mists ahead. The rumble of the guns came faintly through the air. An exultant look came into his face.

"Master, the game's with us—it is fighting! I know the difference between the two sets of guns, English and French. Listen—that quick, spasmodic firing is French; the steady-as-thunder is English. Well, we've got all sail on. Now, make ready the ship for fighting!"

"She's almost ready, sir."

An hour later the light mist had risen, and almost suddenly the *Ariadne* seemed to come into the field of battle. Dyck Calhoun could see the struggle going on. The two sets of enemy ships had come to close quarters, and in some cases were locked in deadly conflict. In other cases ships, still apart, fired at point-blank range, and all the horrors of slaughter were in full swing.

From the square blue flag at the mizzen topgallant masthead of one of the British ships engaged, Dyck realized that the admiral's own craft was in some peril. He saw with satisfaction that the way lay open for the *Ariadne* to bear down upon the French ship, engaged with the admiral's small ship, and help to end the struggle successfully for the British cause.

While still too far away for point-blank range, the *Ariadne's* guns began upon the French ships distinguishable by their shape and their colors. Before the first shot was fired, however, Dyck made a tour of the decks and gave some word of cheer to the men. The *Ariadne* lost no time in getting into the thick of the fight. The seamen were stripped to the waist, and black silk handkerchiefs were tightly bound round their heads and over their ears.

What the French thought of the coming of the *Ariadne* was shown by the reply they made presently to her firing. The number of French ships in action was greater than the British by six, and the *Ariadne* arrived just

when she could be of greatest service. The boldness of her seamanship, and the favor of the wind, gave her an advantage which helped to justify.

As she drew in upon the action, she gave herself up to great danger; she was coming in upon the rear of the French ships, and was subject to fierce attack. To the French she seemed like a fugitive warrior returning to camp just when he was most needed, as was indeed the case. Two of her shots settled one of the enemy's vessels; and before the others could converge upon her, she had crawled slowly up against the off side of the French admiral's ship, which was closely engaged with the *Beatitude*, the British flagship, on the other side.

The canister, chain-shot, and langrel of the French foe had caused much injury to the *Ariadne*, and her canvas was in a sore plight. Fifty of her seamen had been killed, and a hundred and fifty were wounded by the time she reached the starboard side of the *Aquitaine*. She would have lost many more were it not that her onset demoralized the French gunners, while the cheers of the British sailors aboard the *Beatitude* gave confidence to their mutineer comrades.

On his own deck, Dyck watched the progress of the battle with the joy of a natural fighter. He had carried the thing to an almost impossible success. There had only been this in his favor, that his was an unexpected entrance—a fact which had been worth another ship at least. He saw his boarders struggle for the *Aquitaine*. He saw them discharge their pistols, and then resort to the cutlass and the dagger; and the marines bringing down their victims from the masts of the French flag-ship.

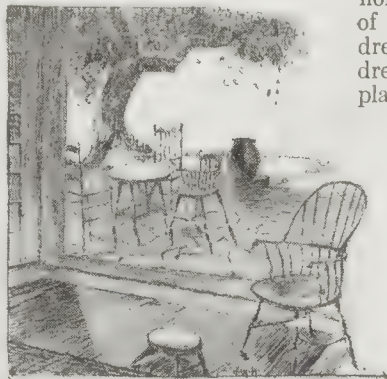
Presently he heard the savagely buoyant shouts of the *Beatitude* men, and he realized that, by his coming the admiral of the French fleet had been obliged to yield up his sword, and to signal to his ships—such as could—to get away. That half of them succeeded in doing so was due to the fact that the British fleet had been heavily handled in the fight, and would have been defeated had it not been for the opportune arrival of the *Ariadne*.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the navy, had British ships clamped the enemy as the *Aquitaine* was clamped by the *Beatitude* and the *Ariadne*. Certain it is that no admiral of the British fleet had ever to perform two such acts in one day as receiving the submission of a French admiral and offering thanks to the captain of a (Continued on page 43)

A Home for the Golden West

By V. W. Horwood

BEGINNINGS, as we all know, are usually small things, and the important place now occupied in the world by the architecture of homes, after centuries of building Temples to the Gods and Palaces to the King and Nobility, has amongst the incidents of skyscrapers and grandiloquent banks become the most surprising example of swift, and in some cases extravagant growth, a development beyond the measure of every early appearance. If you wish to see our progression you will not have to travel far. Go into our northern country and you will find primitive houses built by the natives that might have been structures of a thousand years before Christ, or travelling in the West amongst some of our newcomers see houses that have literally been translated from the Middle Ages to their prairie setting. Types of perfection in the days of the building of the humble home, and now we have progressed, not slowly, but rather with one forward movement. How few years have passed since the introduction of the electric light, or of the conveniences of running water in the house. Notice the heating plants of today. A long road has been travelled quickly from the old tin lantern with its single candle illuminating it, or the open fireplaces to heat the home. Naturally in the homes of the wealthy there was a polished magnificence, but hardly comfort as we know it now. We utilize all that the experience of the ages have given us in decorative or home-like qualities. The taste of our forefathers was always inclined to be on the right side when building with money. I do not like the word "taste," but it seems to be a common expression when talking of different degrees in works of art. There is a certain point which may be considered as the highest peak of perfection at which the human faculties can arrive in the conception and execution, and to my mind the planning and building of a perfect home is that peak. We look with awe at the towering skyscrapers, with admiration at the marbled banks, but, when all is said and done, in the majority of cases these buildings are only supreme examples of engineering skill supplemented by the artist and architect. This is not to belittle the great achievements of genius in this line of work, for not to admire anything is a bad test of wisdom. We often meet persons who have formed their whole character on carping judgment. They are blind to art, deaf to music, indifferent to poetry, and treat these arts as belonging to a lower strata of intelligence. I have sat listening to Handel's "Messiah" with accompaniment of angels' voices to the shepherds keeping watch by night—listening in silent rapture to the silver sounds as they rose and fell, gradations of sweetness softening into the distance drawing the soul from earth to heaven, taking it up to the stars—and beside me found one with a score, listening with heavy intentness—with pencil ready to mark some slip in time, or slight jar in harmony, sitting frigid with critical aspect, his heart untouched and his look unaltered. It may be asked whether enthusiasm is a proof of judgment. We often watch people standing before a building exclaiming "Wonderful," "Beautiful," and on analyzing their enthusiasm find that the wonder is excited by the huge blocks of stone or towering height of the building, not at the taste and judgment used in their disposition.



THIS seems to be wandering far afield from the home, but what I wish to make clear is that to many people the home is the highest achievement a man or woman can aim at. It looks so simple, too. A plan with a perspective is shown in a magazine and the home enthusiast immediately thinks it is perfect, but now is the time to go slowly, for, remember that

around the home all activities circle: the family, the books, music, and, last but not least, a refuge from the world's turmoil. Of course the question of cost exercises a material influence upon the elaboration of the plan of your home, and the safest way to judge a plan is by its simplicity, both in outside design and interior planning. When contemplating building your home, get some ideas of the costs of materials, and do not include in the plans elaborate work which will require special details. It is a maxim with me in certain materials to select from the stock sizes, mouldings, brick, concrete blocks, dimension timbers. All these can be found in admirable design and sizes ready for use and the saving is immense. Your chief idea should be in the proportions, and excellence of the materials. Well proportioned houses do not require excessive ornamentation to make them beautiful, and the well-planned home is one that is adapted to the needs of the family for whom it is designed. When deciding upon your plan submit it to a careful analysis and discuss each feature of its arrangement with regard to its relation to other features and from this you can generally arrive at certain fundamental rules upon which your house should be designed. Every house, however small, is composed of two general divisions: the rooms, and the halls or passages for communication between them. In a large house these subdivisions are elaborated into family rooms, servants' rooms, and in very large houses again into private and public family rooms, and public service rooms, and private servants' rooms. A home should be dreamed. In the words of Corot, the great French artist, "first dream your picture, then paint your dream." That is good advice in home planning. Close your eyes and visualize it. This is not asking you to sit down and work out the design in detail. It takes practice to do this, but once you have incorporated your ideas into the plan you will be surprised at the results. Step by step the rooms are developed. Your dream will be growing more vivid, and the color and furnishings of the interior will keep growing, until at last you will feel that the picture of the home is clear in your mind. This method is called "dreaming your home"—and I know of no better one. It may not be perfect, but it is infinitely better than allowing a contractor to dictate to you because he is a practical man. Practicalities enter both into a house and into a home, but when the practical portion decides to dictate to you as to the aesthetic qualities of your home, then is the time to rebel. No one has the same taste in furnishing or decorations. We no doubt have patterns continually placed before us, arbitrary rules as to the style of the furniture or curtains, but if your means do not allow you every year to renew your furnishing the sensible way is to get the best and use it in a manner and in a way to enhance the beauty of the room.

Sketches of home plans are shown from time to time



and it should be realized that these are for ideas, not for slavishly copying. Your ideal of a home may not be the same as mine—although the fundamentals are the same with us all—but there are certain facts in construction and furnishing that must be adhered to and that is where the expert can help.

THE house accompanying this article is of brick, and here is where we begin to what might be called "specify." A horrid term to me. Specifications, in which are laid down the exact sizes, the exact materials, the exact colors, with generally no deviation from them—as mechanical as the equipment of a kitchen—but, alas, just as necessary—for contractors are not idealistic, and generally charge for any change. So in a specification one of the first and important items is "that if any changes are to be made the contractor must give price in writing, on the basis of his contract price for any alterations." Believe me that this apparently simple clause will save you many an hour's worry, and maybe a few law-suits, for generally at the start of a house you are excited, and the builder is all smiles and complacency, but, as the work progresses, maybe to his disadvantage, through no fault of yours, his face grows glum and changes will be charged accordingly as the loss appears to him. The house is built of a brownish brick with a white struck joint. The circular head over the stairs extension and chimney should be laid in cement, and, by the way, the basement is of concrete with cement wall finished with a rough trowel sweep above the grade. The piazza at the rear has concrete tile laid irregularly, and in tones of dull pink, greys and yellows. The roof shingles are stained a dull green and the window frames the same with the sash and muntions picked out in white. The roof over porch is galvanized iron laid on a floor over open rafters and beams. The gutters and conductors are of galvanized iron.

AND now we enter the house. This is what I would call a garden home, the garden being at the back. It is a modern idea to have the lawn and garden open to the public. Democracy, I suppose. But, when one sits on this piazza in the comfortable windsor chair at the small tea-table, privacy should be obtained. A great many of the homes I visit in search of ideas are themselves mute, inglorious testimonials of the ignorance of the real possibilities of color and furnishing in the home; even in the home where the professional decorator has been employed the timidity of the owner has held his hand, and the result is a characterless monotonous nonentity. In the majority of homes there is no apparent dominating hue, but just an assemblage of furniture, rugs, draperies and pictures, which for the most part are utterly unrelated. We are afraid of color, and it is rarely that one has the joy of finding a room which is filled with rich glowing colors. We forget that Nature is all color—that no pigments have ever been mixed to produce the brilliancy of the outside. Color is our natural environment, and whether you think it vulgar, or love it, the moment you begin to furnish your home, color enters into your life. This plan uses the garden for [Continued on page 86]

The Great Chief of Prayer

*Being a Few Intimate Glimpses of the Life and Works of
the Right Rev. Ovide Charlebois, O.M.I. Bishop
of Berenice. Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin,
North-West Canada*

By A. J. Dalrymple



Bishop Charlebois and a group of Crees, his proteges at Island Lake, east of The Pas. In the background stands Father Joseph Dubeau, missionary of that district.

ON TUESDAY, January 7, 1930, a traveller boarded a day coach at the depot in The Pas, northern Manitoba, and settled down for the long, irksome journey up the newly constructed Hudson Bay Railway line which stretches over the "Barren Lands" to Canada's new seaport of the Arctic. With squeaking wheels, and groaning drawbars, the train slowly got under way as the locomotive struggled for supremacy over lowering temperatures. It was 40 below. The cold cut to the heart. The engine wheezed, snorted and gathered momentum. The "Muskeg," the "mixed drag" of passengers, baggage, mail, express and freight, headed northward through a cut in the jackpine fringing the ice hummocks of the Saskatchewan river.

At Mile 185 the traveller left the train, picked up a team of huskies, and mushed into the forest solitudes. By breaking trail across lakes, and over rock-bound portages, he found isolated Indian camps, and after brief visits, finally "came out at the steel," at Mile 214. Eleven days after he set out from The Pas, he was back in town again. The traveller was the Right Reverend Ovide Charlebois, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin, North-West Canada.

While "up the line" Bishop Charlebois performed marriage ceremonies for four Indian couples, baptised ten children, and enquired into matters of health and contentment among the scattered Crees. Satisfied that they were progressing as favorably as could be expected, he told them he would return

soon, and departed for the headquarters of his diocese.

It happened that Bishop Charlebois completed that trip on his 68th birthday, and therein lies a story, an absorbing story of pioneering, and missionary work, with the vicissitudes and hardships, known to those who brave the interior of a country, which by virtue of its geographical position, is inhospitable indeed.

Bishop Charlebois travelled alone to his "jumping off place" at Mile 185. There he met an Indian dog runner who accompanied him through the wilderness. Unless one has experienced the terrors of the northern winters, the blinding, blood-congealing blizzards, the deathlike stillness of Lonesome Land, the sleeping out at night, and the plodding onward through the semi-darkness of the northern days, it is difficult to appreciate what a man it takes to brave the open, and what a man it takes to tackle it at 68 years of age.

Bishop Charlebois thinks nothing

of it. He has been on the trail for more than 42 years, and the trappers, traders and explorers have come to accept his journeyings as a matter of course. In winter he "mushes" through the silent places with huskies, or rides in a big box sleigh behind a team of wiry Indian ponies. In summer he paddles a freight canoe, ships aboard a stern-wheeler river boat, makes a fast hop by cabin plane, or uses the railroads which last year pushed into the Hudson Bay regions.

He is known the length and breadth of a hinterland that is a domain in itself, a country of seemingly limitless dimensions, where the seven leagued boots of mythical giants, might well be needed to traverse it. But some way or another, he manages to make his rounds. And he has come to be known among the Whites, simply as "the Bishop," and among the Crees, as Kitchiyamhihewikimaw, "the Great Chief of Prayer."

IT WAS up in the Ile a la Crosse country near the Alberta boundary, 150 miles north of the railway, that I first heard of the Bishop. I was at an Indian pow-wow, and was told of his long voyages, his quick sympathies, and his devotion to his charges.



The Bishop's Palace at The Pas, northern Manitoba.

Right — Group of the old Administration Buildings in The Pas which have been replaced by modern structures. Building marked X is the first Cathedral "North of 53." Bishop Charlebois cut the logs, and squared the timbers for this tiny edifice.



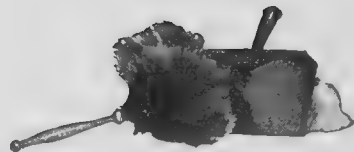
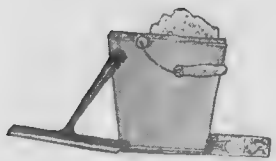
St. Antoine's Hospital, a modern institution on the fringe of Civilization.



While on his visits in the hinterland, Bishop Charlebois is frequently called upon to live off the land. In time of need the Canada goose falls before his rifle.

They spoke of his skill with a paddle, and his mastery over the canoe in "white water," or rapids. They said he could speak Cree like a native, and they praised him as an historian. Lastly, they paid tribute to his willingness to suffer privation, a highly prized virtue among primitive peoples of the North.

I heard so many tales, I wished heartily to meet "the Bishop." On arriving in The Pas, I called at the palace, and asked for an hour with him. What was I to see, a superman, [Continued on page 88]



THE FIRST ACT ON THE SPRING PROGRAM



THE first important act of Spring house-cleaning is to provide yourself with *extra* help—which means providing yourself with Fels-Naptha Soap.

For Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help—the *extra* help of two brisk cleaners, soap and naptha, working together. The soap is unusually good soap. And blended with it is *plenty* of naptha. You can smell it! Beneath the gentle urging of these two cleaners, painted woodwork regains the freshness it had when new. Spots vanish from rugs. Enamel and tiling lose their winter's coat of dinginess. The whole house takes on the bright sparkle of Spring.

So be sure to use Fels-Naptha for

house-cleaning. And be doubly sure to use it for Fels-Naptha's biggest job—the family wash. It washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing. And you can wash any way you please. You can boil your clothes, or soak them, if you prefer; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in another way—it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha, working hand-in-hand, get clothes clean so quickly that you don't

have to keep your hands in water so long.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars today—or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Then you'll have *extra* help aplenty in your house-cleaning!

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

W.H.M. 5-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

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THE CURE

By Muriel Maud Newcombe

Illustrated by Audrey Preston

GEORGE HANCOCK was a gentleman at home and abroad. He, therefore, stifled the urge to close the door with a bang, and closed it instead with a vindictive gentleness.

Marjorie's nagging was becoming unendurable, he decided as he swung savagely along the street. Why, he demanded of himself, were women forever concerning themselves about where and how a man spent his evenings? He wasn't drinking. He wasn't spending more than he had a right to spend. He wasn't flirting with other women. Marjorie knew that his amusements were harmless. And if she didn't give up saying sarcastic things before he went out and flying into rages when he came in, he wouldn't be responsible for his actions. He might slam doors.

Anyway, why should Marjorie want him to stay home evenings? He sat at one side of the table and read the papers. She sat at the other side and sewed. They couldn't even talk together. She didn't know the difference between a full house and a crowded room, and probably thought a straight flush was badly applied rouge. And he had no great interest in the latest tatting designs.

Just because a couple were married was no reason why—

"Hello, George. Ben and I have been looking for you. How about a little game to-night?"

"Fine, Harry. I could use some extra cash, what with winter coming on and coal to buy and—"

"Never mind what you have to buy I've just picked out the piano I'm going to get," Harry interrupted. "Come on." And the three men, nagging wives forgotten, turned down the street together.

At home Marjorie was putting the baby in bed. So George was peeved to-night. She couldn't blame him really. She had said cutting things as she watched him making his usual preparations to leave her, and of course men hate nagging. But this way of living was becoming unendurable. George going out night after night and leaving her alone to take care of the children. The silence got on her nerves until she actually feared for her reason. And now George was getting impatient.

The baby tucked in, the other children's clothes turned right side out and folded, and the tiny shoes arranged in a neat row against the wall, Marjorie returned to the livingroom, and selecting a book in which she had not the slightest interest, seated herself before the fire. What a way to spend one's life! Youth passing, life itself passing, and everything it held of happiness, and cheerfulness, and gaiety, denied her.

Not that she complained of that. That was marriage. But other women, when they gave that up, substituted home and warmth, and the companionship of the man they loved. She was denied that too. And now, because she was becoming an unreasonable nagging wife, she was losing the one thing she did have—George's love.

She couldn't help nagging. Nights of brooding loneliness compelled her moods. All around her were dances and dinners, parties, games, and bright lights. And happy people. Gay people. She wanted to be gay. To go out with George as other wives went with their husbands. She was too young

yet to settle down to life alone. But she was alone. Would always be alone. Because George was a gambler. The future was hopeless.

Not that George was a professional gambler. He worked steadily. His job was respectable. But gambling, mostly small poker games, held for him a fascination that made all other pastimes dull. A fascination with which no mere wife could hope to compete.

Marjorie had made excuses to herself for George's constant neglect of her. A man could not help his tastes. If a wife really loved her husband she would want him to have the pleasures he desired. She told herself that she was selfish to want George with her. Night after night she tried to force herself to rejoice in the consciousness that, somewhere, George was happy. It was like holding the pendulum of a clock to one side. When Marjorie eased up in her effort to be glad she swung back mentally to the same old place.

She was a neglected wife, caged, forced to an unendurable solitude evening after evening by the man who had promised to cherish her, to make her happy. She couldn't endure it.

When her efforts to be patient were fruitless, Marjorie tried to make George see that if they were to have a home at all, he should give up his games. He would miss them at first, miss the old crowd, but evenings with his wife, the children, with music, and books, and games at home would eventually become attractive. And they would all be happy together.

George refused to even consider Marjorie's plan. He laughed at the idea. A man had rights of his own. He had not said so but Marjorie felt that he misunderstood her motive in asking him to give up his games. He wasn't going to be ruled by a woman. How could he know that his wife's request was a frantic appeal to him to save her reason, perhaps her very life. George had always been with gay crowds. He did not know that solitude breaks the strongest. Marjorie was near the breaking point and she knew it.

A FEW nights after the evening when he had gone forth in a rage because of his wife's nagging, George as he walked homeward, recalled the occasion.

"I guess Marjorie knew I wasn't going to stand for her incessant criticism. She hasn't said a word about me going out since," he told himself. "I hated getting angry too, but gee whiz, a man can't stand everything. Just because a man marries is no reason why he should sit in the house and twiddle his thumbs the rest of his life."

At George's familiar rap, Marjorie, as usual, opened the door.

"Back, George? Glad you came home, George." Marjorie squeezed his arm in the loving manner he had nearly forgotten of late. "Nice to have you home. Come on, to the kitchen, dear. I'm making coffee, George. You like coffee, don't you, George? Coffee is good for you."

"Marjorie seems very bright and happy tonight," George thought. "She must be overly tired to appear so excited." Her cheeks were flushed, he observed when they reached the brightly lighted kitchen, but being hungry his mind was more occupied with the food she was setting out than in his wife's constant and unusual chatter. A quivering jelly with white grapes and slices of banana showing through its amber clearness looked tempting, as did a huge frosted cake beside it, even at two o'clock in the morning. Things were cheerful and cozy tonight and George enjoyed the warmth and pleasantness.

A cup crashed from Marjorie's hand to the floor and George came abruptly out of his dreaminess. Marjorie was on her knees instantly, whimpering: "Oh, poor little cup. See, George—the cup is broken. Poor little cup. It can never be mended. Hearts break too, don't they, George? And they cannot be mended."

George was immediately alarmed by his wife's strange actions. Her manner was too unnatural to be normal. Marjorie was sick. Those strange words, her flushed cheeks—she had a fever of some kind, he supposed, and hurried to her side.

"Never mind the cup, dear. Come, let's eat," he said, holding his hand out to her.

"No, George. I can't eat now. Don't you see the cup is broken? Poor little cup."

Thoroughly frightened, George dropped to one knee beside her and took her hand. It was like ice. "Come, dear. Leave the cup. I'll pick it up. You come to bed and let me tuck you in." He drew her to him, and Marjorie, cup apparently forgotten, lay back in his arms and began to laugh hysterically. George bent to kiss her and recoiled inwardly with horror. Marjorie was drunk.

Mechanically he helped her to undress and to bed. Having talked herself out she was quiet now, and tired. She fell asleep at once.

George, stunned at the revelation that his wife even tasted liquor could not sleep. In vain he tried to console himself with the thought that Marjorie's conduct was nothing to worry about. Perhaps she had been sick and had taken some brandy for medicine.

And had taken too much. Besides, women did drink now-a-days. He got no comfort from either supposition. Marjorie was not sick. And none of the women he and Marjorie knew drank. Marjorie would be disgraced if they ever found out about this night. They must never know. And Marjorie must never do such a thing again.

Sleeping beside him, Marjorie looked pathetically small and helpless. George felt a sudden pity for his erring wife. Poor Marjorie! What ever had induced her to take even one drink? And

she must have taken several.

George felt towards his wife much the same tender solicitation a mother feels for a sick child. He wanted to cuddle her in his arms, to stroke her flushed cheeks and smooth her ruffled hair. He did not want to go to work when morning came. He wanted to stay with Marjorie, to help her [Continued on page 90]



She had been drinking again! What could he do?



Three evenings George spent with Marjorie in this manner.



● Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . in her veins flows the blue blood of the Plantagenets. Now by marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming young hostess of delightful homes in Chicago and in Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and skin like pink hawthorn blossom . . . so lovely that to see it is to wonder how its delicate transparency, its clear fresh English coloring can ever survive life on the windy shores of Lake Michigan.

To a friend in England Mrs. McCormick writes:

"My dear, American women are wonderful . . . smartly dressed, exquisitely groomed. They taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this extraordinary climate, with its sudden changes.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream . . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Follow these famous four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure . . . Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent, ample and so economical!

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

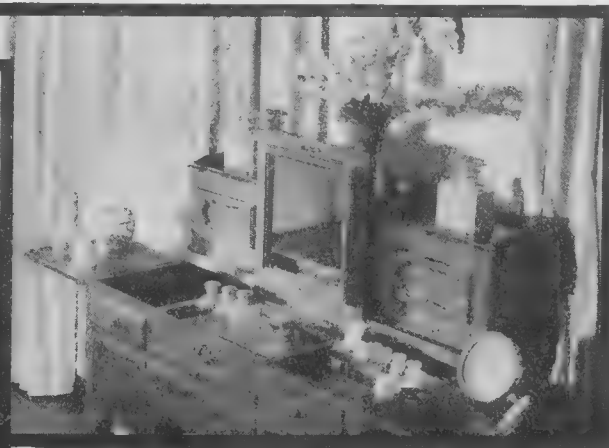
Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

MRS. ALISTER MCCORMICK ● F CHICAGO ●

Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and is making a wonderful collection of hundreds of varieties of tropical plants in her Santa Barbara garden. Her charming new winter home is high on a mountain, overlooking ocean and isles.

(below) Mrs. McCormick's California home is a treasure house of charming pieces of French provincial furniture. Her dressing table in carved walnut is an unusually fine example of this style.



(right) Pond's four famous preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.



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The Open Air

By H. H. Pitman



Swallowtail
Butterfly

ALTHOUGH improved methods of transportation are a sign of progress and are a vital part of modern civilization, few realize that while we all gain many of us also lose. It is inevitable and the minority must be sacrificed for the general good. The leisurely days of the past are gone forever and with them much of the restful peace which produced those great minds whose names are as stars in our history. The hustle and rush of many of our cities is stimulating but is followed by a reaction in which the normal mind unconsciously longs for the rest and healthful tonic of the open air.

At these times, true to form, we rush to the woods, the coast, or the mountains but our very ability to reach them quickly robs us of almost all we go to find. The charm of our countryside lies chiefly in its leisure and beauty and it is exactly these two things we are endeavouring to destroy or ignore. The pace of modern travel renders the benefits we are seeking ineffective and what should penetrate and refresh remains as superficial as froth. However, we have brought this state of affairs on voluntarily and even if we see its faults it must continue until we evolve out of it.

The governments of the great nations have realized the necessity of decentralizing the population but it is impossible to compel people to live in the country. The only thing that can be done is to point out the attractions of rural life. The pleasure of country life is something of which we are all aware subconsciously and the beauties of Nature would touch responsive chords in all of us if it were not for a vague mental laziness and physical indolence.

This world of ours is really a wonderful place but what we often fail to realize is that its beauties extend to our very doors and even, if we follow the advice of Job, underfoot! What is more delightful than the ecstatic song of the thrasher or the merry roundelay of the wren and can anything equal the robin's paean of praise after a shower when the earthy smells arise like incense? Even the hoarse caw of the humble crow awakens a feeling of thankfulness in us after the long silent winter!

If we had lived in a dark basement or cellar for years what a magnificent world we should find upon being released and how every sight and sound would please! How we should admire the songs of the birds, the rainbow hues of the butterflies and the brilliant, sweetly-scented flowers. The wonderful mosaic of life would seem almost like a glimpse of Heaven.

With the resources of the world at our disposal we frequently indulge in panoply and display but how feeble our efforts

are before the prodigality of Dame Nature! Was our "field of the cloth of gold" comparable to the buttercup-studded meadows? Is there anything man-made, I wonder, to equal the pageant of the seasons?

Have you ever searched for the first violet of the Spring or peeped into an early nest? What a thrill there is in these simple little acts! Even now I love to see the first nest of the season, however much I may pretend otherwise. There is pleasure and profit too, to be had in preparing lists of the flora and fauna of your district and when several are engaged in this way a friendly rivalry arises to add to the interest. I remember meeting an old man once in a big park making lists of the birds and flowers and his enthusiasm was delightful and inspiring. His name was a household word and his work known far beyond the boundaries of his own country, yet here he was, free of all business cares, creeping through the underbrush with the patience of an Indian.

DID you ever notice how eggs laid in exposed places harmonize with their surroundings while those in concealed nests are often brilliant, and how the eggs of hawk and eagles generally have a blood-flecked look? Or again how eggs laid in holes are usually white and that the points of the pear-shaped eggs of the waders are always together?

The coming of the flowers is, perhaps, the best of all and the pleasure lasts from the opening of the pussy-willows in the Spring to the appearance of the last gentians in the Fall. There are blooms of many hues all the time but month by month some particular color seems to predominate so that the plains are golden, white, purple, etc., according to the time and the suitability of the weather.

There is a kind of tide, an ebb and flow, in the wild life of the countryside and plants, insects, animals and birds vary in abundance from year to year. The interesting point is that whatever the weather or controlling forces are, some creature is favored every year and under natural conditions shows a marked increase. Almost every form of life seems to slowly rise to a peak and then gradually—and unaccountably—diminish again. It may be a

plant or an insect, or less noticeably today, an animal or a bird, but all seem to have their turn.

How admirable and splendid we consider great liberality, yet what have we to compare with that of the woods and forests? The countless millions of tree-seeds produced each year is marvellous and makes us think with Kingsley that "Nature was never more magnificent than in her waste."



Robin and Nest

There sometimes seems an almost human intelligence in the efforts of plants to disseminate their seeds and so perpetuate the species. They call wind, water, animal agency and even mechanical means to their aid while some equip their seeds with a sufficiently tough armour to withstand the vagaries of climate for years until conditions are favorable for their success.

What rich fields the open-air provides for the interested observer! What productive by-paths for the student and lover of Nature! One doesn't have to be a student or a naturalist however; all that is needed is a kindly and discerning eye. Nature responds so much more freely to those who approach her in a friendly way!

Have you ever stopped to think what becomes of our insects in the winter? It is interesting to find which hibernate and which pass the cold weather as chrysalids for the former, of course, provide our earliest glimpses of bright colors in the Spring. I have the pleasantest little mental pictures of bare brown woodland enlivened with fluttering fritillaries and mourning cloaks.

Our big game is receding to remote and inaccessible spots, out of reach of most of us, but the equally interesting "mice, rats and such small deer" remain, some only too abundantly. Probably few people realize what varied and beautiful little creatures we casually lump together under the general heading "vermin." However, if I dilate too much upon the beauty and charm of such humble creatures, the interest I am trying to awaken will be destroyed. Just the same, some of them are very handsome and most, also, are both abundant and widely distributed.

THE weather is a subject in which we are all more or less interested but we have lost much of the ability of our ancestors to read the "weather-signs." Indeed, most of us are lost without a barometer or the forecasts in the morning papers. However, even a casual study of the heavens is instructive and often useful. Sometimes the observer is fortunate enough to see some remarkable phenomena. Some years ago in Manitoba, for example, I saw a great incandescent ball gently descend from behind a cloud and soundlessly burst over the little town of Hartney. On another occasion I saw the familiar Aurora Borealis a beautiful wine-red instead of pale yellow. On that night, by the way, the display attracted attention all over the United States and Canada as well as Europe.

"Such little things" you will say, but after all, the sum of human pleasure is made of such small things. If we don't appreciate them it is because our senses or perceptions are dulled, for the beauties of Nature, although delightfully simple, are none the less real. There will be fewer complaints about the artificiality of our amusements if we only begin to observe and encourage our children along these lines. Even if our occupations keep us to the city pavements the fairyland of things is still within our reach.



A Nuthatch descending a post head-first



Jumping Mouse



CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth ... any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start

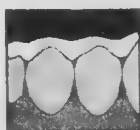
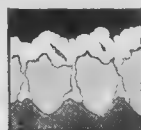
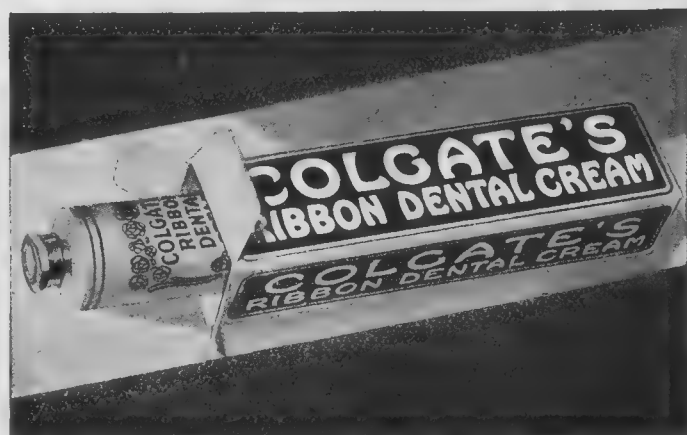


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Song O' My Heart

WHEN I first heard that John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, was going to make a "Talking Picture," I had my doubts and fears. No doubt, of course, about the voice. McCormack's beautiful lyric tenor is not distorted by the microphone; and the clarity of his enunciation is a joy to the listener. No, it was not the McCormack voice that aroused my fears. It was the story. What story would the producers weave about the portly, middle-aged tenor? I admit that I feared an overdose of romance and pathos.

The problem of fitting John McCormack's rather difficult type into a story, however, has been adroitly handled by the producers. The plot of "Song O' My Heart" is hackneyed enough, but it is not sensational or ridiculous. It is gently sentimental but not mawkishly so. Best of all, it gives Mr. McCormack a legitimate excuse for singing very often.

The story is woven about a lovable Irishman, Sean O'Callahan, (John McCormack) who is a choir singer in a little village in Ireland. Years before he had loved Mary, a girl in his own town, but through the influence of a scheming relative, the girl had been forced into an unhappy marriage.

The husband deserts Mary, and with her two children, Eileen and Tod, Mary has to return to the village to live on the charity of the tyrannical relative who has caused all her unhappiness.

When Sean is about to leave for America for his concert tour, he sees his former sweetheart again. It is their last meeting, for she dies the very day he scores his great triumph in America. After her death he receives her letter asking him to look after her children. He straightway cancels his concert tour and returns to Ireland just in time to prevent the cruel relative from ruining Mary's daughter's romance, as years before she had parted Sean and Mary.

A simple story, but quite charmingly done. Most of the exterior views were really taken in Erin, and there are innumerable lovely panoramas of the Irish countryside with the low hills, winding roads, gnarled old trees and shimmering lakes. The photography is artistic throughout, in fact, Frank Borzage, producer of "Street Angel" and "Seventh Heaven," has directed "Song O' My Heart" with sensitiveness and thorough good taste. In spite of the not too original plot, many obvious situations have been cleverly side-stepped. For instance, I had a moment of

fear when the news came to tell the singer of the death of his old sweetheart. I fully expected the usual "Pagliacci" situation: the broken-hearted artist going on with the show, masking tragedy and tears with a brave smile. But "Song O' My Heart" is not so trite. The telegram telling of the death is delivered to the singer's accompanist who wisely withholds the sad news until after the concert. So one is not subjected to the old tear-wringing device, but is given a natural and subtly tragic situation.

The comedy relief of the picture is supplied by J. M. Kerrigan, of the legitimate stage, and Farrell McDonald, of the screen, who as a pair of friends constantly bickering, are very amusing.

Alice Joyce, lovely as ever, plays Mary and two Irish youngsters are delightfully attractive as Mary's children.

But we must not forget the main reason for the



John McCormack and Alice Joyce in
"Song O' My Heart."

an Apollo Belvedere very effectively. Catherine Dale Owen is placidly pretty but not impressive in acting as Elinor, the beauty-loving bride. Albert Conti and Blea Lugosi are excellent in small roles. The settings where required are rich but conventional.

In the making of this picture a great tragedy really occurred. On January 2, last, ten persons, including the director, Kenneth Hawks, met death in a collision of flying machines over the Pacific. They were doing the scene of the mysterious disappearance of the hero from the airplane. Warner Baxter, the featured player, and a man who doubled for him in a parachute leap were in a third machine far enough away from the accident not to be damaged. Their pilot raced his machine back to the shore to summon help. In the film an exciting flash of Mr. Baxter's double making a parachute jump from an airplane recalls not only the tragedy of the film workers, but also the mysterious death of the Belgian financier, Captain Lowenstein.

White Cargo

THE British audible pictorial version of Leon Gordon's drama which had great success on the legitimate stage, adheres closely to the original. Again the velvety call of "Tondeleyo" is heard and again the tragedy of the African gold coast impresses one, but the impression of the terrific heat, the damp-rotting climate, the listless, enervating atmosphere of the place, which is so essential to the play, is conveyed by the players rather than by the general scenic and directing effects.

The performances of Leslie Faber as Weston, the hard and brutal superintendent; Maurice Evans as Langford, the young fellow sent out from England to take charge at the rubber plantation, Sebastian Smith as the disintegrating doctor, Humberstone Wright as the missionary, are all excellent. Gypsy Rhouma, as the half-caste wanton, "Tondeleyo," is not so convincing, though her voice is pleasing and her make-up good.

The vocal reproduction is for the most part good, but there are passages when it is uneven in volume. One regrets that this British talker is not better in the matter of direction and some other points, but for those who have not seen the stage play it offers an opportunity as it repeats so closely the text and story.

"White Cargo" and "Rain" might well be grouped together as dramas—the wearing down of moral and physical resistance, in both plays is the result of the irresistible and terrible climatic conditions in the tropics. Both plays tell sordid stories—stories not pleasant even for the sophisticated adult auditor.

Only the Brave

THIS is a screen drama from the story of Kenne Thompson. Here we have rather an old-fashioned plot dealing with some incidents of the American Civil War. A Northern soldier finds his sweetheart in the arms of another man and in a fit of pique he volunteers for dangerous spy duty which requires that he penetrates [Continued on page 77]



Warner Baxter and Catherine Dale Owen in
"Such Men Are Dangerous."

picture: Mr. McCormack's voice. During the action of the play he sings "Then You'll Remember Me" from "The Bohemian Girl," "A Fairy Story by the Fireside," "Just for Today," "I Felt You Near Me," "Kitty My Love," "Rose of Tralee," the Italian "Luoghi Serene e Cari," "Little Boy Blue," "Ireland, Mother Ireland," "I hear You Calling Me," and "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

The recording is excellent.

One can very cheerfully recommend this charming and wholesome picture to young and old.

Such Men are Dangerous

"SUCH Men Are Dangerous," Elinor Glyn's first talking picture, is apparently an authentic version of one of her particular type of stories. She had the assistance of Ernest Vajda in arranging the dialogue for the screen. The plot is a combination of sex romance, plastic surgery and surmise as to the fate of a European financier who disappeared from an airplane while it was flying over the English Channel. The hero is supposed to have been deserted by his beautiful bride on his wedding night because she was so shocked at his facial ugliness. Thereupon he plans a great vengeance—he pretends to be dead, but has his face changed into one of rare manly beauty by a famous plastic surgeon, then returns and makes love to his wife. Thus far one is reminded of the revenge of the Count of Monte Cristo; but the Glyn hero is weaker than the Dumas Count and the ending is all the most romantic "movie fan" could desire. The story is undistinguished and cheap, but in its tabloid way it supplies reasonably good entertainment. Warner Baxter, as "Ludwig Kranz," makes the change from a regular Lon Chaney face to that



George Sidney and Charlie Murray in
"The Cohens and Kellys."



"A gauze bandage ...hurry!"

It's not how *much* you want, but how much you *want* it. A worried mother may want only a tiny roll of sterile gauze—but she wants it in a hurry. And the Druggist sees that she gets it.

The Druggist renders lots of service like that. It costs him lots of money; but most people take it so for granted that he is seldom repaid even in thanks.

How often do you stop to think how much you owe your Druggist—not his bill, for you try to remember to pay that—but all the things he does *for nothing*?

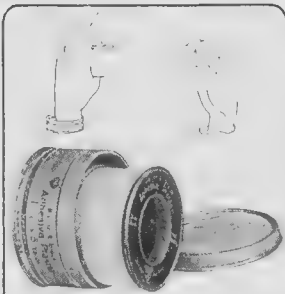
How much easier you are in your mind—especially about accidents... about things happening to the children—just because you know that the Druggist is at the other end of your telephone!

Isn't it comforting to know that among the thousands of articles that he keeps always ready for you, are the ever-dependable products of Bauer & Black?

For thirty-five years the name of Bauer & Black has been a warrant of quality. Today this old house is an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of surgical dressings. Your Druggist knows these things. And he sells the products of Bauer & Black because he likes to sell the *best*.



BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent



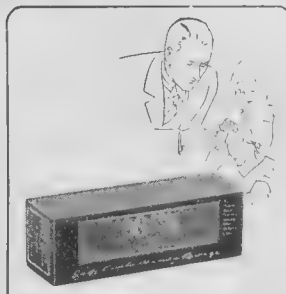
BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy



The new BAUER & BLACK Cartridge Menthol Inhaler. Compact, dust-proof, long-lived, efficacious



BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling



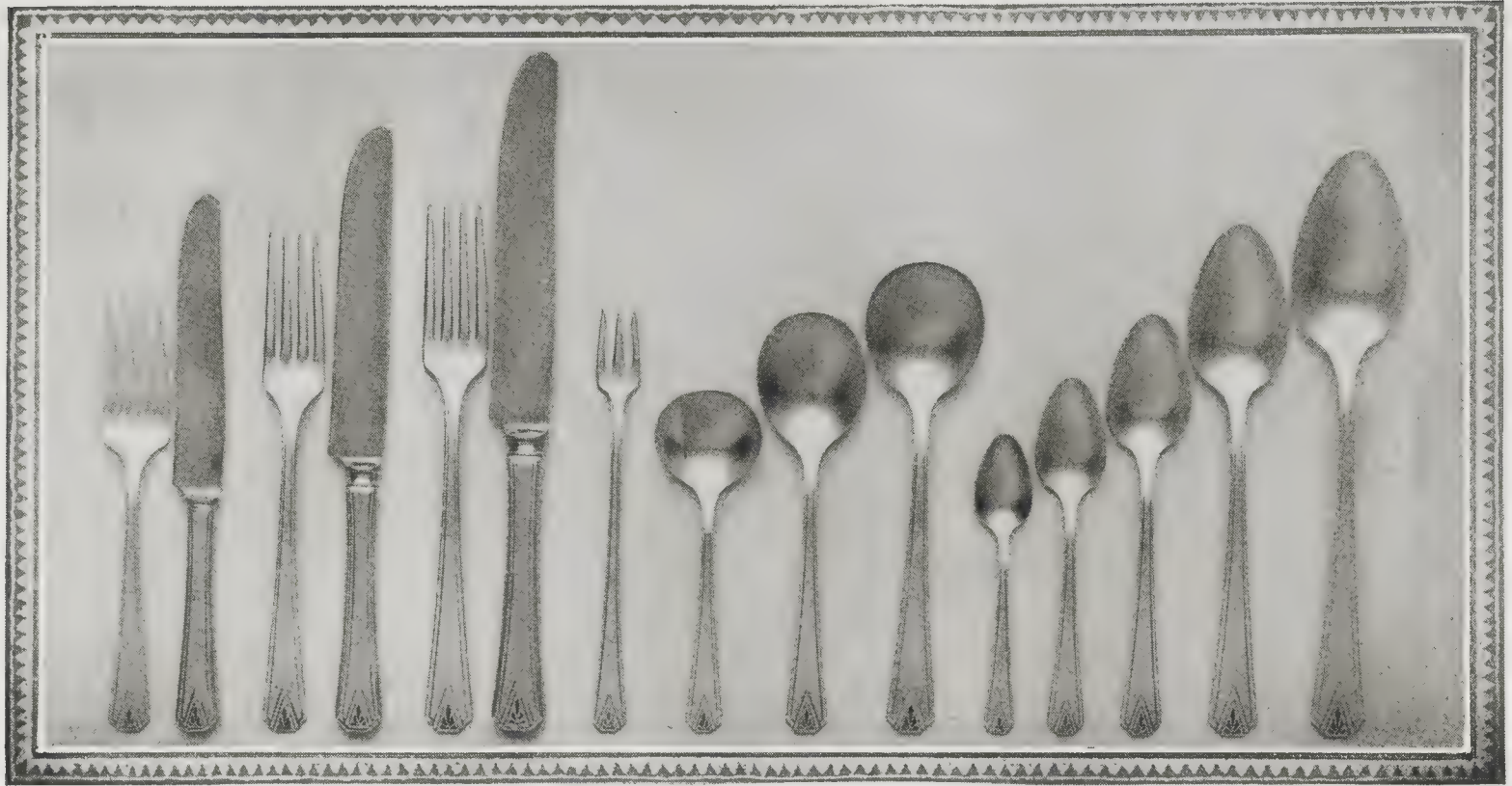
BAUER & BLACK Plain Gauze—Surgeon's-quality, sterile, for pads and dressings, in handy package



BAUER & BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

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TORONTO



Salad fork and knife, luncheon fork and knife, dinner fork and knife, oyster fork, bouillon spoon, cream soup spoon, round soup spoon, coffee, small and large tea, dessert and table spoons—in a smart new design.

The New Standards of Table Service

THE table of today—set for breakfast, luncheon or dinner, for the pleasant interlude marked by afternoon tea, for the informal supper—is well appointed. Not even the young homemaker, who is frankly acquiring her possessions gradually, is content with less than perfection, so far as her appointments go; she deals with the situation by choosing her first pieces with careful forethought as to just what will be *essential* in the early days of the new life, and she will deliberately “build up” her silver and china as opportunity allows, so that bit by bit, she can broaden her scope, expand her menus, elaborate her service.

Particularly is this true of silverware, even of the flatware on which our interest this month is centred. I want to discuss the new things that are delighting everyone this season as they appear, and I want also to speak of new trends in table service and their affect upon appointments; also to discuss the very practical viewpoint which the modern hostess and homemaker brings to bear on the fascinating and practical subject of her table.

Let me start by saying quite frankly that where it used to be quite impossible for the woman in even moderate circumstances to furnish her table with the completeness and charm she aspired to, today's matron, no matter how modest her financial circumstances, can decide that no less than perfection will satisfy her—and that it can be attained first within small limits and later, widened to meet her needs. It is not so long ago that a really complete set of silver was a rather individual thing and demanded a large and immediate outlay of money. Today, our plan when necessary, is to select a design, buy such pieces as will be most useful, in numbers that will meet our requirements—and then add to these as we are able.

SOMETIMES the selection is made in sterling silver—the larger silversmiths can be depended upon to supply certain designs indefinitely, so that one is in no danger of being unable to complete one's set. More often, modern choice falls upon a superior silver plate, since leading manufacturers have gone deeply into the matter of design as well as quality.

We Meet Them in Charming and Practical Fashion.

By Katherine M. Caldwell

I could not say offhand how many patterns in plated flatware I have looked at, in bringing my information up-to-the-moment for this article, but I know that there have been at least a dozen of them



Plates of silver with matching accessories — and flatware including an interesting new shape in the meat knife and fork.

that I have sincerely admired.

The new designs include patterns that would accord delightfully with the dining-room furniture of period design and in anything from sombre dignity to the delicately decorative type; or should your furnishings be on *modern* lines, your silver can match them equally well.

“Patchiness” is not tolerated. With certain exceptions, all the flat silver must match on even the simplest table. To speak first of the exceptions—many people like the fish knife and forks with ivory

or pearl handles, and the little fruit knife and fork in pearl or perhaps in color. For all the other courses, silver of the one pattern should be used.

Now if one can only go *so far* in buying new silverware, the discreet thing to do is to work out one's selection along these lines:

What number of persons would you like (and be likely) to serve at a time? The old idea of buying a dozen of an article has largely given way to buying fewer pieces of one kind—and more kinds. Eight is by all odds the favorite number—it is a comfortable number of people to be served in the average home, makes a dinner or luncheon party of interesting but manageable size, and provides players for two tables of bridge when that is a point. Perhaps you, too, will find eight a better number to settle upon than six or twelve.

What are the most essential pieces, in your own scheme of living and entertaining? After these essentials are provided, what new pieces will you find most useful?

The answer is not always quite the same to this question either, but up to a certain point, it usually follows the same lines. For instance, we feel that two sizes of knives and forks are necessary and undoubtedly, the ones that will be most used are the dinner knife and fork and the size which is usually called the luncheon knife and fork; the latter can be used for breakfast, for informal supper, and the forks will do for dessert or salad and also for fish. Because of its varied usefulness, some people prefer to have double the number of this fork rather than, let us say, a set of the salad or fish forks, which can only be used for one

purpose. In the illustration of assorted pieces at the top of our page, the luncheon fork and knife are shown as the second pair, the dinner size fork and knife following.

IN THE average instance, when another fork is added, it is the salad fork—the short fork with the wide prongs and one straight cutting edge, which is shown at the extreme left of the large group. A very recent addition to flatware has been the salad knife—a piece [Continued on page 64]

Now....a Pencil

as well as a PEN

in a Fountain Pen Desk Set



In Your Pocket
the Same Pen

On Your Desk
the Same Point

ADVANCE SHOWING



Duofold Senior
black and pearl pen
and pencil, convert-
ible, with polished
onyx base . . . \$49



Use Parker Duofold Ink and Parker
Duofold Leads in your pen or pencil
to get the best results

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

And Each Instantly Convertible for Pocket Use, As Well

*This Parker Creation Now Doubles the
Usefulness of Desk Sets—for Office—for Home*

Men asked us for a convertible pencil to use in their pockets and with their Desk Sets, to match their convertible Parker Pens.

Men and women wanted a Desk Set combining pen and pencil for instant use. With a pencil, as well as a pen, that could be slipped from its desk socket into purse or pocket for use when desired.

Desk Duette Set With "Convertible" Pencil

Now Parker announces two innovations:

A pencil for your pocket—that sets, like the pen, inconspicuously low. One that combines grace and beauty with tireless writing and extreme practicality. And that "converts" instantly to a lovely tapered pencil for your Desk Set by changing the pocket cap for the tapered tip.

And, two—a new type desk base with special socket to hold a Parker Pencil as well as pen, for instant use of either.

When you buy this Parker Convertible Duette Set you need buy only the desk base now or later, to make it a Desk Set. Tapered tip for each is included. Or if you buy the combination pen-and-pencil Desk Set now, you get both tapered tips and pocket caps (with clip)—thus providing a pocket Duette Set, too.

Graceful Streamlined Shapes—28% Lighter —Parker Pressureless Writing

Streamlined to speed writing, Parker Pens and Pencils are lithe and graceful as a greyhound. Featherweight in your hand, they are 28% lighter than rubber. Yet dropping them from planes above the clouds has not harmed them.

Parker Duofold Pens write with Pressureless Touch. Capillary attraction brought to gravity's aid gives writing a flying start, keeps your pen just one step ahead of fleetest thought. "Pen-consciousness" is ended. And Parker Pens write longer. Ink capacity is 17.4% greater, size for size.

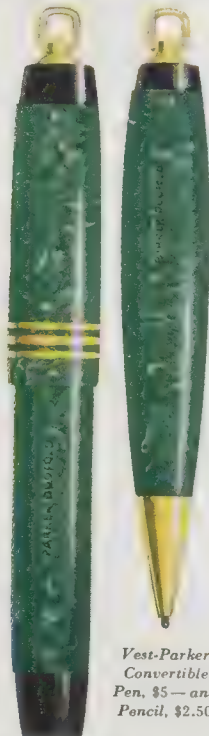
See the convertible Parker pens and pencils at any fountain pen counter. See the unique new Desk Duette Sets—exclusively Parker. Look for the name "Geo. S. Parker —DUOFOLD" on pen barrels which is your guarantee for life.

Here is the latest thing in gifts for others, or for yourself. Prices from \$15.50 include both pen and pencil with desk base.

Four Sizes to Choose From

These ultra new pen-and-pencil Desk Sets come, matched, in four sizes: Parker Duofold Senior, Junior, and Lady . . . in both pens and pencils. And now the smart little newcomers, Vest-Parkers, that slip easily into your purse or waistcoat pocket. Colours of flashing brilliance; jewel-like jade, mandarin yellow, lacquer red, lapis lazuli blue, black and gold, or in the lovely new de luxe pearl and black.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, Ltd.
Toronto, 3, Ontario



Vest-Parker
Convertible
Pen, \$5— and
Pencil, \$2.50

A New and Better Shave by Gillette



A new
Blade
A new
Razor

THE GREATEST SHAVING
IMPROVEMENT IN 28 YEARS

MILLIONS of well-worn Gillettes are now going to win an honorable discharge. Sure—they're good old razors! And if you have to wait for your dealer to get his supply of the New Gillette Razors, your old Gillette will operate with the new blades.

What have we done to the Gillette Blade? Not just one thing, or two things, or three. We have made a dozen important changes.

Take "razor pull," for example. Our laboratories examined tens of thousands of used razors; our engineers talked to twenty-seven thousand hard-to-satisfy shavers.

What did they find? A razor "pulls" because its working parts have been dropped and dented on floor or wash basin.

Perhaps the dent is microscopic. Just the same it makes a difference. When you handle a Gillette, you are dealing with a fine precision tool. Even the smallest dent can throw it out of alignment. Hence "pull." Now look at the corners of the new razor. See those heavy lugs? You can't dent those corners by any ordinary accident. But suppose, by some terrific abuse, you *should* dent them. Never mind. The ends of the blade have been cut out. The blade is no longer held at the corners. Therefore, a dented razor-corner can't possibly affect the smoothness of your shave.

Another thing. The new blades are processed to resist rust. Think what that means in convenience and time saving. No more do you have to take the razor apart to wipe the blade. No more cut towels. Just loosen.



The New Gillette Razor, gold-plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade... Price **\$1.00**
Other De Luxe models from \$5.00 to \$75.00

Turn guard at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold under hot running water for rinsing. Shake well. Lay on the shelf.

Notice the new guard teeth... longer... turned back farther. They glide over the skin like velvet. You hardly feel the razor slide over your face. The famous guard channel beneath the blade edge allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. This has hitherto been an exclusive feature of high priced Gillettes



QUICK FACTS

1. New blade can be used in your old Gillette
2. New processed steel; new blade resists rust
3. Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"
4. To clean, turn guard at right angles... then re-tighten... rinse... shake dry
5. New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance
6. New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally
7. No projecting posts to dull blade edges
8. Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped
9. Square blade ends safer to handle
10. Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears
11. New blades same price as old
12. New razor, gold-plated, with one new blade, in case, \$1.00

selling at \$5.00 to \$75.00. Now you have it in the \$1.00 model. The New Gillette Blades in the new green packet \$1.00 for ten and 50c for five.

See your dealer today. Tomorrow he may be sold out... an inconvenient delay for you. Give your face this good news *now!*

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA,
LIMITED, MONTREAL

Coals to Newcastle

Art Another Canadian Product—Mary Riter Hamilton. A Canadian Artist Whose Work Attests the Fact

By W. Garland Foster

IF A nation should refuse to purchase the works of any of its own authors and artists, what would happen? If, for instance, Canada to foster her own asked the exclusion of the art and literature of other countries, would the situation in the world of art and literature parallel that now obtaining in the fruit districts of British Columbia where farmers ask relief from the dumping of fruit from other countries; a situation which one can imagine might arise in the prairie provinces should a reorganized Russia begin pouring the harvest of its wheat fields into Western Canada?

Someone rudely whispers: "But there is no Canadian literature!" Peace, doubting Thomas, that issue will keep. History always vindicates the great. Still if one likes to enjoy the good things of this world it is safe to turn to Art. There, one can hope to silence the critics or ignore them the more easily. Can anyone doubt there is a Canadian Art that is the exclusive product of this country, when viewing the work of Tom Thomson, for instance, to take the case of an artist that will not introduce us into contemporary competition? There is that little thing of Thomson's of autumn leaves, that is neither paint nor leaves, but the soul of the maple, something that only a Canadian who understood and felt the wonder and beauty of his native land could have put on canvas. And many others could be instanced did one choose to go out over the landscape.

Many Canadian artists have arrived; so many are on their way. There is one outstanding case of a woman artist who is the combined product of the East and West and whose career of hard work in the face of discouragement and difficulties must always be an inspiration to aspirants for fame in the days to come. Mary Riter Hamilton has spent many long years in work and study, never once turning aside from her goal, in the hope of one day expressing something unique and all powerful as a tribute to the country which has always drawn her back from her wanderings abroad, a better and more enthusiastic Canadian than ever.

MRS. HAMILTON was born at Teeswater, Ontario, of United Loyalist stock about the time the Canadian writers who are now considered pioneers were getting their start. Art in those days was a thing apart. An artist studied abroad or went into some other line of work. When Mary Riter was still a small child, her parents moved to Manitoba and settled at Clearwater. The life there was still more of a pioneer type than that in Ontario. The little girl always loved to paint and draw, but the few opportunities which she was able to grasp were meagre enough. At nineteen she married C. W. Hamilton, of Port Arthur, and went there to live. Four years later, she was left a widow with what was known in those days as "ample provision." Then Mrs. Hamilton began to feel the urge to develop her art; accordingly she went to Toronto, where she took a few lessons from Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid and E. Wyly Grier, chiefly studies of heads and figures. Mr. Grier advised her to go to Paris to study. Long and carefully she canvassed the idea. Had she enough talent to risk her all in European study? What was sufficient to keep her in Canada might not last long there.

It was with much inward doubt and not a little excitement that this young woman, charming in person and not too practical for such an adventure set out on her journey. Finally, she located in Germany, where a friend of her family resided, so that in case of homesickness there was someone within call. But as soon as Mary Hamilton got well started in her studies, nothing else mattered. She was

fortunate to begin her studies with Franz Skarbina, a German painter of Italian origin who had a studio in Berlin.

Speaking of those days, Mrs. Hamilton says: "I was not at all sure that my talent was of the worthwhile order. However, I knew that Professor Skarbina had the reputation of only retaining those pupils who showed talent and after three months' trial he told me that I had the gift and would arrive if I kept trying."

But the goal of all her hopes was Paris and there she settled after eighteen months of study in Germany.

There she remained for eight years studying and working, taking occasional summer excursions into Italy, Holland and Spain, in the course of which she had the advice or instruction of La Blanche, the portrait painter, with whom she seems to have been rather a favorite, Mercon, Jervias, of the Vitie Academy, and the Spanish master Castullocho. Other teachers with whom she studied were Simon, Gastalucci, Menard and the portrait painters Gerbais, Merson, Le Roy. Always she had, no matter how humble, a studio in the Quarter Latin, at first in Rue La Chaumier, later elsewhere. The years of study had depleted her funds and the question of becoming self-supporting was imminent. But her work was beginning to show promise. There were always friends and teachers to encourage and at last in 1905 her first picture was accepted by the Paris Salon. What thrills the young artist experienced when she went to the private view and saw her work hung "on the line!" And then the newspaper notices, there was a certain additional charm in getting recognition in a European city of such unquestioned taste. The picture which had gained her an entrance to the halls of fame was a water color of a Dutch Interior, Laren. When she returned to Canada for a visit the next year this picture was purchased by an old friend of the family, J. T. Emerson, of Port Arthur. That year, her friends persuaded Mrs. Hamilton to try for the art contest being conducted by "Pour Tous" a magazine which was publishing for its Christmas number, illustrations of how the holiday would be spent in the different classes of French society. Mrs. Hamilton chose for her subject a goose girl driving her geese to market and pausing a moment by a wayside cross to rest. It was called "Les Sacrifice," and won the place of honor on the cover.



Above: One of Mrs. Hamilton's first pictures to win recognition—"Les Sacrifice."
Below: Mrs. Hamilton drawing an Indian model outside her mother's home in Manitoba.

FROM this time, success and hard work filled our artist's life. She had three more pictures hung on the line, and in 1909 her "Les Pauvres," now included in the Vancouver City collection, was hung in the New Salon, Paris. This was a signal honor, as that year large decorations by members of the Salon filled most of the space, and only pictures of recognized value were hung for outside exhibitors. "Les Pauvres" may be said to be a picture of special inspiration. The model for this picture was the same as used for her large canvas, "Maternity," a picture which Mrs. Hamilton values greatly and which is still in her possession. The model and her baby had been coming for some time to sit for the latter, when one rainy day as Mrs. Hamilton came into the studio, she saw the mother standing beside the stove in a sort of drooping attitude which seemed to suit the day. She immediately decided [Continued on page 49]

These surprisingly domestic serve Chase & Sanborn's



RICHARD HALLIBURTON, author of "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," says, "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world—in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios of Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey. But never have I known which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, is critical, too, in his personal tastes, so Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in his home. He says, "I not only sample plays and books, but coffee, too. I have guzzled in a dozen countries, but the secret of coffee is in America's. For the Chase & Sanborn blend I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."

MOST people who read this advertisement will recognize these famous hosts at once.

They know *good* food — and they know **GOOD** coffee!

From the very pick of the coffee crop, Chase & Sanborn select the healthiest beans, full of the ripe

richness of the aromatic oils which give the famous "body" to Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Then comes blending . . . Chase & Sanborn have long made a special study of the Canadian tastes and have produced now for you a standard scientifically balanced blend, *richly potent . . . but not too heavy . . .* just what Canadians like best!



NILS ASTHER — "No Swedish dinner is complete without a cup of good coffee," says Nils Asther, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer star. "That's why I use Chase & Sanborn's. I know that it is as fresh as it is pleasing to the taste, and one never grows tired of it."



TWICE-A-WEEK DELIVERY for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee — Every time you see one of these green and white delivery trucks speeding through the streets of your city, remember this! . . . It is delivering Chase & Sanborn's Coffee to your grocer. Buy it *fresh* from him.

Roasted in Canada

Chase &

bachelors and men of note— **Coffee** *in their homes...*

*Be they bachelors or benedicts, there is nothing quite so satisfying to the masculine taste as a refreshing cup of **fresh** coffee!*



IRVIN COBB, author, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's coffee. "I think Chase & Sanborn's coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."



The rollicking, roistering Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES, Virginia gentleman. His menus are selected with the concern of one who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."



GEORGE GERSHWIN — Famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music . . . Remember how he startled the musical world in 1923, and won its homage, with his "Rhapsody in Blue"? . . . Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in Mr. Gershwin's luxurious modern roof home atop a New York skyscraper

Chase & Sanborn's are not satisfied with the selecting and roasting of GOOD coffee.

Coffee to be at its best *must be fresh!* And now, through the nation-wide food delivery service of Standard Brands Limited, Chase & Sanborn's coffee is being delivered to *your* grocer, *twice each week*. Grocers get only just enough to last them until

the next delivery. And you in turn get the best of coffee as *fresh* as fresh coffee can be!

Yes! Men are good judges of coffee. And so are women when they select Chase & Sanborn's in order to please them.

Don't postpone a treat! Get Chase & Sanborn's Coffee to-day from your grocer.

© 1930 Standard Brands Limited

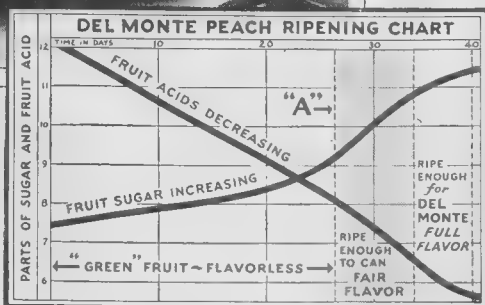
Sanborn's Tea and Coffee

flavor—

a story written by Nature in less than 10 short days



When you know how peaches ripen—what makes flavor—you will understand why Del Monte is willing to take so much extra trouble to bring you tree-ripened fruit



How often we marvel at the wonderful progress of science—the achievements of man in creating new things for our enjoyment, new conveniences, new luxuries.

Certainly they have been great.

But man, with all his skill, has yet to equal Mother Nature. She is still the master chemist. In the ripening of every peach, she achieves a miracle no man has ever matched—a flavor appeal impossible to get in any other way.

Let us add, however—only if she is given full time to do her job!

For flavor, DEL MONTE long ago discovered, is largely a product of the last few days on the tree. In that brief time, Nature brings fruit acids and sugars into just the right balance to give you the really mellow goodness you want.

Glance for a moment at the little chart above—a record, made in DEL MONTE laboratories, of how flavor develops in a ripening peach.

Where the two curved lines start, at the left, the fruit is "green"—high in acids, low in sugars. You know the tartness of un-ripe fruit.

Now follow these curves to the right. See how, from day to day, Nature is at work making fruit sugars, cutting down fruit acids.

At the point marked "A", the fruit has reached full size, and may be perfect in appearance. If DEL MONTE picked and canned its peaches at this stage, it could can more fruit, with far less trouble, less care in handling, less need for skill and modern equipment.

But Nature, at this point, has only partly done her work of creating flavor.

In the next few days, marked changes take place in the fruit on the tree. Sugars increase rapidly; fruit acids drop just as fast. A few

more days, and they reach the perfect balance that spells supreme flavor. At the same time, delicate, fugitive esters appear—substances which give fully ripe fruit its tempting aroma and bouquet.

Picked at this stage, a peach is tender, juicy, delicious to the taste—a masterpiece of Nature!

No peach, picked earlier, can ever attain quite this same degree of tempting perfection and full flavor!

To make sure of getting peaches always at this stage of perfect ripeness, DEL MONTE maintains a staff of trained fruit specialists who direct all picking operations. It cans its fruit within a few hours of picking—uses only the most modern equipment, the best in human skill, in every operation. Finally—packed in just the right degree of syrup to bring out all their natural goodness, DEL MONTE Peaches

reach your table, the last word in quality and flavor.

And remember, peaches are only one of many DEL MONTE Foods which offer you extra flavor and enjoyment—extra value.

Under this one dependable brand is the widest assortment of fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit, raisins and other foods. Each insures the uniform, dependable quality you like

to serve—at a price you are glad to pay!

"First aids" to easy, tempting meals

Here's just the thing for your kitchen file—7 handy DEL MONTE recipe books and folders, containing over 260 fresh, attractive suggestions for salads, main course dishes and desserts. May we send you the full assortment—free? Write, today, to Dept. 37-K, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

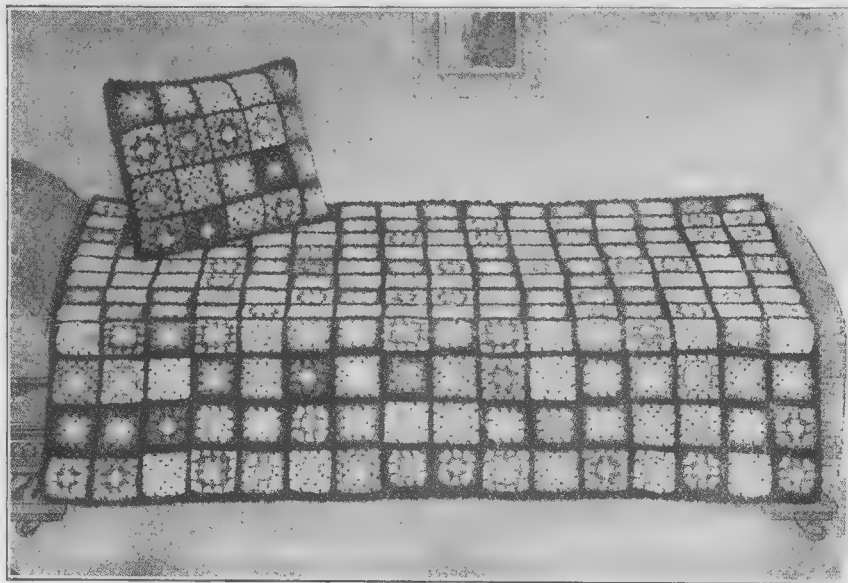


The Popular Afghan

By Marion Wathen Fox

PERHAPS it's a year, or more, since "the craze" amongst women for the old-fashioned afghan started. This is made by crocheting (usually) small squares in bright-colored wools and joining them into one gorgeous whole. "Slumber-ropes," some call them. The craze is still "going strong," and no wonder, as these afghans are delightful things: cosy, warm, attractive, decorative.

—that's how I did mine," comes the condescending and somewhat squelching reply. "It's so simple that it's hard to explain." But, knowing that I really was not an expert at such things, she later sent me full directions in a letter. I pass this on just as she gave it, as it is just possible that it will be simpler to follow than the ordinary cut-and-dried directions, particularly to those who,



One comes upon them in these days in all sorts of unexpected places, proving their usefulness and that we are likely to hold to this re-discovered art. In a pullman railway-coach my very next door neighbor reclined, during the day, on her seat cosily tucked under one of these gorgeous affairs. When visiting a strange city friends called to take me for a ride in their motor-car, and tucked over my lap—a home-made afghan; such a dressed-up rug as it made, though of course I should not care to use it on a country road in the summer—too much work expended on it for that. Another how-do-you-do to Lady Afghan! This time in an aristocratic environment: neatly folded up at the end of an elaborate chesterfield, no doubt but that here it was really used as a slumber-robe—conducive surely to pleasant dreams. We come across it again, hiding—yes, hiding, the old-fashioned hair-cloth lounge in its slippery blackness, and changing it into a thing of beauty. Draped magnificently over a hideous, old-fashioned lounge-back is another encounter, here, giving the effect of a "cosy-corner" to that part of the living-room. The rooming-girl, too, occasionally we find doing one, to use as a day-cover for her bed, thus lending a sitting-room appearance to her room; or perhaps it is to throw over her trunk, which she must of necessity keep in her room. There it was also a den-couch, evidently fulfilling the use for which it was originally designed: to throw over one when taking a rest or a nap. And—oh, Eureka! at the end of the couch there is a pillow covered in the same cheery, soft crocheted blocks—twenty blocks in all; and in front of the big easy chair actually a foot-rest covered with them. On the street I met a baby-carriage, carrying—a rainbow; but, no—there were two little bright eyes peeping out from under "Mother's afghan."

All this, of course, fired me with enthusiasm, so, although not much given to fancy-work, I assert firmly, "I'm going to start making one at once."

"Do," says my friend, "it's the loveliest pick-up work imaginable; one always feels she's getting somewhere with it, for you know it will be done in a minute—one block completed, and that gives such a feeling of there-I've-accomplished-something-already!"

"Will you tell me how?" I venture.

"Oh, anyone that can crochet at all, can do it by simply looking at a square

like myself, are not accustomed to doing such things.

Make a chain of six and join. Chain two and make three double crochets over the ring thus made. Chain two and three more double crochets. Make four of these groups over chain. Make two groups on each chain in second row. In other rows make two at each corner and one in each of other chains. Do not knot when join colors but leave an inch, or so, and pull through loop and run through the top to where you make the next group. When starting a new color, just pull loop through and leave an end; do the double crochet over the two ends—one of last color and new.

This friend was making her afghan quite close and fine, using fingering wool, a close crochet and a finer hook than is commonly used, thus her squares were smaller than those we see in the average afghan; probably not more than two and a half inches. They certainly looked very pretty, but this is entirely a matter of taste. Many use a much coarser wool, such as white heather, forget-me-not, etc. The latter comes in small skeins which usually cost five cents each, the fingering usually in larger balls. By using a coarser wool and doing the work looser not so many squares will be required. In this case a chain of three or four would be enough to start with.

"No two squares the same," is what the majority of makers strive for. Some make each row of a different color, others make the centre group the same as the fourth row—five rows to a square. That makes just four colors to each square, that is, if the outer row is black—many have their squares all with the outer row black while others keep the five rows in color and join the squares together in black with a single crochet. Different shades of the same color make pretty squares—I saw an afghan done entirely after this fashion. Another I noticed had the centre of all the squares yellow. It is a good idea to have friends to go shares on the wool, each buying different colors and dividing them.

Even in railway coaches one notices women at work on these bright little rainbow-like squares, scarcely looking at them as they work; in hotels, and even at motor-car camps they sometimes pick them up "for a change." In these days everything is so colorful that this helps to make the work attractive, then of course it is so easily done that, unlike a great deal of [Continued on page 50]

MORE FRAGRANT—MORE DELICIOUS MORE CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR



Serve it often—particularly to the children

YOUR grandmother was probably just as fond of Baker's Cocoa as you are—as your children are. She knew that candy makers selected Baker's Chocolate for their finer candies; that more Baker's Chocolate was used for cooking than any other kind; that Baker's made fine chocolate for many, many years.

The experience of a century and a half has taught Baker's every step in the preparation of chocolate—has enabled

Walter Baker & Co. to create a cocoa with More Chocolate Flavour. And because Baker's have guarded that one standard of quality—the highest—you also get richness plus smoothness plus easy digestibility. That's why you should serve Baker's Cocoa often—particularly to the children.

Yet pay no more than for other brands. And remember, in Baker's Cocoa, it is its Richer Chocolate Flavour that provides cocoa at its best.

From your grocer, today, buy a tin of Baker's Cocoa. Use the recipe given here. It makes the finest—most fragrant—most wholesome cup of cocoa you've ever tasted.

A Special New Recipe

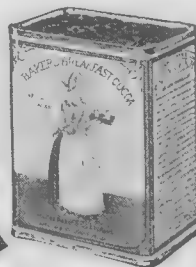
You'll find here a new special recipe for Baker's Cocoa. Developed by domestic science experts—tested by cooking schools and universities.

Clip out this recipe. It is new and does not yet appear on the Baker label.

BAKER'S COCOA

Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate (Premium No. 1) is universally used whenever the recipe calls for chocolate.

STANDARD OF QUALITY



TRY THIS RECIPE

For each cup allow 1 heaping teaspoonful Baker's Cocoa, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, few grains salt. Measure cocoa and water into saucepan. Stir over direct heat until mixture is smooth. Boil about two minutes and add the salt, sugar and milk. Heat until foamy, beat well and serve. Vanilla may be added just before serving—or whipped cream or marshmallow.

Welsh Rarebit

Continued from page 10

have my head examined. Even to me, sitting there, it sounded wierd and fantastic. My partner's, "well we were fortunate, made four spades, first blood to us, and a leg on the rubber," brought my mind back to the game.

We were dealing the cards, when the sound of a gong ringing, made everyone pause, as a door at the far end opened, and a man bearing a distinguished air, with a big diamond blazing on his shirt front, a white mask over the upper part of his face, making his dark eyes very piercing in that white setting. Curly hair, slightly grey, and a short military mustache completed the picture. Like all the rest, he was faultlessly dressed.

Seating himself on a chair on a raised platform, not unlike a Judge's bench in a Courtroom. Tapping three times on a desk in front of him, he called the room to order. Someone clearly called the number of each member. At each number a man stood up, bowed and resumed his seat. No word was spoken. A tap on the desk, and the masked figure was speaking:

"Gentlemen, it is unnecessary for me to go into any details you all know why we are assembled here tonight. To try Mr. James Farrell. I will now read to you his crimes, so as to freshen your memories. One of our comrades, No. 17 went to the chair, thanks to Mr. Farrell. At our last meeting, his name was brought up for consideration. You will remember, we suspended sentence, to await developments."

"On Friday the 11th. our comrade No. 32, went to the chair, in spite of all our resources, it was of no avail. Through our intelligence department, we learn, we again have to thank Mr. Farrell. Our latest news is that he is on the trail of one of our most accomplished comrades. We do not want a repetition of the last two instances."

"I now ask you to render your wishes by ballot in the usual way. At least, comrades, think deeply over this matter, before casting your vote. It is my wish that he has a fair and square trial."

I HAD listened in absolute bewilderment to that cool voice, my senses were reeling, and to cap it all—asking a bunch of Gentlemen murderers to give me a fair trial—. Unbelievably, I sat watching them filling in their ballots, they are all collected. The masked figure is checking them over. He reaches for his gavel and taps the desk. That cool voice goes on again:

"Mr. Farrell, I am very sorry to inform you, the verdict of the Members is Guilty—practically unanimous. There is only one sentence passed here, and that is Death; before carrying out the sentence, there is one option which shall be yours to decide. You can become a member of our organization.

You are young, evidently possessed of brains, you can go a long way with us. I may state, I am stretching my kindness when I recall the lives of our two comrades you are charged with destroying. Most liberal I would say! You have five minutes to think it over." How I got to my feet, I don't know, but out of my dazed stupor I certainly was.

"So you want me to become one of you, eh? Carry on at my old job, doublecross my paper, the police, the public?" "You have stated the case precisely," went on that cool, taunting voice. I must have gone berserk, the last coherent words I remember saying was, "I would rather die a dozen deaths, you foul fiend of Hell," and that tantalizing voice "take him away."

Rough hands grasped me, and I was carried out of the room and down some stone steps, struggling like a madman. With a dull thud, I was thrown down. A door clanged behind me—retreating footsteps—and all was silent as the grave.

Dully I take stock of my surroundings. I was in a narrow room, high ceiling with a dim light in the centre, and of all things a clock, high up on one of the walls—I can hear it tick-tock. The floor seems made of some kind of mettle, perforated with tiny holes. I start back—running water—I beat on the door, all I accomplish is to bruise my hands.

That voice once again, "Mr. Farrell, you have five minutes to make peace with your Maker. When the clock on the wall strikes seven, a bell will ring, an electric contrivance operates the floor you stand on will open wide, dropping you into the main sewer! Your body will be picked up in the lake a mile away."

"The letter you had in your pocket was deftly taken during your car ride, it now lies before me. It will be sent to your Editor. The public will shake their heads over another rising career abruptly ended. I am speaking to you through a speaking tube, you will notice the opening near the clock. Keep your eyes on the clock, for you have only three minutes of this life left, so use it well. Goodbye, Mr. Farrell, goodbye!"

I must have gone demented for a spell, then a dull feeling settled down on me, what has to be, will be! Tick-tock, tick-tock—one minute to go—oh, that awful tick-tock, like my life's blood dropping away.

Covering my face with my hands, I get ready for the drop, perspiration is breaking out all over me. Ding-a-ling-a-ling—I am dropping. With a dull thud, I come to my senses. Picking myself up off the floor, my hair on end, I swallow my palpitating heart. Habit proves too strong for me, with shaking hand—I switch off the alarm.



"Yes, Suh!

It sure does *Crackle* out loud!"

MAN, what a cereal! Try Rice Krispies tomorrow. If you like *crispness* . . . and delicious toasted *flavor* — you're on for a sure treat. Such a different one too!

Crisp, golden bubbles that you can hear crackle when you pour on the milk or cream. That's Kellogg's Rice Krispies. All the taste of the rich rice grain. Delicious, Healthful, Nourishing.

Ideal for lunch as well as breakfast. Add fruits or honey for variety. Thousands of mothers serve Rice Krispies for the children's evening meal — because they are so tempting and so extra easy to digest.

This great new cereal is fine to use in macaroons, candies and desserts. To sprinkle into soups. To take the place of nutmeats in many recipes.

All grocers sell it in the red-and-green package. Restaurants, hotels, dining-cars serve it. Introduced only last year--today one of the largest selling of all cereals.

Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

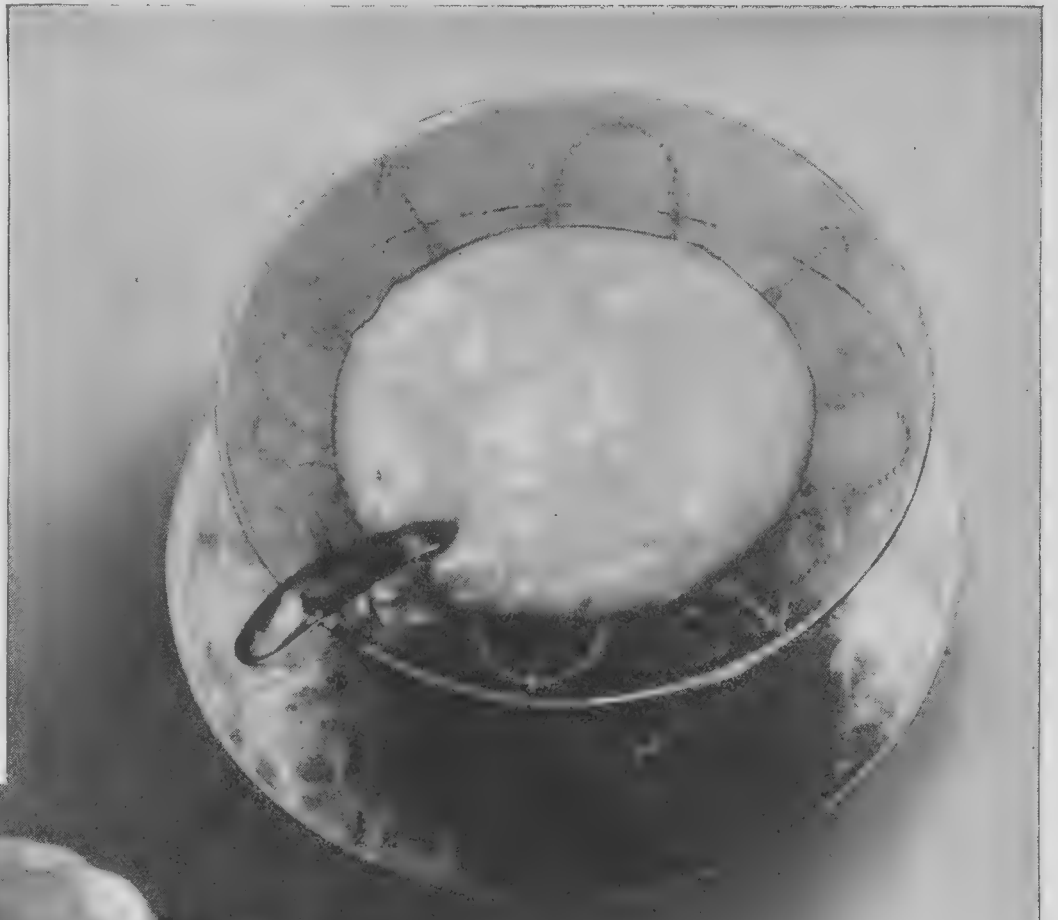
Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES



Indians building a fire for the purpose of signalling with smoke. The pole stuck in the ground is a Blackfoot spear, and the round object on the spear is a shield.

The Salad Supreme

Whatever its foundation, make the salad supreme ... by giving to salad dressings and mayonnaise the piquant savour, the appetizing appeal of Keen's D.S.F. Mustard. For Keen's is the extra touch that means so much by adding its own deliciousness ... and also in bringing out and blending the flavours of the other ingredients.



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By way of recognition of this work of the children, the Ottawa Horticultural Society offers some sixteen prizes yearly, and the School Board awards certificates of merit at stated times to the most successful and faithful gardeners.

The School Garden

Teaching Horticulture in the Public Schools at Ottawa

By Edward Ormerod

Avenue, near Bronson, with the big Glebe Collegiate building not far off.

To the eyes of the casual visitor this is an unexpected beauty spot in the midst of a residential district of the city—a sunken garden of distinctive and most colorful appearance. Because of a slope of ground surrounding, the plot lies a trifle below the sidewalk level. In no sense however does this detract from the charm of the place, giving it rather an air of variety that is distinctly pleasing.

Set in the middle of the plot is a modern one-story stucco building whose purpose is readily guessed, and the ground is laid out in scrupulously neat, variously sized beds of flowers and vegetables of amazing thriftiness of appearance. About the border of the whole is a huge thicket of gloriously colored hollyhocks and other gay blooms. The general impression one receives is similar to that given by some government maintained Experimental Farm or Garden, or some such institution. Any weed, one feels at once, that would have the temerity to lift its head in such a garden, must deserve the oblivion to which it would undoubtedly be at once consigned by the workers whose efforts produce so utterly happy a result. We don't know whether they do it or not, but we feel that the School Board or its horticultural teacher might well refer to a consideration of this delightful place any carping critic of their policy in teaching horticulture to school children. The conclusion is a foregone one—critics might come to decry but must certainly remain to praise.

This main garden is on land formerly owned by the Glebe Trustees of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and is a logical development of experiments conducted by the School Board on rented ground commencing in 1915, as a war idea. This plot was bought in 1916 and is being continued because it is demonstrating itself as worth while from every angle.

About eleven hundred children are at work on this garden from time to time in each season, representing twenty-six classes. Five classes are handled in the garden during each day, being accompanied by their teachers in other subjects who then assist Miss Lapp in the garden work allotted each group. The entire work program is of course a most detailed and definite affair, and in operation produces astonishingly exact results. Various groups are allotted responsibility for certain areas of flowers and vegetables.

The success of the undertaking is obvious to one who merely recognizes what he sees. This season an entrance class has been at work on the garden doing some of the heavier work—for the most part the program is confined to children in grades four and five, for whom a two-year course on the garden is planned.

As already stated, during the off months of July and August, the garden is still maintained by children who come and work voluntarily because they want to, under Miss Lapp's direction, keeping the whole place in most excellent order.

The only inducement offered — we delved suspiciously into this—in the holidays is, that each child may take home from the garden a quantity of some one vegetable or some flowers from a bed. This, we conclude, would have never tempted us at all—we should have certainly responded to the call of the old swimmin' hole or the deep down fundamental human desire to just do nothin'...

The general products from this garden plot, which applies to others yet to be discussed, are distributed among the hospitals, orphans' homes, and fresh air cottages maintained by the city.

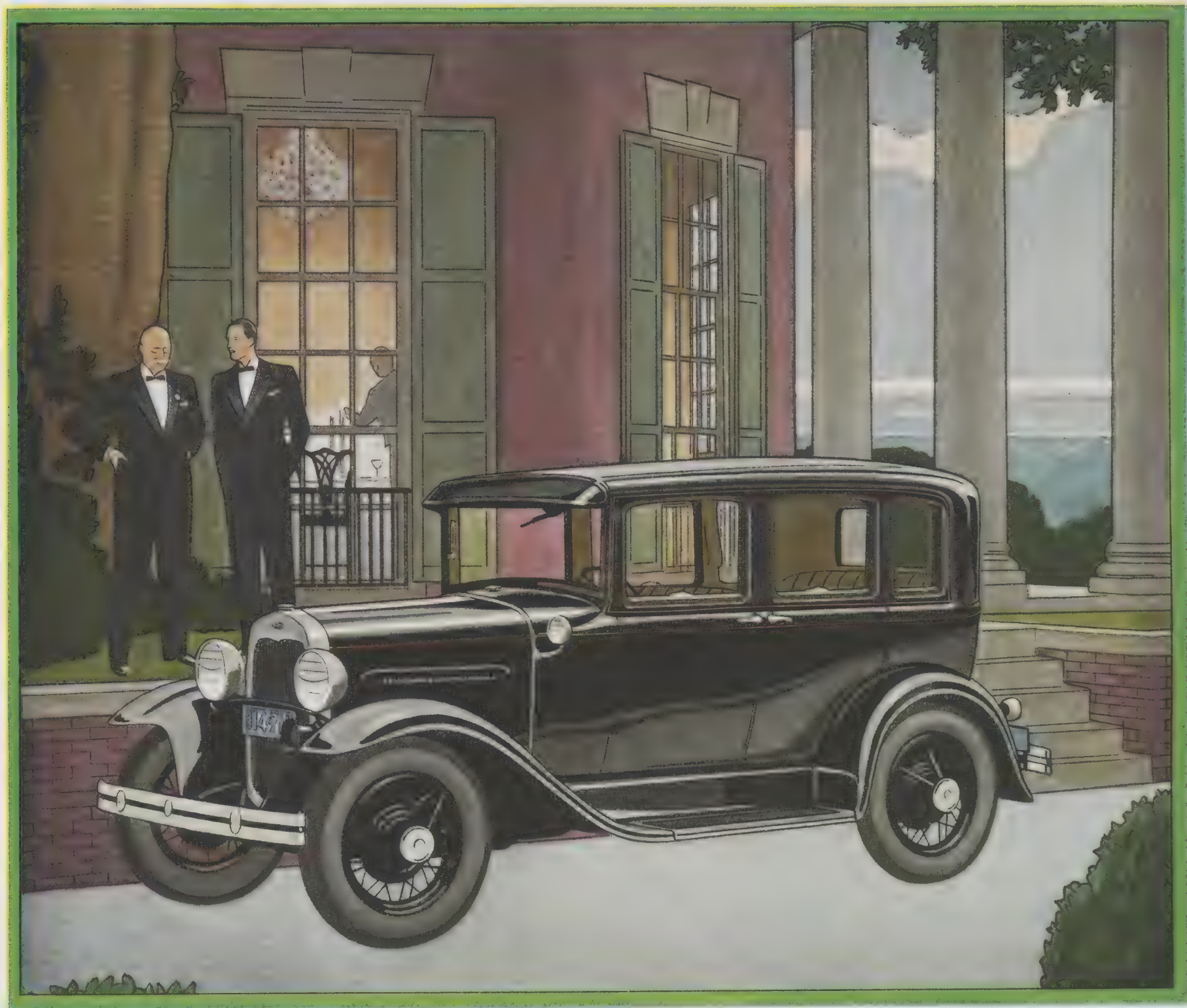
IN THE early days of this garden the only structure to shelter tools and appliances was a shack built by some of the older boys with manual training tools—last year, with the assistance of the School Board architect a more pretentious structure was erected in the centre of the garden plot and now in rainy weather the work of the horticulture teacher goes on uninterrupted. There are always endless matters waiting to lend themselves to lectures—the classification of seeds and descriptions of the conditions and requirements essential to plant development. The new building contains a large class room, with blackboards, seating upward of fifty children an office for the teacher, wash-rooms for boys and girls, a seed room, and a roomy store place for the simple garden tools used by the children.

The general garden plot on Second Avenue is of light soil, easily worked by the children, is supplied with water from the city system, is maintained in a thoroughly cultivated state by the activities of the classes who operate it, and is treated with artificial fertilizer as required from time to time to keep it at its best. The turning down of green stuff and the careful raking in in the fall of all leaves and vegetable matter assist a great deal in this direction.

(Continued on Page 68)

CHIEF and most pretentious of Ottawa's school gardens is a plot of a trifle under an acre in extent, on Second

An admired grace of line and contour



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Chateau Cheese
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No Defence

Continued from page 20

British man-of-war whom, while thanking, he must at once place under arrest as a mutineer.

What might have chanced further to Dyck's disadvantage can never be known, because there appeared on the deck of the *Beatitude*, as its captain under the rear admiral, Captain Ivy, who, five years before, had visited Dyck and his father at Playmore, and had gone with them to Dublin.

The admiral had sent word to the *Ariadne* for its captain to come to the *Beatitude*. When the captain's gig arrived, and a man in seaman's clothes essayed to climb the side of the flag-ship, he was at first prevented. Captain Ivy, however, immediately gave orders for Dyck to be admitted, but without honors.

On the deck of the *Beatitude*, Dyck looked into the eyes of Captain Ivy. He saluted; but the captain held out a friendly hand.

"You're a mutineer, Calhoun, but your ship has given us the victory. I'd like to shake hands with the man that's done so good a stroke for England."

A queer smile played about Calhoun's lips.

"I've brought the *Ariadne* back to the fleet, Captain Ivy. The men have fought as well as men ever did since Britain had a navy. I've brought her back to the King's fleet to be pardoned."

"But you must be placed under arrest, Calhoun. Those are the orders—that wherever the *Ariadne* should be found she should be seized, and that you should be tried by court-martial."

Dyck nodded.

"I understand. When did you get word?"

"About forty-eight hours ago. The King's mail came by a fast frigate."

"We took our time, but we came straight from the Channel to find this fleet. At the mouth of the Thames we were determined to find it, and to fight with it—and by good luck so we have done."

"Let me take you to the admiral," said Captain Ivy.

He walked beside Dyck to the admiral's cabin.

"You've made a terrible mess of things, Calhoun, but you've put a lot right today," he said at the entrance to the cabin. "Tell me one thing honestly before we part now—did you kill Erris Boyne?"

Dyck looked at him long and hard.

"I don't know—on my honor I don't know! I don't remember—I was drunk and drugged."

"Calhoun, I don't believe you did; but if you did, you've paid the price—and the price of mutiny, too." In the clear blue eyes of Captain Ivy there was a look of friendliness. "I notice you don't wear uniform, Calhoun," he added. "I mean a captain's uniform."

Dyck smiled.

"I never have."

The next moment the door of the admiral's cabin was opened.

"Mr. Dyck Calhoun of the *Ariadne*, sir," said Captain Ivy.

THE admiral's face was naturally vigorous and cheerful, but, as he looked at Dyck Calhoun, a steely hardness came into it, and gave a cynical twist to the lips. He was a short man, but spare, but his bearing had dignity and every motion significance.

He had had his high moment with the French admiral, had given his commands to the fleet and had arranged the disposition of the captured French ships. He was in good spirits, and the wreckage in the fleet seemed not to shake his nerve, for he had lost in men far less than the enemy, and had captured many ships—a good day's work, due finally to the man in sailor's clothes standing there with Captain Ivy. The admiral took in the dress of Calhoun at a glance—the trousers of blue cloth, the sheath-knife belt, the stockings of white silk, the loose, unstarched collar, the fine black silk handkerchief at the throat, waistcoat of red kerseymere, the shoes like dancing-pumps, and the short

round blue jacket, with the flat gold buttons—a seaman complete. He smiled broadly; he liked this mutineer and ex-convict.

"Captain Calhoun, eh!" he remarked mockingly. "Well, you've played a strong game, and you've plunged us into great difficulty."

Dyck did not lose his opportunity. "Happily I've done what I planned to do when we left the Thames, admiral," he said. "We came to get the chance of doing what, by favor of fate, we have accomplished. Now, sir, as I'm under arrest, and the ship which I controlled has done good service, may I beg that the *Ariadne's* personnel shall have amnesty, and that I alone be made to pay—if that must be—for the mutiny at the Nore?"

The admiral nodded. "We know of your breaking away from the mutinous fleet, and of their firing on you as you passed, and that is in your favor. I can also say this: That bringing the ship here was masterly work, for I understand there were no officers on the *Ariadne*. She always had the reputation of being one of the best-trained ships in the navy, and she has splendidly upheld that reputation. How did you manage it, Mr. Calhoun?"

Dyck briefly told how the lieutenants were made, and how he himself had been enormously indebted to Greenock, the master of the ship.

The admiral smiled sourly. "I have little power until I get instructions from the Admiralty, and that will take some time. Meanwhile, the *Ariadne* shall go on as she is, and as if she were—and had been from the first—a member of my squadron."

Dyck bowed, explained what reforms he had created in the food and provisions of the *Ariadne*, and expressed a hope that nothing should be altered. He declared the ship had proved herself, chiefly because of his reforms.

"Besides, she's been badly hammered. She's got great numbers of wounded and dead, and for many a day the men will be busy with repairs."

"For a man without naval experience, for a mutineer, an ex-convict and a usurper, you've done quite well, Mr. Calhoun; but my instructions were, if you fell into my hands, to try you and hang you."

At this point Captain Ivy intervened.

"Sir," he said, "the instructions you received were general. They could not anticipate the special service which the *Ariadne* has rendered to the King's fleet. I have known Mr. Calhoun; I have visited at his father's house; I was with him on his journey to Dublin, which was the beginning of his bad luck. I would beg of you, sir, to give Mr. Cal-



houn his parole on sea and land until word comes from the Admiralty as to what, in the circumstances, his fate shall be."

"To be kept on the *Beatitude* on parole!" exclaimed the admiral.

"Land or sea, Captain Ivy said. I'm as well born as any man in the King's fleet," declared Dyck. "I've as clean a record as any officer in his majesty's navy, save for the dark fact that I was put in prison for killing a man; and I will say here, in the secrecy of an admiral's cabin, that the man I killed—or was supposed to kill—was a traitor. If I did kill him, he deserved death by whatever hand it came. I care not what you do with me"—his hands clenched, his shoulders drew up, his eyes blackened with the dark fire of his soul—"whether you put me on parole, or try me by court-martial, or hang me from the yard-arm. I've done a piece of work of which I'm not ashamed. I've brought a mutinous ship out of mutiny, sailed her down the seas for many weeks, disciplined her, drilled her, trained her, fought her; helped to give the admiral of the West Indian squadron his victory. I enlisted; I was a quota man. I became a common sailor—I and my servant and friend, Michael Clones. I shared the feelings of the sailors who mutinied. I wrote petitions and appeals for them. I mutinied with them. Then at last, having been made leader of the ship, with the captain and the lieutenants sent safely ashore, and disagreeing with the policy of the Delegates in not accepting the terms offered, I brought the ship out, commanding it from the captain's cabin, and have so continued until today. If I'm put ashore at Jamaica, I'll keep my parole; if I stay a prisoner here, I'll keep my parole. If I've done you service, admiral, be sure of this, it was done with clear intent. My object was to save the men who, having mutinied and fled from Admiralty control, are subject to capital punishment."

"Your thinking came late. You should have thought before you mutinied," was the sharp reply.

"As a common sailor I acted on my conscience, and what we asked for the Admiralty has granted. Only by mutiny did the Admiralty yield to our demands. What I did I would do again! We took our risks in the Thames against the guns that were leveled at us; we've taken our risks down here against the French to help save your squadron, and we've done it. The men have done it, because they've been loyal to the flag, and from first to last set to make the Admiralty and the people know they have rights which must be cherished. If all your men were as faithful to the Crown as are the men on the *Ariadne*, then they deserve well of the King. But will you put for me on paper the written word that every man now aboard the *Ariadne* shall be held guiltless in the eyes of the admiral of this fleet; that the present officers shall remain officers, that the reforms I have made shall become permanent? For myself, I care not; but for the men who have fought under me, I want their amnesty. And I want Michael Clones to be kept with me, and Greenock, the master, and Ferens, the purser, to be kept where they are. Admiral, I think you know my demands are just. Over there on the *Ariadne* are a hundred and fifty wounded at least, and fifty have been killed. Let the living not suffer."

"You want it all on the nail, don't you?"

"I want it at this moment when the men who have fought under me have helped to win your battle, sir."

There was something so set in Dyck's voice that the admiral had a sudden revulsion against him, yet, after a moment of thought, he made a sign to Captain Ivy.

Then he dictated the terms which Dyck had asked, except those concerning the reforms he had made, which was not in his power to do, save for the present. [Continued on page 51]



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Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

First Steps in Studying

THE first steps about which we wish to talk in these columns this month are not really the first steps of a student in the lower grades of school life but relate to the proper mental attitude of a student about to enter a university. We have devoted in the past considerable space to the needs of young men who have left school with a public or high school education but as there are many young men who continue their formal education beyond the high school stage and who register in our Canadian universities we think it but fair that they should be given a column or so, to their own special needs.

A University Guide

FOR many of the suggestions that will form the basis of this month's discussion, we are indebted to an interesting handbook issued by the University of North Dakota, whose students often make friendly debating visits to the University of Manitoba. We have not, at the moment access to a similar Canadian handbook but the advice to new students as contained in the Dakota handbook is so sound and so appropriate also to Canadian needs, that it may well for the time being serve as a guide to first year Canadian students.

Lectures for Freshmen

IN ORDER to make the transition from the secondary school to the university as easy as possible, and to acquaint the newcomers as quickly as possible with their new environment there has been arranged a series of lectures which all Freshmen must attend. Failure to attend such lectures subjects the delinquent student to a severe penalty. No subject credit, however, is granted for attendance upon these addresses.

The lectures are well worked-out presentations of phases of university life with which every student should be familiar. Five general lectures deal with topics such as these: The purpose of a University; The History of the University; The Ideals, Traditions, and Regulations of the University; The Conservation of Health; The Importance of Moral Living.

Vocational Guidance

FOLLOWING the general lectures, there come illuminating talks on vocational guidance, in which topics such as the following are discussed:

- What constitutes a liberal education?
- The Profession of Teaching.
- The Practice of Medicine.
- The Practice of Law.
- The Engineer and His Problems.
- The Training and Opportunities in Journalism.
- Business as a Calling.

Opportunities for Social Work

IN THESE addresses, which are given under the direction of the Dean of Freshmen, William G. Bek, there is set forth impartially what constitutes the training for the various professions, and what are the advantages and disadvantages of each calling. Each lecture is given by an expert in his field. The purpose of these talks is to aid the Freshmen in a rational choice of a college or school where he shall prepare for his future career.

An Official Guide

THE services of the Dean of Freshmen are described in such a way that new students are encouraged to go to him in connection with the problems that arise when first they register at the university.

"You will find many upperclassmen," says the bulletin, "on the campus who

are ready to give you any kind of advice. As big brothers the advanced students can help you and make feel at home. But unfortunately there are always a few misguided philosophers and self-appointed counselors among this group. Beware of them. If you are in trouble, or need advice, go to the Dean of Freshmen. He will be glad to see you at any time. He will show you how to register, straighten out your schedule difficulties; he is your official guide and counselor. He knows your problems and can deal with them sympathetically."

Choosing a Course

THE bulletin gives a frank and clear discussion on the importance of a right and careful decision in the choice of a course. This advice, too, is by the Dean of Freshmen, and points out at the beginning that when you finally decide upon the course you want to take you have begun work in your career.

Do not be too hasty in making a decision. Analyze, as much as possible, your own likes and dislikes, your strength and weakness. Seek the advice of your parents and teachers in regard to their opinion of your fitness for a particular field. If you are weak in mathematics, you will likely meet with little success in engineering. If you have little aptitude in the sciences, the study of medicine will present great difficulties to you. If you have little patience and do not like children, do not try to teach.

It may be worth your while to take the whole first year at the university to think this matter through. The work you will take the first year will fit in almost any curriculum in the university. When in doubt, talk with your instructors or your dean. They will be glad to help you all they can. After you have made up your mind and have found your place, stick to your job. Do not wince because the work is hard. Few things that are worth while are easy.

So, once more, think your own case through carefully and frankly. Ask advice of those who are qualified to give it. After you have found your groove, follow it to the end.

Well Begun is Half Won

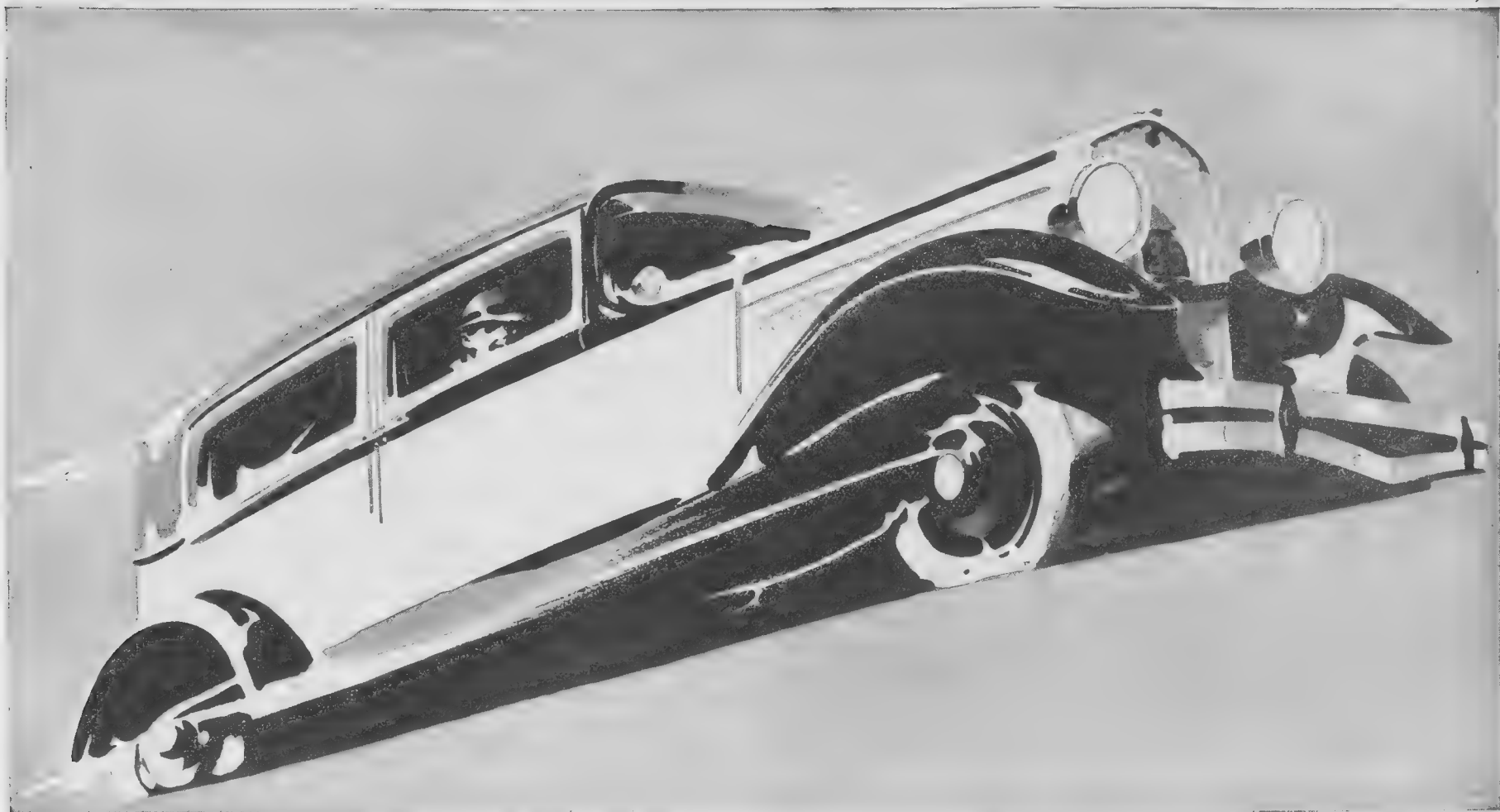
IN discussing the purpose and aims of the university, Dean Vernon W. Squires points out that the university exists that young people may be prepared to take places of helpful leadership. He emphasizes also the importance of a right beginning.

The important thing is a good start. When you become a member of a track team at a university, your initial training will be concentrated on learning to start. You cannot win in the hurdle, the dash, or the race, unless you learn how to start. Athletes and coaches have learned this secret from long experience.

So, in beginning the four happiest and fruitful years of your life at the university, it is highly important that you begin well. If you can pass through the first semester without being suspended or placed on probation for poor scholarship, it is proof positive that you are not lacking in ability to finish a four year course in a creditable fashion, and the probabilities are that you will.

Unfortunately students with plenty of ability often fail because they waste so much time in getting down to business. They hardly know what is expected of them at the university. It is hard for them to realize that the transition from high school to university is almost coincident with the transition from youth to manhood.





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Unemployment and the Immigrant

By Margaret Somerville McDonald

WHO is the immigrant? Is he the one who comes by invitation and assistance from the British Isles, or is he the one who comes from a non-British country, hoping to find his daily bread and a home amongst a free and friendly people? Whichever he is—the only immigrant whom we should consider is the one who stays in Canada, and against all odds and difficulties pits his full strength and ability to establish himself in the formulating nation of Canada.

Not all immigrants have stayed in Canada. Not all who are here now intend to stay. Not all are desirable citizens. Not all are creditable. But the thinking person will never pick out the exception and set it up for the rule and example. Not any one person can stand for a colony, or a group of people. The colony, or group, must be its own witness.

If any country opens its doors to any people and gives them admittance, and if those who come in, come with intention of becoming honorable Canadian citizens—are those people to be allowed to bend their backs to the business of nation-building, or are they to forever stand aside with their hats in their hands, and their eyes cast down, waiting to see what will be left over for them to do?

If the latter is the case, then there are other countries far more desirable than Canada, in which to found a home.

But if there is work to be done by way of building up and establishing a new country, which is the better citizen—the one who takes hold and goes at it with a might and will to finish, or the one who stands cogitating how much he can get for how little he can do?

The true Canadian is the one who takes hold and makes good regardless of how distasteful the occupation is. If we have objection to non-British people working side-by-side with us, then we should not have allowed them in the country; we should close our doors to any further influx, and we should be prepared to take their place at all the pioneering work we have just now. We should not complain or flinch in the teeth of the back-breaking work so many of them do.

In what way are the standards of living of most European people lower than ours? Do we sometimes confuse the standards of living with the standard of monetary expenditure? There are many immigrants from European countries who sell nearly all their possessions to buy their fare to Canada. They arrive with a bundle and a basket—and hope in their eyes. We, seeing them so apparently destitute, scoff at their lack of possessions, and declaim about our different standards of living.

So the poor immigrant starts with nothing but determination, ability to work and love of beauty in his soul. His home is humble. His furnishings are scanty. He can make a loom. His wife can weave. He cannot live without color. He has no dye. But he can find twenty

colors with which to brighten his fabrics in the trees and leaves and fruits of our river-bottoms. He has no furniture. But he can carve. He has no tools. But he sees a discarded spring of an automobile. With this he makes a complete set of chisels and carves in relief a table. An art-collector will offer him a hundred dollars for the table. Or his wife will spin yarn from the sheep on his farm, dye the wool with home dyes, and weave a rug which will be quickly picked up to go on some collector's list. He has no music. He feels he will die without. With his two hands, and a soul attuned to harmony he will make him a musical instrument of some kind—and he will produce harmonies on it, too. His beauty-loving eye will inlay the instrument with different woods, or mother-of-pearl. No hardship or penury can wipe the love of art from his soul. What he cannot afford to buy he will make—and think no shame of his poverty. Are his standards really lower than ours?

Winnipeg boasts of the finest market in Canada. Every year some agitators begin a crusade for a suitable building for so great a market. The market-place is inadequate—to put it mildly—but the produce is superb. Always fresh, and the store never seems to diminish. Here you can get quantity and quality second to none.

"Where does it come from?" you ask. And you are taken out to the banks of the Red River where the French-Canadian once lived in long narrow farms. He is gone. But his place is taken by "the immigrant." In tiny whitewashed spotless cottages he lives and brings up his family. The windows are full of rare colored flowers. The school and church are in a bower of vines and blossoms. The chubby children stand by the roadside, smiling. They vend eggs or vegetables, or small-fruit to the passer-by. If you call for water for your car, you will get it quite civilly. If you smile—you are likely to get a cup of coffee for yourself. You look at the acreage. It is incredible that these people exist on such a tiny piece of land! You say so. Immediately you are told in sorrowful tones that "these people will never advance. They will never improve, or be different. Content to live like this forever."

You go away pondering, and remembering. How contented they were! What joyous windows they had! How beautiful their church and school! What trustful faces the children had! How eagerly the women showed you the colors of their flowers and embroideries—the sunset on the river!

No—they will never possess a motor car, nor a mansion. They have the wealth of contentment. They are agriculturalists.

They are humble and diffident. But an agricultural country must learn from them. And they can turn our idle acres into homes for thousands who will accept our country as she is—Agricultural Canada.

Maytime

By V. W. Newson

Pure the lacy clouds in the still May morning
Passing slowly over, pendant in the blue
Touched with rosy fringes, painting and
adorning
High airy meadows floating over you.

Sweet the prairie coppice, where the wood
grouse hovers,
Coily feigning anguish, far from hiding
brood;

Soft the misty green that the wheat land
covers,
Fragrant every breeze is from the budding
wood.

Dancing down the hillside, lure for tiny fingers
Crowds of early crocus, brushed with
rosy mauve,
Close their lustrous ranks while the late Spring
lingers,
Lighting every by-path to the ferny grove.

Calm sedgy marshes, where the plover
lowers
Down-arched pinion meeting mirrored
wing;

Green edged pools lie 'neath their leafy
bowers,
Where the silver grayling, lips the bubbly
ring.

Spirit of the Maytime, melody and musk,
Every moment flames to life, every song
is clear,
Every sign a meaning has, daylight unto
dusk,
Mellow days are drawing out, nesting time
is here.

NOW SILVERWARE CHANGES



Three Piece Tea Set, \$87.75

Tray \$33.75

to harmonize with your changed china, glassware, linens

The present-day dinner table has become as gay as a garden. As colorful. Cheerful. Gay china. Colored linens. Modern glassware.

Now silverware changes, too. To meet all these other delightful changes on your table. Not just a new pattern . . . but a complete, basic change . . . the VIANDE Knife and Fork.

Long handles. Short blades and tines. A new, modern "look" and "feel." Intensely practical. Since they are the two most important, most conspicuous pieces, they give an air of modernity to your entire silverware service . . . even to the tea and dinnerware.

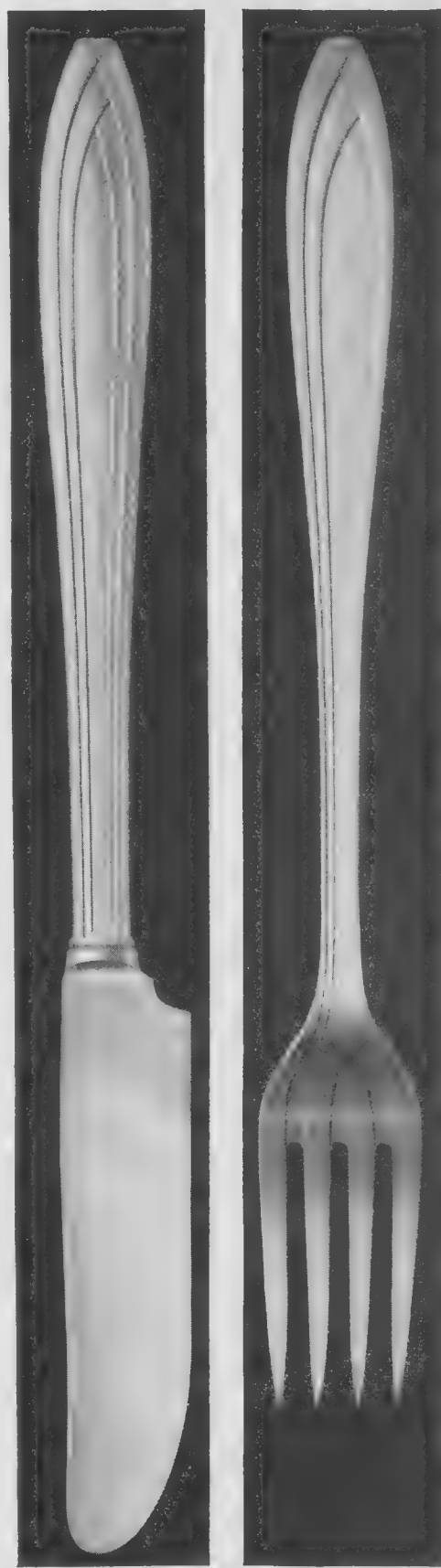
Your dealer offers you three lovely patterns with the VIANDE Knife and Fork in 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . the original and finest silverplate, guaranteed without time limit. Of course, the usual shape knives and forks, if you prefer.

Covers for Six, 26 pieces, \$41.00. "Pieces of 8" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, \$53.75. Patterns . . . Silhouette, Legacy, Ambassador.

Viande **KNIFE and FORK**
TRADE MARK PAT. APPL. FOR

(Right) Viande Knife and Fork. Silhouette Pattern.
(Left) 3-Piece Tea Set. Legacy Pattern

Viande Knife U.S. Patent applied for.
Canadian Registration granted Feb. 11 1930



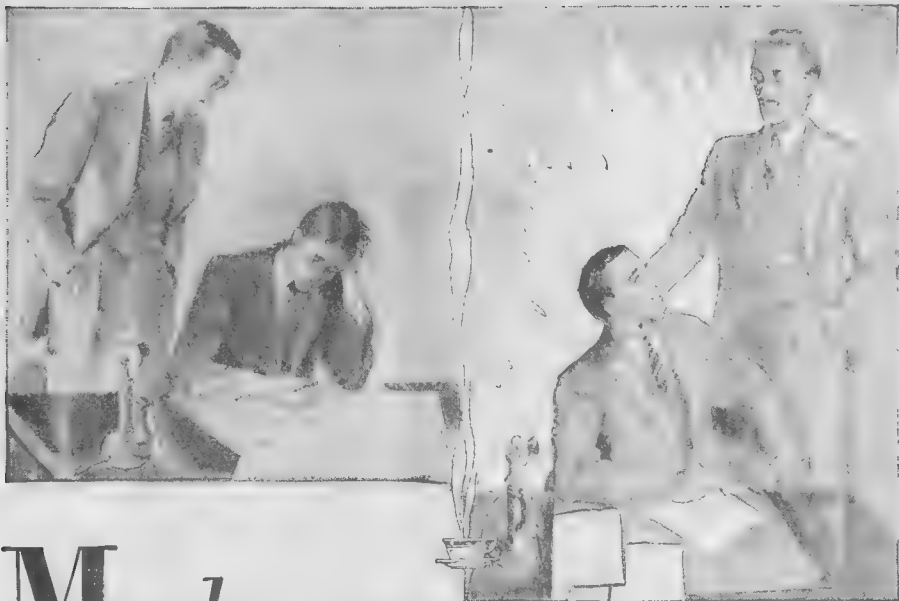
Six Knives, \$16.00 . . Six Forks, \$9.25 . . Set, \$25.00

1847 ROGERS BROS:

THE ORIGINAL "ROGERS" SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., OF CANADA LIMITED, HAMILTON

Write to International Silver Company of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ont., for booklet, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware."



Made over ...in one month...

"Before the whole office crew my boss said to me: 'You must be lazy, for you cannot do your work. You are a sleep-walker and goodness knows what else!' It hurt, but every word was true.

"I was tired and nervous, had everlasting headaches, and could not concentrate. My work was piling up on my desk until I was told to clean it up or look for another job.

"On my way home one evening, I stopped for my usual dose of caffeine—I was using from eight to ten slugs of it daily, I then bought a magazine and noticed, while glancing through it, the 30-day trial advertisement of Postum. I decided to try it immediately.

"After two weeks I began to feel better and, after two weeks more, the results were surprising—more so to my boss and fellow workers. I have lost all signs of nervousness and headaches. I have regained my old pep and am fit for any strenuous work that I may be called upon to do."

GLEN A. WARD.

IT MAY seem incredible to you that such a remarkable change could take place in a man, in one short month. If it does, then listen to this—Mr. Ward's case is only one of thousands! Men in every walk of life have tried his experiment, and have the same sort of good news to report. They're

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup, by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

feeling better and working better, since they gave up beverages containing tannin and caffeine and took to Postum. Success is coming their way at last!

Try the experiment yourself. Instead of tannin and caffeine, let Postum be your mealtime drink for thirty days—then check up on your health and work. You'll find your energy multiplied—your work going stronger. You'll see good results in your mirror, too!

The reason for all this is simple enough. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, carefully roasted and blended. There is no tannin or caffeine in Postum—nothing to give you headaches and "nerves," nothing to cause indigestion. Its after-effects are good, 100%!

Aside from enjoying the beneficial effects of Postum, you're going to like its flavor, too. It is mellow and smooth—a distinctive flavor. Millions of people could tell you they prefer this mealtime drink to all others.

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

GENERAL FOODS LIMITED, Dept. P2 Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.		P2-30M
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of		
INSTANT POSTUM.....	☐ Check which	
(prepared instantly in the cup)		
POSTUM CEREAL.....	☐ you prefer	
(prepared by boiling)		
Name.....		
Street.....		
City.....	Prov.....	
Fill in completely—print name and address		

Sunshine and Health



Photo by Courtesy of C. A. Branston Ltd.

Sunbath at the J. N. Adam Memorial Hospital

DO WE ever stop to consider what would happen this old earth if it were suddenly deprived of the sun? In a comparatively short space of time this planet would cease to exist. Primitive peoples perhaps realized this more than we do, because in their religions the Sun was the greatest god. The oldest city of the Egyptians was Heliopolis, or City of the Sun God. In ancient Rome every villa had its solarium where each member of the family could bask in the sunshine. History tells us the commander of the Roman fleet was taking his after-dinner sunbath when summoned to go to the rescue of the victims of Vesuvius at the destruction of Pompeii. The early Greeks, widely famed for physical beauty, learning and culture, fully appreciated the value of sun bathing. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, knew its helpfulness twenty-five centuries ago.

Even the cave man chose his cave where the sun's rays could enter to warm and keep it healthful. Animals instinctively seek a spot bathed in sunlight for their daytime rest and sleep.

But there came a time when light and sunshine and fresh air in cases of illness, were debarred. The patient was shut up in a room, and the doctor (his name was Bodington) who advocated fresh air as a cure for consumption in the last century, was hooted down by fellow members of his profession as a radical. Today, fresh air and sunshine are recognized factors in restoring health to tuberculosis victims, and most of them—particularly in the case of children where the patient has not been exposed to the germ for any great length of time—recover their normal health and strength.

It was no wonder that the ancients worshipped this great giver of life. Not only did they know the effect it had on their bodies, but they knew that without it, it would be useless to till their fields and plant their corn, because there would be no harvest.

Did you ever watch a little struggling plant in your window stretch out its weak shoots towards the ray of sunshine—instinct told it that therein lay growth and strength and power.

That this instinct is still alive in man is evidenced by the migration, (even in hot summer) to those places blessed the most by the sun. Bathing beaches are crowded, and even on hot days these beaches are covered with humans who bask in the sun's rays.

But one cannot all pick out vocations which keep up in the fresh air and sunshine. Unfortunately civilization, with all its wonderful advantages, has taken us away from Mother Earth and nature. We spend our time, those of us who live in cities particularly, in crowded and over-heated office buildings, we rush out for an adequate lunch, and go home at night to an apartment or a house (if we are fortunate enough to possess one) where for the most part, we remain shut up until we again depart in the morning to take up the same routine. It is an unnatural method of living, but unfortunately, for most of us, there is no solution to

the problem. We cannot all be farmers or horticulturists, some of us must carry on the business of commerce in the crowded paths of life.

And not only is the sun the life giver for our physical bodies, but it reacts upon our mental and spiritual as well. Don't you feel better on a bright sunny day, whether its in the winter or the spring? Don't you feel then that "God's in his heaven and all's right with the world?" Of course you do.

Hospitals and sanatoria are now equipped with "imitation" suns, so that the patients may remain, in the winter, right in their rooms and enjoy the health giving rays. These are just as beneficial as though they sat right out in the natural sunshine, and the advantages of this method are obvious. As Dr. Schuind says in describing the effects of sunbaths upon the mind "Real resurrections are attained, due to the influence of the sunbath; it is the birth or rebirth of the joy of living, of the perfect intellectual equilibrium which changes disillusioned, indifferent beings into lovers of all that lives."

Fortunately in the matter of clothing, at least one of the sexes is getting closer to nature. Womanhood has emerged from the heavy swathings of the Victoria era, and in taking up sports has gotten away from the faintings and neurosis of that time. Any readers who are around 40 can remember how in their youth they were bundled at the neck and wrist and feet so that no atom of air could get near them. Naturally a good many have gone over to the extremists, and do not cover up enough, but on the whole, we are a healthier race and a hardier, than those of 40 years ago. Probably the fact that we are crowded together as I have said, in congested areas, counteracts to a certain extent, the advantages of more sane living in other respects, but the motor car and other rapid transportation, is bringing nature closer all the time to even those whose lives must of necessity be lived in the city.

SO IT is not to be wondered at that Science stepped in and devised ways and means of giving us the sun when we needed it most. Dr. Rollier's "School in the Sun" at Leysin, Switzerland, is world-famed, and patients from nearly every civilized nation find health in the pure sunlight. Little children, naked as the day they were born, romp and play in the snow with brown bodies glistening in the sunlight. But of course every child cannot stand such rigorous treatment and that is why sunbaths can be had right in the home, by plugging in a simple and inexpensive little machine, which exactly reproduces, with the help of that other great modern invention, Electricity, Old Sol himself. It was Prof. Finsen who first began to seek the means of this duplication. His research led to the use of the light from the carbon arc, and later he used this even in preference to the sun itself because he found it contained more of the beneficial rays called "ultra-violet" than did sunlight, since a large part of them in sunlight are absorbed by the atmosphere. [Cont'd on page 50]

Coals to Newcastle

Continued from page 33

to put just that attitude on canvas, instead of working on the other picture, which had been a brighter subject. While the canvas was still unfinished, a friend advised her to finish it for the Salon, and acting upon his advice, she entered it, with the result that it was much talked about. In 1915 it was shown at the Panama exposition.

OWING to the illness of her mother, our artist returned to Canada in 1911. Her work that year had international recognition. The Studio in August of that year, published an article on the American Colony of Artists in Paris, by E. A. Taylor, which leaves no doubt as to Mrs. Hamilton's genius. "The Book of Nature," he says, "is ever open; you can mark your own page with the creamy ebb tide riband of surf that divides the land from the sea, and the sky will either lighten or shadow your page...but do not think of your imagination gathered from its leaves as a gift only for painter and poet; appreciation is another form of it, or your songs would never be sung nor our public galleries have come into existence...."

"The work of Mary R. Hamilton is personal and distinct. The assertion that women cannot do the work of men has lost much of its too long recognized truth, as every day finds them fulfilling spheres with greater ability, making our little arrogance less evincible, and in art today we find women painters realize their own God gifts that man's greatness outsteps them only in space and muscular equipment." He then goes on to say that he was first attracted toward Mrs. Hamilton's work by a Ventian study in Scotland and "afterwards a group of water colors and oils in the Salon of the 'Independents' and another in the Salon des Beaux-Arts.... Her work in oils is sincere, but to me her water colors make a special appeal with their quiet charm."

The Toronto exhibition was held the week of November 25 of that year in the Townsend galleries. Among other connoisseurs, Sir Edmund Walker, according to the News report of that date, pronounced Mrs. Hamilton's work as "masterful in coloring, adroit in draughtsmanship, deft in handling of tones and values, and poetic in treatment of atmosphere and sentiment." High praise which was continued when she exhibited at the Wilson galleries at Ottawa under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, January 16-27, 1912. In February of that year under the same distinguished patronage and that of Sir Robert and Lady Borden, she exhibited in the galleries of the Art association in Montreal. The Montreal Standard of that date stated: "The first impression received on entering the gallery is of an exhibition of the works of a group of artists and, in a sense this is correct, as Mrs. Hamilton has passed from one stage of development to another very quickly and has, therefore, been successively the exponent of different periods and styles of painting."

During the Ottawa exhibition, Charles Dana Gibson, a guest at Rideau Hall, in an interview with Bengough, of the "Citizen" said among other things that: "Our young Canadian artists were quite as clever as those of any nation, not excepting the Italians; and those whom he had met in the U.S. had proven their fellowship with those from other countries." Incidentally, he said some very fine things of Mrs. Hamilton's work: "She has the power; she is an artist; she has made good and does good work." The same pictures were exhibited in Winnipeg from May 4-18 that year, under the local patronage of Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cameron. This was not the first time that this artist had exhibited in her home city, for when she returned for a holiday in 1906 she had exhibited from June 10-30 and at the end of July had entered in the Industrial Exhibition. The Free Press reported her during her second visit as

saying: "Of course, I haven't done anything yet, but I hope I shall some day. Did I tell you about the series of Canadian scenes I am going to do and take back with me? Everyone in Paris is so interested in this country. I got the idea from a series I saw done by a young Norwegian woman."

PURSUANT of her intention to do mountain scenery, Mrs. Hamilton went to British Columbia and located at Victoria, where her pictures were exhibited and much interest shown in her work. The result of her stay there was a number of fine views of the mountains and mountain gardens. She caught Lake Louise in dreaming, brooding mood in oils, while the mountain peaks of the Olympics and the Coast ranges she has lightly touched in pastels. Her gardens of Victoria, too, were developed in the latter medium and show a riot of color.

While in Victoria, Mrs. Hamilton began a series of portraits of the Lieutenant-Governors of British Columbia. Then came the war and her work seemed at a standstill. Nothing daunted she devoted herself to war work. She donated a picture to the Belgian Red Cross which one way and another made a good deal of money for that object.

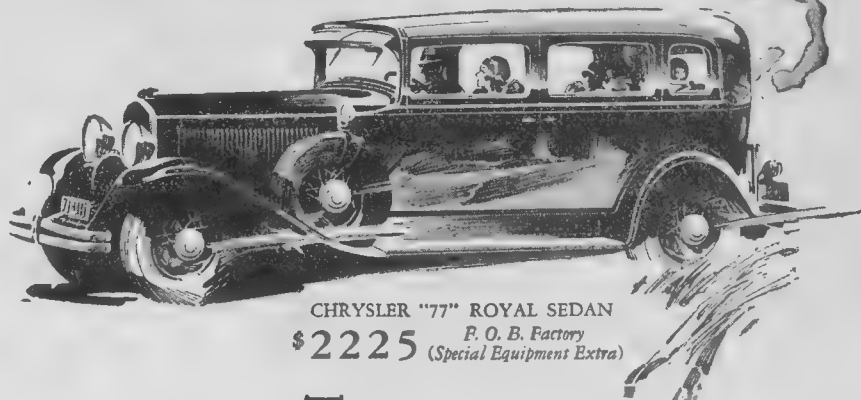
The war over, Mrs. Hamilton was determined to return to France to paint the battlefields before the reconstruction should obliterate the colossal undertakings of the conflict. In order, as she expressed it, that in the days to come Canadians might be able to, in some measure, visualize the terrible sacrifices made for them by a past generation. She did not succeed in getting an official appointment, but nothing daunted, she stored her pictures and under the patronage of the Amputations Club of Vancouver, started at her own expense. A rather trying, not to say dangerous experience for a woman, and some idea of the persistence and industry with which she pursued her idea may be obtained from the fact that in addition to the several pictures she presented to the Amputations Club, reproductions of which were published in "Gold Stripe," their periodical, she, on her return to Canada presented to the Canadian nation 227 paintings of battlefields. These may now be found in the New Public Archives at Ottawa where they were first exhibited in 1927.

The first exhibition of these pictures was under the auspices of the French government, when the model of the inter-allied monument (the Pantheon of the Somme), commemorating the drive of 1918, was exhibited in the Foyer of the National Opera House in Paris. Later the same pictures were displayed at the Simonson galleries. In recognition of her work at this time, Mrs. Hamilton was decorated with the Palmes Academiques by the minister of Beaux Arts, M. Berard. Many offers were made for the pictures, but she preferred to keep the collection intact as a gift for her own country.

After her return from the war-scarred Europe, Mrs. Hamilton engaged in teaching in Winnipeg, but her health was much impaired by the hardships she had undergone. However, one more honor came to her in 1925, when she won the gold medal in the British Section of the Exposition Internationale et Industriels Modernes, Paris, for hand-painted dress accessories. In this she had seven entries; the beautiful scarf which took the prize was afterwards purchased for Lady Macdonald, of Winnipeg.

Last year in search of health Mrs. Hamilton came to the Pacific coast and has now recovered sufficiently to open a studio in Vancouver. One might say that some cities, like some men, are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them! What an inspiration the life of this charming artist, with her versatility, her industry and her long record of outstanding ability can be to a new city, may be readily imagined by those who know the history of art movements.

A Chrysler in the family brings a joy all its own



CHRYSLER "77" ROYAL SEDAN
\$2225 P. O. B. Factory
(Special Equipment Extra)

THERE is a certain thrilling something about Chrysler performance—whether Imperial, "77", "70", "66" or the new Chrysler Six, lowest-priced Six ever to bear the Chrysler name—that one never senses or enjoys in any other car. ☐ It is something altogether different and delightful in the spirit and sure stride of Chrysler speed... in the gliding sensation of Chrysler smoothness... in the electric alertness of Chrysler pick-up. ☐ With new, bigger and more powerful engines... with Down-Draft carburetion, based on the best fuelizing practice in aviation and Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift in both "77" and "70"... with new, larger, more luxurious bodies of rigid construction... these latest Chryslers farther out-distance all attempts to equal Chrysler results in performance and riding comfort. ☐ What a woman likes, too, is the fact that there is more style in Chrysler beauty... more charm in Chrysler luxury... just as there is more go in Chrysler power, more stop in Chrysler's internal-expanding hydraulic brakes, safest brakes in all weather. ☐ Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to give you a demonstration, so that you, too, may realize why a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

There is a Canadian-Built Chrysler for every purse and every need from \$1005 to \$5240

The "77"		9 body styles, \$2095 to \$2355
The "70"		7 body styles, \$1650 to \$1970
The "66"		6 body styles, \$1255 to \$1380
New Chrysler Six		5 body styles, \$1005 to \$1070
The Imperial		9 body styles, \$3965 to \$5240

All prices f. o. b. factory, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra)

The Popular Afghan

Continued from page 36

fancy-work, it is not a strain on either eyes or nerves—a real pastime. And—I rather hate to admit it—there is a slight possibility that the fact that conversation can be carried out quite easily while afghan-squares are being crocheted, has something to do with the popularity of this work. (Not likely a male will read this.) But, to be perfectly frank in the matter, I think this makes it much more delightful. Thus, often, the afghan is “all to the good.”

Just to be sure that the knowledge of “how to do them” is perfectly understood by other “tenderfeet,” I codicil directions taken from a book on fancy-work:

Squares. With the darkest shade of a color, ch 3, join with a slip st., ch 3, 11 d c in ring (the ch 3 always counts as an additional dc; this will not be mentioned again), join with a slip st. in top of ch 3; break off. 2nd round—fasten yarn of next shade in the same color between two d c in first round, ch 3, 2 d c in same place as ch 3 * 6 d c between 3rd and 4th d c from last d c; repeat from * twice, then work 3 more d c in same place as the 3 d c at beginning of round; join and break off. 3rd round: fasten next shade of same color between 3rd and 4th d c in any group of 6 d c below, ch 3, 2 d c in same place as ch 3 * 3 d c in next space,

6 d c between 3rd and 4th d c from the 3 d c just made (i.e., the centre of the 6 d c below); repeat from * twice, 3 d c in next space, 3 d c in the same place as the 3 d c at beginning of round. 4th round—fasten the lightest shade of same color between 3rd and 4th d c in any group of 6 d c below, ch 3, 2 d c in same place as ch 3 * 3 d c in next space, 3 d c in next space, 6 d c between 3rd and 4th d c in the group of 6 d c below; repeat from *, ending with 3 d c in the same place as the 3 d c at beginning of round. 5th round—with black, work 1 s c in each st. of preceding round, 2 s c in each of 2 sts at the 4 corners. Make a duplicate square, but begin with the lightest shade of the same color and use the next shade in each successive round, ending with the darkest shade in 4th round; finish with a row of s c in black. This is type B square.

Joining. With black, make a loop with hook, insert hook from right side in 15th threads of corner st. of square in lower right hand corner, insert hook from wrong side in corner st. of square directly above.

Edging. With black, make 1 s c in first st. on edge * ch 3, 3 d c in same place as s c just made, skip 3 sts., 1 s c in next st.; repeat from * around; skip only 2 sts. in shells at corners.

Sunshine and Health

Continued from page 48

Scientists, in their investigations, found 3 types of rays which may be divided into heat rays, visible light and chemical rays. The heat rays, invisible and called “infra-red” send radiant heat to the surface of the skin. So of the visible rays we know as light penetrate to the deeper layers of the skin and tissue, heating this deeper zone above the surface temperature, stimulating lymph circulation, increasing the capacity of the capillaries. Both the infra-red and visible rays aid to prepare the way for the chemical rays called “ultra-violet” to perform their wonderful work, the soothing invigorating and tonic properties that stimulate the chemical processes called metabolism, the constant rebuilding that is going on in the cells, maintaining life and health in the body. These rays, also invisible, are those which tan the skin.

Children retarded in growth show almost immediate benefit. Busy men

and women now find the sun-bath almost as essential as a water-bath. In an experiment in Mansfield, England, fifty pit-boys, given ultra-violet treatment three months, gained 4 lbs. 6 oz. for each boy.

These simple machines, now part of the equipment hospital, and becoming part of the furnishings of the modern nursery, and the ordinary home, are all part of the wonderful benefits which came in the wake of the discovery of electricity and steam and all the things which we now take for granted, but which were unknown to our parents in their younger years. It seems a shame that any child or adult should be deprived of its benefits. Far more important is health than the latest radio or the last model in the automobile world. And no wonder is it that we are coming to agree that the ancients were not far wrong in putting the Sun in the first place of veneration.

The Soul of France

By Aileen Radcliffe

*I stood to watch the troops go by,
Sky-blue, they filled the street with light,
Their feet, the sound of falling leaves;
The colours pass, all heads are bared,
The drums beat out a marching song,
On lifted swords the sunbeams glance;
Up on the pealing bugle call
Rose high the glorious Soul of France.*

*I saw a woman kneel alone
Before a shattered wayside shrine;
Still young in years, and yet her hair
Grey with the grief of mourning days.*

*I never thought to see such eyes,
They held my own as in a trance,
But in that sad despairing gaze
There shone the unbowed Soul of France.*

*I came upon a wooden cross
And “Soldat inconnu” I read;
I took my knife, and deeply carved
Beneath the words, “Yet known to God.”
Where over all the hallowed ground
The little scarlet poppies dance,
I left him there, a nameless flame—
The Undeclared Soul of France.*

Dance of the Fairies

By May Howe Dakin

*By the winding rill when the night is still,
Save the water's drowsy croon,
The fairies gay come out to play
And dance by the light of the moon.*

*A little elf on a mushroom shelf
Is piping high and low,
And in and out in a laughing rout
The fairy dancers go.*

*Sweet music flows from the heart of a rose—
A tiny harper's place—*

*And the Fairy Queen on the dewy green
Whirls round with a witching grace.*

*They dance for hours upon the flowers
And the bending tips of the grass,
They dance on the bubbles in airy doubles
Where the brook's bright ripples pass.*

*But all too soon the big round moon
Drops down behind the hill;
They they softly creep into flowers and sleep
And the night is lone and chill.*

“She couldn't believe they weren't new”

“WHEN my sister-in-law was outfitting her new home five years ago, we found such a bargain in blankets that I couldn't resist buying a pair for myself.

“Last summer she saw me putting away that same pair and couldn't believe they weren't new! Hers, she said, had faded and become harsh and thin. She had been using ordinary soaps . . . I told her I find Lux as wonderful for blankets as for sheer things—it keeps my woollens soft as new year after year.” MRS. THOMAS M. MOTT.

**The world's greatest experts
find Lux Re-News!**

The great Movie Studios, every Musical Show in New York, Famous Dressmakers, Buyers in 132 department stores . . . insist on Lux “to keep fabrics, whether sheer or sturdy, like new twice as long.”

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soap makers by appointment
to their Excellencies the Governor-General
and Viscountess Willingdon



No Defence

Continued from page 43

When the document had been signed by the admiral, Dyck read the contents aloud. It embodied nearly all he had asked.

"Now, I ask permission for one more thing only, sir—for the new captain of the Ariadne to go with me to her, and there I will read this paper to the crew. I will give a copy of it to the new captain, whoever he may be."

The admiral stood for a moment in thought. Then he said:

"Ivy, I transfer you to the Ariadne. It's better that some one who understands, as you do, should be in control after Calhoun has gone. Go with him now, and have your belongings sent to you. I appoint you temporary captain of the Ariadne, because I think no one could deal with the situation there so wisely. Ivy, every ship in the squadron must treat the Ariadne respectfully. Within two days, Mr. Calhoun, you shall be landed at Jamaica, there to await the Admiralty decree. I will say this: That as the sure victory of our fleet has come through you, you shall not suffer in my report. Fighting is not an easy trade, and to fight according to the rules is a very hard trade."

WITH a deep sigh, the planter raised his head from the table where he was writing, and looked out upon the lands he had made his own. They lay on the Thomas River, a few hours' horseback travelling from Spanish Town, the capital, and they had the advantage of a plateau formation, with mountains in the far distance and ravines and valleys everywhere.

It was Christmas Day, and he had done his duty to his slaves and the folk on his plantation. He had given presents, had attended a seven o'clock breakfast of his people, had seen festivities of his negroes, and the feast given by his manager in Creole style to all who came—planting attorneys, buccaras, overseers, bookkeepers, the subordinates of the local provost-marshal, small planters, and a few junior officers of the army and navy.

He had turned away with cynicism from the over-laden table, with its shoulder of stewed wild boar in the centre; with its chocolate, coffee, tea, spruce-beer, cassava-cakes, pigeon-pies, tongues, round of beef, barbecued hog, fried conchs, black crab pepper-pod, mountain mullet, and acid fruits. It was so unlike what his past had known, so "damnable luxurious!"

Now his eyes wandered over the space where were the grandilla, with its blossom like a passion-flower, the black Tahiti plum, with its bright pink tassel-blossom, and the fine mango trees, loaded half with fruit and half with bud. In the distance were the guinea cornfields of brownish hue, the cottonfields, the long ranges of negro houses like thatched cottages, the penguin hedges, with their beautiful red, blue, and white convolvuluses; the lime, logwood, and bread-fruit trees, the avocado-pear, the feathery bamboo, and the jack-fruit tree; and between the mountains and his own sugar-estates, negro settlements and pens. He heard the flight of parrots chattering, he watched the floating humming-bird.

He liked simplicity. He did not, as so many did in Jamaica, drink claret or punch at breakfast soon after sunrise. In a land where all were bon-vivants, where the lowest tradesmen drank wine after dinner, and rum, brandy and water, or sangaree in the forenoon, a somewhat lightsome view of table-virtues might have been expected of the young unmarried planter. For such was he who, from the windows of his "castle," saw his domain shimmering in the sun of a hot December day.

It was Dyck Calhoun.

With an impatient air he took up the sheets that he had been reading. Christmas Day was on his nerves. The whole town of Kingston, with its

twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants, had but one church. If he entered it, even today, he would have seen no more than a hundred and fifty to two hundred people; mostly mulattoes—"bronze ornaments"—and peasants in shag trousers, jackets of coarse blue cloth, and no waistcoats, with one or two magistrates, a dozen gentlemen or so, and probably twice that number of ladies. It was not an island given over to piety or to religious habits.

Not that this troubled Dyck Calhoun; nor, indeed, was he shocked by the fact that nearly every unmarried white man in the island, and many married white men, had black mistresses and families born to black women, and that the girls had no married future. They would become the temporary wives of white men, to whom they were, on the whole, faithful and devoted. It did not even vex him that a wretched mulatto might be whipped in the market-square for laying his hands upon a white man, and that if he was a negro-slave he could be shot for the same liberty.

It all belonged to the abnormal conditions of an island where black and white were in relations impossible in the countries from which the white man had come. It did not even startle Dyck that all the planters, and the people generally from the chief justice and custos rotulorum down to the deck-swabber, cultivated the amplitude of living.

But let Dyck tell his own story. The papers he held were sheets of a letter he was writing to one from whom he had heard nothing since the night he enlisted in the navy, and that was nearly three years before.

This was the letter:

"My Dear Friend:—

"You will see I address you as you have done me in the two letters I have had from you in the past. You will never read this letter, but I write it as if you would. For you must know I may never hope for personal intercourse with you. I was imprisoned for killing your father, Erris Boyne, and that separates us like an abyss. It matters little whether I killed him or not; the law says I did, and the law has taken its toll of me. I was in prison for four years, and when freed I enlisted in the King's navy, a quota man, with my servant-friend, Michael Clones. That was the beginning of painful and wonderful days for me. I was one of the mutineers of the Nore, and—"

Here followed a description of the days he had spent on the Ariadne and before, and of all that happened down to the time when he was arrested by the admiral in the West Indian Sea. He told how he was sent over to the Ariadne with Captain Ivy to read the admiral's letter to the seamen, and then, by consent of the admiral, to leave again with Michael Clones for Jamaica, where he was set ashore with twenty pounds in his pocket—and not on parole, by the admiral's command. Here the letter shall again take up the story, and be a narrative of Dyck Calhoun's life from that time until this Christmas Day.

"What to do was the question. I knew no one in Jamaica—no one at all except the governor, Lord Mallow, and him I had fought with swords in Phoenix Park five years before. I had not known he was governor here. I came to know it when I first saw him riding over the unpaved street into Kingston from Spanish Town with his suite, ornate with his governorship. He was a startling figure in scarlet, with huge epaulets on his lieutenant-general's uniform, as big a pot as ever boiled on any fire—chancellor, head of the government and of the army, master of the legislature, judging like one o'clock in the court of chancery, controller of the affairs of civil life, and maker of a policy of which he alone can judge who knows what interests clash in the West Indies. [Continued on page 54]

Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection . . . always



Kotex absorbent is now used in more than 50% of Canada's leading hospitals. Once you use it, you will understand why doctors advise this soft, scientifically designed pad.

WHAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* . . . through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

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Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 50% of the leading hospitals of the country, this very same absorbent is used today. It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton. Last year, hospitals on this continent used 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! What a tribute to its effectiveness. No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

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1. Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
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4. Deodorizes . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. Disposable, completely, instantly.

profession. Surely if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

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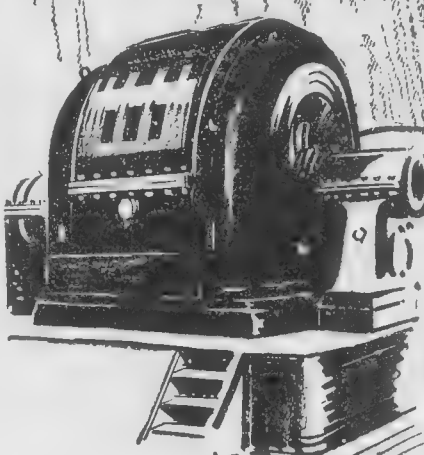
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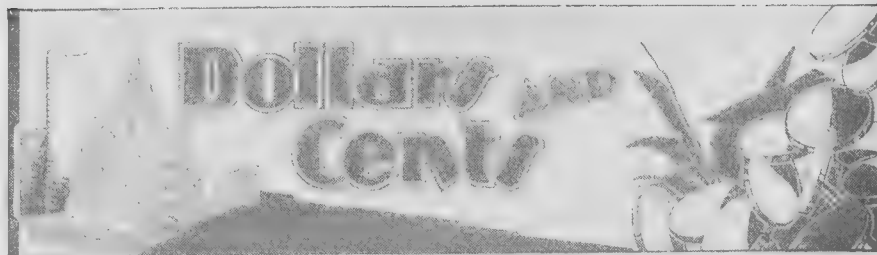
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SINCE our last issue the grain situation has shown a better appearance and prices are considerably higher. There seems to be a more optimistic feeling in the air, and support is being given to the market. Absence of rain in Kansas and other American States has had a bullish effect and it looks as if the present or higher prices will be the rule. The strained relations between the European buyer and the American seller have become greatly lessened, and a more friendly attitude is now apparent. Coupled with that optimism which is invariably aroused when Spring comes and seeding starts, is the fact that both parties have arrived at a common meeting ground, which is that the producer must be paid such a price for his commodity as will compensate him for his labor and give him some extra inducement to engage in the growing of the necessities of life.

However, it cannot be gainsaid that we have not as yet recovered from the stock market slump and partly unsold crop. In various quarters it is pointed out that bank clearings, a highly significant piece of evidence, have decreased considerably; car loadings which were very low owing to the short crop have gone to a lower level; the unemployment situation has been somewhat complicated by the closing down of winter trades and occupations which has resulted in a number of men crowding into the urban centres.

The Bank of Montreal in its monthly letter, after looking upon the dark side of the picture, strikes an optimistic note in the following words.

"On the other side is the near approach of Spring and reopening of navigation, factors that always instil briskness in many branches of business. Building operations promise to be carried on with considerable activity; hydro-power development continues; road making and mending will employ much labor; railways have moderately large programmes of construction and new equipment; mining projects, including erection of refineries, are being pushed; and inventories, generally, have been kept so low that a reaction in trade should quickly speed the wheels of industry. A larger importation of coal from Great Britain is expected when St. Lawrence navigation begins, but return cargoes depend upon the wheat movement and as yet few charters have been made."

This optimism is buttressed by the fact that the monetary situation has become greatly eased. The Royal Bank of Canada in its monthly letter has the following to say of this aspect of finance:

"Since our February letter was written, the following reductions in Central Bank rates have occurred: Bank of England, 5 to 3½; Federal Reserve Bank of New York, 4½ to 3½; Bank of France, 3½ to 3; Reichsbank, 6½ to 5½.

There has also been some reduction in the rates of the great majority of the other Central Banks. Following previous reductions since October 1st the movement to lower rates is one of the most rapid adjustments that has ever occurred. The general outlook has been greatly improved by these developments."

So far the Canadian market has not benefitted by this reduction; call money in Canada is still high. It is, however, confidently felt that owing to the disparity in rates between all the world financial centres and Canada there will be a decided change very soon. Until this happens trading in Canadian securities will remain stationary. Today many excellent bargains can be secured when the security is sound and the yield quite high. There is a strong leaning towards the purchase of good bonds, and the bond market is considerably stronger.

This trend has tended to the bringing about of a lessening interest in common stocks and for that reason many of the latter are on the bargain shelf. As we have pointed out on previous occasions we are not prepared to give advice on any one particular stock, but we can lay down for our readers' guidance two good general rules: First, examine carefully the history of the particular company in which you wish to invest. If it and its directors have maintained a steady progress and have paid dividends regularly over a period of years, you can reasonably assume that the company is of a sound nature. Secondly, see that the shares are listed on some exchange where trades are effected daily. This feature, known as "marketability," is of importance because it allows a holder of shares to deal with his security with celerity and despatch.

Answers to Queries

Fort William, Ont.

Q. Please give me any information regarding the British Canadian Mines Ltd., office Bloor St., Toronto, known as the Foley Mines on the C.N.R. at Mine Centre, about eighty miles west of Fort William. The company has sold and I think is still selling ten-year 7% Gold Bonds to the shareholders for which they are paying the interest all right. Is there any sign of going into production in the near future, as I understand they have a mill and miners' houses, school and other buildings on the property.—Subscriber.

A. Our information on the Foley Mine of British Canadian Mines Limited is that the management expects to commence operating the mill early this Spring on a basis of sixty tons daily. At the present time the management is completing the reconstruction of the mill and the final arrangements for commencing milling operations. We understand that they believe they have ample ore blocked out to justify the opening of the mill, and that once the mill is in operation the management will then endeavor to spend more of their efforts on exploration.

At the present time the prospect is highly speculative, but apparently the management is making a real effort to find a mine so the shareholders will get a run for their money. The mine has the advantage of having the old buildings and equipment. Once the mill is in operation it will greatly assist in meeting development expenses.

Yorkshire, England.

Q. Could you kindly give me some information under "Dollars and Cents" about these two companies, namely, Standard Royalties, Imperial Trusts Co., Toronto, and Petroleum Royalties, Tulsa, Oklahoma.—E.J.

A. The Standard Royalties Company is an Ontario company operating in what is called the mid-continent oil field of the United States, the royalties being largely situated in the Oklahoma oil district. The Standard Royalties is a high-yield speculative investment, suitable only for a small part of the funds of a person who has a background of solid investments. You will realize that any company offering cumulative preferred stock that pays 12% dividend is obviously not offering a conservative investment. Oil royalties companies have in the past proved successful where they have had efficient management which can obtain royalties that bring the company a profit. The record of Standard Royalties is so far satisfactory, but the company has the defect of the management being far removed from direct contact with the Canadian shareholders.

Petroleum Royalties, to which you refer, is apparently an American organization and the service which we offer is confined only to Canadian companies or companies operating in Canada.

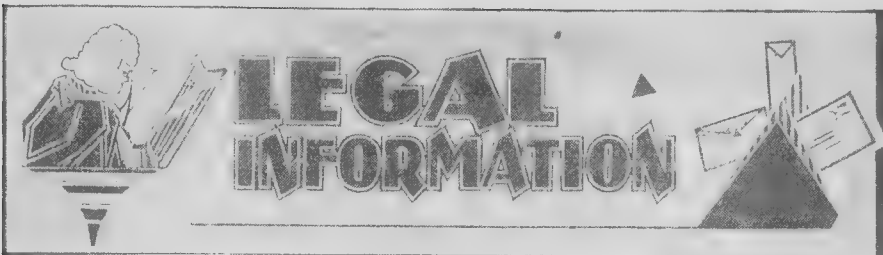
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1929

A BOOKLET embodying the DIRECTORS' REPORT, the ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, and a FULL LIST OF THE SECURITIES HELD BY THE COMPANY, is now available and may be had on Application to

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A CASE of interest to tenants and landlords has recently been decided in one of the courts of the Eastern Provinces. "A" had leased certain premises from "B" for one year definite and then from year to year, the rent being payable on the first of each month with a provision that upon a genuine sale being effected, the tenant would have to give up possession on receiving three months' notice. There was a further provision that if the rent remained in arrear for five days, the landlord would have the right to re-enter and take possession of the premises. The evidence showed that the monthly rents, with the exception of two occasions, were not paid promptly and was paid at different times during the month with the tacit approval of the landlord, but they were all paid within the month. The Court held that the failure to comply with the provision of the lease as to payment of rent when due was acquiesced in by the landlord, and he could not re-enter and take possession.

Answers to Enquiries

Minton, Sask.

Q. A rancher holding a government grazing lease on several sections of land all fenced and used for grazing purposes, entered into a written agreement with the Municipality several years ago to give free right-of-way through his homestead and pre-emption for the use of all road allowances on his ranch and the right to fence them when the Municipality surveyed a road north and south in disregard of all road allowances, the rancher also agreeing to maintain gates on such road. This agreement has been lived up to by both parties so far.

Now a new town is being located east of this ranch and will necessitate the laying out of another road east and west through his ranch. Has the council now the right to survey this road again disregarding road allowances without fencing out such road and providing cattle runs for the stock to get to water, if they do not wish to have gates where such road goes through fences and will the rancher be compelled to build this six miles of fence at his own expense, or can the Municipality be made to stand all or part of this expense? This new proposed road will also cross two quarters of patented land.—J.A.E.

A. The municipality has the right to acquire land for roads. The Municipality must, when it takes any land, pay compensation to the owners. In our opinion the Municipality is obliged to pay compensation to those who have leased property as well as those who own reversion in the title. The matter of fences and the loss and inconvenience in handling stock are matters of damages and should be considered in fixing the compensation due to the owners or tenants of land taken over by the Municipality. We would imagine as much could be gained by negotiating with the councillors as by any formal court proceedings. We presume from your question that the previous agreement with the Municipality would have no bearing upon the present plans of the council.

Edmonton, Alta.

Q. Three years ago next June A lost a piece of land in Saskatchewan through a tax sale. Now if A wished to redeem same would he have to pay for any improvements that may have been put on said land since the sale. Who would value said improvements? Can you give me an idea about how much the expenses of said sale would be?—"Interested."

A. You do not state whether June, 1927, was the date of tax sale or the date when the tax purchaser acquired title. If property is sold for taxes the owner of the land has two years in which to redeem. After that time the purchaser may apply for his title. If the purchaser now has the title, A has no

right to redeem. Until the tax purchaser acquires title through the Land Titles Office the tax purchaser has no interest in the land as owner, and if he chooses to effect improvements in the property they do not belong to the tax purchaser, but to the owner of the land. This being the case, the value of the improvements does not enter into the case. The expenses of the Municipality in holding a tax sale are merely nominal. The solicitor's costs of serving you with notice of the application for title and the Land Titles Office charges would probably not exceed the sum of \$75.00.

Fernie, B.C.

Q. I am a widow with children, resident in British Columbia for over thirty years. I have a little property I would like them to get, and not able to pay out much. Should I have a lawyer draw the will, or if I got a will form, filled it out and had it signed by two reliable witnesses, would it be legal? I have been told that a woman dying in British Columbia without a will, the province can take the estate. Is that true? Any help as to what should be worded in a will would be greatly appreciated. —"Reader."

A—1. the law applicable to the interpretation of wills is exceedingly technical, and we invariably advise people strongly to have their will prepared by and executed under the instructions of a lawyer.

2. If you sign your will in the presence of two witnesses who were both present at the same time and who both signed in your presence and in the presence of each other, the execution of the will would be sufficient. This, however, does not end the matter, as the will might not be worded in a way to convey your intentions.

3. We believe you have been misinformed as to the law of British Columbia. Where a woman dies without leaving a will her property would go in the ordinary course to her children. We cannot advise you on how your will should be worded without a great deal more information, and it would be hard to give you a satisfactory answer through these columns. We would again suggest that you have a lawyer prepare the will for you.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. May I ask what rate of inheritance tax is charged on money left to persons in Canada by the deceased who has resided in England; is there any tax imposed on property that is left?

Does the Canadian Government claim any taxes, or is it just the English Government?

Is there any tax on money or property left to institutions?—G.H.C.

A. Your questions are too vague to give you a satisfactory answer. Inheritance taxes and succession duty taxes are imposed by the various Governments where the estate is situate. With certain kinds of property there will be a duplication of taxation, taxes being imposed both by the Provincial and English authorities. In Canada such taxes are imposed only by the Provincial authorities.

In Manitoba the amount of duty varies first according to the amount of the net estate left by the deceased, and secondly in accordance with the degree of relationship which the beneficiary bears to the deceased.

If all the property were situate in England, then only the English inheritance tax need be paid. In the case of donations to charitable institutions, the duties are usually much less than they are upon donations to ordinary individuals.

Enchant, Alta.

Q. I bought a piano from Assiniboia Music Co. of Medicine Hat. I signed a note for \$250.00 [Continued on page 63]



to dissatisfied shavers

Here is good news. Five unique features have won 86% of the men who try this remarkable shaving cream. A test offered, free.

GENTLEMEN: Millions of men look upon shaving as a daily test of patience from which there can be no relief. They expect a few nicks of the skin, they expect irritation and chafing. They are the great army of dissatisfied shavers.

But . . . other millions have found the secret of the happy shave. Razors seem to run over their faces mores smoothly. The skin is soft, closely shaved but not irritated. They have discovered Palmolive Shaving Cream.

A test will convince you

A free trial test is the method we've employed to introduce

Palmolive Shaving Cream. For if it is all we claim, we win new users to it. 86% of the men who have tried Palmolive Shaving Cream abandon all other methods for it—tell their friends—make claims you might doubt if we printed them.

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129 times they rejected their own formulas. The 130th time they were successful. Their idea was to make a shaving cream in which olive oil would play a prominent part in easing the action of the blade. Five great advantages result.

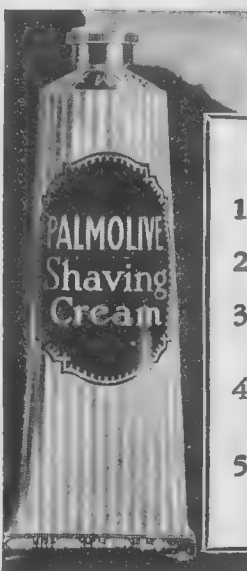
Are they what you are seeking? Then won't you make our test? The responsibility is ours. We undertake to win you, in 7 test shaves. A fair trial, we believe, will do it. So won't you mail the coupon, please?

Please mail the coupon—we take the risk

7 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. T-2029 Toronto, 8.

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No Defence

Continued from page 51

"English, French, Spanish, and Dutch are all hereabout. All struggle for place above the other in the world of commerce and society, though chiefly it is the English versus the French in these days; and the policy of the governor is the policy of the country. He never knows whether there will be a French naval descent or whether the blacks in his own island will do as the blacks in St. Domingo did—massacre the white people. Or whether the free blacks, the Maroons, who got their freedom by treaty with Governor Trelawney, when the British commander changed hats with Cudjoe, the Maroon chief, as the sealing of the bargain—whether they will rise again, as they before have risen, and bring terror into the white settlement; and whether in this case, all negro-slaves will join them, and Jamaica come to be a land of revolution.

"Of what good, then, will be the laws lately passed regulating the control of slaves, securing them rights never given before, even forbidding lashes beyond forty-nine! Of what use, then, the punishment of owners who have ill-used the slaves? The local councils who have power to punish never proceed against white men with rigor; and to preserve a fair balance between the white man up above and the black down below is the responsibility of the fair-minded governor. If, like Mallow, he is not fair-minded, then is the lash the heavier, and the governor has burdens greater than could easily be borne in lands where the climate is more friendly.

"Lord Mallow did not see me when I passed him in the street, but he soon came to know of me from the admiral and Captain Ivy, who told him all my story since I was freed from jail. Then he said I should be confined in a narrow space near to Kingston, and should have no freedom; but the Admiral had his way, and I was given freedom of the whole island till word should come from the Admiralty what should be done with me. To the governor's mind it was dangerous allowing me freedom, a man convicted of crime, who had suffered a term of imprisonment, had been a mutineer, had stolen one of his majesty's ships, and had fled to the Caribbean Sea. He thought I should well be at the bottom of the sea, where he would soon have put me, I make no doubt, if it had not been for the admiral and Captain Ivy—you do not know him, I think—who played a good part to me, when men once close friends have deserted me.

"Well, we had—Michael and I—but twenty pounds between us; and if there was not plenty of free food in the island, God knows what would have become of us! But there it was, fresh in every field, by every wayside, at every doorway. We could not starve, or die of thirst, or faint for lack of sleep, since every bush was a bed, in spite of the garapatos or wood-ticks, the snore of the tree-toad; the hoarse shriek of the macaw, and the shrill gird of the guinea-fowl. Every bed was thus free, and there was land to be got for a song, enough to grow what would suffice for two men's daily wants. But we did not rest long upon the land—I have it still, land which cost me five pounds out of the twenty, and for the rest there was an old hut on the little place—five acres it was, and good land, too, where you could grow anything at all. Heaven knows what we might have become in that tiny plantation, for I was sick of life, and the mosquitoes and flying ants, and the chattering parrots, the grim gallinazo, and the quatre, or native bed—a wooden frame and canvas; but one day at Kingston I met a man, one Cassandro Biatt, who had an obsession for adventure, and he came and spoke to me privately. He said he knew me from people's talk, and would I listen to him? What was there to do? He was a clean-cut rogue, if ever there was one, but a rogue of parts, as he proved; and I lent an ear.

"Now, what think you was his story? Well, but this—that off the coast of Haiti, there was a ship which had been sunk with every man on board, and with the ship was treasure without counting—jewels belonging to a Spaniard of high place, who was taking them to Paris. His box had been kept in the captain's cabin, and it could be found, no doubt, and brought to the surface. Even if that were not possible, there was plenty of gold on the ship, and every piece of it was good money. There had been searching for the ship, but none had found it; but he, Cassandro Biatt, had sure knowledge, got from an obi-man, of the place where it lay. It would not be an expensive business, but, cheap as it was, he had no means of raising cash for the purpose; while I could, no doubt, raise the needed money if I set about it. That was how he put it to me. Would I do it? It was not with me a case of 'no shots left in the locker, no copper to tinkle on a tombstone.' I was not down to my last macaroni, or quarter-dollar; but I drank some sangaree and set about to do it. I got my courage from a look towards Rodney's statue in its temple—Rodney did a great work for Jamaica against Admiral de Grasse.

"Why should I tell Biatt the truth about myself? He knew it. Cassandro was an accomplished liar, and a man of merit of his kind. This obi-man's story I have never believed; yet how Biatt came to know where that treasure-ship was I do not know now, while I am very rich because of it all.

"Yes, out we went through the harbor of Kingston, beyond the splendid defences of Port Royal and the men-of-war there, past the Palisadoes and Rock Fort, and away to the place of treasure-trove. We found it—that lost galleon; and we found the treasure-box of the captain's cabin. We found gold, too; but the treasure-box was the chief thing; and we made it ours after many a hard day. Three months it was from the day Biatt first spoke to me to the day when, with an expert diver, we brought the box to the surface and opened it.

"How I induced one of the big men of Jamaica to be banker and skipper for us need not be told; but he is one of whom men have dark sayings—chiefly, I take it, because he does bold, incomprehensible things. That business paid him well, for when the rent of the ship was met, and the few men on it paid—slaves they were chiefly—he pocketed ten thousand pounds, while Biatt and I each pouched forty thousand, and Michael two thousand. Aye, to be sure, Michael was in it! He is in all I do, and is as good as men of ten times his birth and history. Michael will be a rich man one day. In two years his two thousand have grown to four, and he misses no chance.

"But those days when Biatt and I went treasure-ship hunting were not without their trials. If we had failed, then no more could this land have been home or resting-place for us. We should only have been sojourners with no name, in debt, in disgrace, a pair of braggart adventurers, who had worked a master-man of the island for a ship, and money and men, and had lost all except the ship! Though to be sure, the money was not a big thing—a few hundred pounds; but the ship was no flea-bite. It was a bigish thing, for it could be rented to carry sugar—it was, in truth, a sugar-ship of four hundred tons—but it never carried so big a cargo of sugar as it did on the day when that treasure-box was brought to the surface of the sea.

"I'm bound to say this—one of the straightest men I ever met, liar withal, was Cassandro Biatt. He took his jewels and vanished up the seas in a flourish. He would not even have another try at the gold in the bowels of the ship.

"I've got plenty to fill my pouch, and I'll go while I've enough. It's the men that . . . [Continued on page 55]

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don't go in time that get left in the end—that's what he said.

"And he was right; for other men went after the gold and got some of it, and were caught by French and South American pirates and lost all they had gained. Still another group went and brought away ten thousand pounds, and lost it in fighting with Spanish buccaneers. So Biatt was right, and went away content, while I stayed here—because I must—and bought the land and house where I have my great sugar-plantation. It is an enterprise of volume, but it is not beyond my capacity, and all would be well if I were normal in mind and body; but I am not. I have a past that stinks to heaven, as Shakespeare says.

"Men do not treat me badly here, for I have property and money, and this is a land where these two things mean more than anywhere else, even more than in a republic like that where you live. Here men live according to the lad of the knife, fork, and bottle, yet nowhere in the world is there deeper national morality or wider faith or endurance. It is a land where the sea is master, where naval might is the chief factor, and weighs down all else.

"Here the navies of the great powers meet and settle their disputes, and every being in the island knows that life is only worth what a hundred-ton brig-of-war permits. I have seen here in Jamaica the offscourings of the French and Spanish fleets on parole; have seen them entering King's House like loyal citizens; have even known of French prisoners being used as guards at the entrance of King's House, and I have informed the chief justice of dismal facts which ought to have moved him. But what can you expect of a chief justice who need not be a lawyer, as this one is not, and has other means of earning income which, though not disloyal, are lowering to the status of a chief justice? And not the chief justice alone. I have seen French officers entertained at Government House who were guilty of inhumanities and cruelties. The governor, Lord Mallow, is much to blame. On him lies the responsibility; to him must go the discredit. For myself, I feel his enmity on every hand. I suffer from his suggestive opposition; I am the victim of his dark moods.

"If I want a concession from a local council, his hand is at work against me; if I see him in the street, I get a courtesy tossed, as you would toss a bone to a dog. If I appear at the King's ball, which is open to all on the island who are respectable, I am treated with such disdain by the viceroy of the King that all the island is agog. I went one day to the King's ball the same as the rest of the world, and I went purposely in dress contrary to the regulations. Here was the announcement of the affair in the Royal Gazette, which was reproduced in the Chronicle, the one important newspaper in the island:

King's House,
October 27th, 1797.

KING'S BALL

There will be a Ball given by His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, on Tuesday evening, the 6th day of December next, in honor of

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY

To prevent confusion, Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to order their carriages to come by the Old Court House, and go off by the Long Room.

N.B.—No gentlemen can possibly be admitted in boots, or otherwise improperly dressed.

"Well, in a spirit of mutiny—in which I am, in a sense, an expert—I went in boots and otherwise 'improperly dressed,' for I wore my hair in a queue, like a peasant. What is more, I danced with a negress in the great quadrille, and thereby offended the governor and his lady aunt, who presides at his palace. It matters naught to me. On my own estate it was popular enough, and that meant more to me than this good-will of Lord Mallow.

"He does not spare me in his recitals to his friends, who carry his speech abroad. His rancor against me is the greater, I know, because of the wealth I got in the treasure-ship, to prevent which he tried to prohibit my leaving the island, through the withholding of a leave-ticket to me. His argument to the local authorities was that I had no rights, that I am a murderer and a mutineer, and confined to the island, though not on parole. He almost succeeded; but the man to whom I went, the big rich man, intervened successfully—how I know not—and I was let go with my permit-ticket.

"What big things hang on small issues! If my Lord Mallow had prevented me leaving the island, I shouldn't now own a great plantation and three hundred negroes. I shouldn't be able to pay my creditors in good gold Portuguese half-johannes and Spanish doubloons, and be free of Spanish silver, and give no heed to the existence of the bittfi which, as you perhaps know, is equal to fivepence in British money, such as you and I used to spend when you were Queen of Ireland and I was your slave.

"Then I worshipped you as few women have been worshipped in all the days of the world—oh, cursed spite of life and time that I should have been jailed for killing your bad father! Aye, he was a bad man, and he is better in his grave than out of it, but it puts a gulf between you and me which nothing will ever bridge—unless it should some day be known I did not kill him, and then, no doubt, it will be too late.

"On my soul, I don't believe I put my sword into him; but if I did, he well deserved it, for he was worse than faithless to your mother, he was faithless to his country—he was a traitor! I did not tell that story of his treachery in court—I did not tell it because of you. You did not deserve such infamy, and the truth came not out at the trial. I, in my view, dared not lest it might injure you, and you had suffered enough—nay, more than enough—through him.

"I wonder how you are, and if you have changed—I mean in appearance. I am sure you are not married; I should have felt it in my bones, if you were. No, no, my sweet lass, you are not married. But think—it is more than seven long years since we met on the hills above Playmore, and you put your hand in mine and said we should be friends for all time. It is near three years since a letter came to me from you, and in the time I have made progress.

"I did not go to the United States, as you asked me to do. Is it not plain I could not? My only course was to avoid you. You see, your mother knows the truth—knows that I was jailed for killing your father and her divorced husband. Therefore, the only way to do was as I did. I could not go where you were. There should be hid from you the fact that Erris Boyne was a traitor. This is your right, in my mind. Looking back, I feel sure I could have escaped jail if I had told what I knew of Erris Boyne; and perhaps it would have been better, for I should, no doubt, have been acquitted. Yet I could not have gone to you, for I am not sure I did not kill him.

"So it is best as it is. We are as we are, and nothing can make all different for us. I am a dissolute planter of Jamaica who has snatched from destiny a living and some riches. I have a bad name in the world. Yet by saving the King's navy from defeat out here I did a good turn for my country and the empire.

"So much to the good. It brought me freedom from the rope and pardon for my chief offence. Then, in company with a rogue, I got wealth, and here I am in the bottom of my luxury, drunken and obscene—yes, obscene, for I permit my overseers and my manager to keep black women and have children by them. That I do not do so myself is no virtue on my part. [Continued on page 56]

THIS EFFECTIVE BRAN CEREAL

doubles the delight of breakfast



FIRST—there's the pleasant realization that you are getting from it bulk you need to keep you fit, regular, and normal. Then

there's the delicious flavor of the flakes themselves—mellow, crisp, and wholesome as the sunny grain fields from which they come. No wonder that Post's Bran Flakes has become the most popular bran cereal in the world!

For the next two weeks eat Post's Bran Flakes each morning crisp from the package, poured into a bowl of milk or cream—sometimes with fruit—some days in muffins or in bread. Enjoy the results of eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly. See what it feels like really—*really* to feel good.



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● Because—by analyzing the various floor treatments you'd come to this: You can't scrub a floor every day, even if you wanted to. You'd ruin it. Oil treatment leaves a damp sticky floor. Dirt naturally clings to it. Becomes embedded. Glance at the bottom of your slippers some time ● But when the floors are *waxed*, they are clean! Glistening. Perfectly dry. Easy to keep clean. Dust can't cling to them. It stays on top. Whisk—gone! Floors glow again. Protected from scars, mars, scratches, scuffs, rings, stains, spots, and heavy traffic. Good for life! Wood. Linoleum. Both! ● And the electric polisher does the work. You simply guide it ● If you'd like a 25c bottle of wax to try, mail the coupon—with stamps to cover mailing costs.

To wax polish and clean floors

(1) Where floor is soiled, apply Johnson's Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner. (2) Wipe up all liquid solution with clean rags. All embedded dirt, now dissolved, comes with it. (3) Apply



thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear, radiant lustre.

This floor equipment, modern
cleans and polishes floors for you. The Johnson Polisher may be rented for \$2 a day. Your dealer will deliver it.

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NAME _____

(Please print)

ADDRESS _____

No Defence

Continued from page 55

I fill myself with drink. I have a bottle of Madeira or port every night, and pints of beer or claret. I am a creature of low habits, a man sodden with self-indulgence. And when I am in drink, no slaver can be more cruel and ruthless.

"Yet I am moderate in eating. The meals that people devour here almost revolt me. They eat like cormorants and drink like dry ground; but at my table I am careful, save with the bottle. This is a land of wonderful fruits, and I eat in quantities pineapple, tamarind, pawpaw, guava, sweet-sop, star-apple, granadilla, hog-plum, Spanish-gooseberry, and pindal-nut. These are native, but there are also the orange, lemon, lime, shaddock, melon, fig, pomegranate, cinnamon, and mango, brought chiefly from the Spanish lands of South America. The fruit-market here is good, Heaven knows, and I have my run of it. Perhaps that is why my drink does not fatten me greatly. Yes, I am thin—thinner even than when you saw me last. How wonderful a day it was. You remember it, I'm sure.

"We stood on the high hills, you and I, looking to the west. It was a true Irish day. A little in front of us, in the sky, were great clusters of clouds, and beyond them, as far as eye could see, were hills so delicately green, so spotted with settlements, so misty and full of glamour, and so cheerful with the western light. And the storm broke—do you remember it? It broke, but not on us. It fell on the middle of the prospect before us, and we saw beyond it the bright area of sunny country where men work and prophesy and slave, and pray to the ancient gods and acclaim the saints, and die and fructify the mould; where such as Christopher Dogan live, and men a thousand times lower than he.

"It seems strange to me that I am as near to the United States here in Jamaica, or almost as near, as one in London is to one in Dublin; and yet one might as well be ten thousand leagues distant for all it means to her one loves in the United States. Yes, dear Sheila, I love you, and I would tear out the heart of the world for you. I bathe my whole being in your beauty and your charm. I hunger for you—to stand beside you, to listen to your voice, to dip my prison fingers into the pure cauldron of your soul and feel my own soul expand. I wonder why it is that today I feel more than I ever felt before the rare splendor of your person.

"For I have always loved you, always heard you calling me, as if from some sacred corner of a perfect world. Is it that yesterday's dissipation—yes, I was drunk overnight, drunk in a new way. I was drunk with the thought of you, the longing for you. I picked a big handful of roses, and in my mind gave them into your hands. And I thought you smiled and said:

"Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter Paradise."

"So I followed you to your home there in the Virginian country. It was a dream, all except the roses, and those I laid in front of the box where I keep your letters and a sketch I made of you when we were young and glad—when I was young and glad. For I am an old man, Sheila, in all that makes men old. My step is quick still, my eye is sharp, and my brain beats fast, but my heart is ancient. I am an ancient of days, without hope or pleasure, save what pleasure comes in thinking of one who must ever be worshiped from afar. I wonder why I seem to feel you very near today!

"Is it because of the past in Ireland? Am I only—God, am I only to be what I am for the rest of my days, a planter denied the pleasure of home by his own acts. Am I only a helpless fragment of a world of lost things. I have no friends—but yes, I have. I have Michael Clones and Captain Ivy though he's far away—aye, he's a friend of friends, is Captain Ivy. These naval folk have had so much of the world, have got the the bearings of so many seas, that they lose all littleness, and form their own minds. They are not like the people who knew me in Ireland—the governor

here is one of them—and who believe the worst of me. The governor—faugh, he was made for bigger and better things! I have no social home life, and yet I live in what is called a castle. A Jamaica castle has none of the marks of antiquity, chivalry, and distinction which castles that you and I know in the old land possess.

"What is my castle like? Well, it is a squarish building, of bungalow type, set on a hill. It has stories and an attic, with a jutting dormer-window in the front of the roof; and above the lowest story there is a great veranda, on which the living-rooms and bedrooms open. It is commodious, and yet from a broad standpoint it is without style or distinction. It has none of those Corinthian pillars which your homesteads in America have. Yet there is in it a simple elegance. It has no carpets, but a shining mahogany floor, for there are few carpets in this land of heat. It is a place where music and mirth and family voices would be fitting; but there are no family voices here, save such as speak with a negro lisp and oracularly.

"I can hear music at this moment, and inside my castle. It comes from the irrepressible throats of my cook and my housemaid, who have more joy in the language of the plantation than you could have in the songs of St. Angelus. The only person in this castle out of spirits is its owner.

"My castle is embowered in a loose grove of palms and acacias, pimento shrubs, splendid star-apples, and bully-trees, with wild lemon, mahogany, dogwood, Jerusalem-thorn, and the waving plumes of bamboo canes. There is nothing British in it—nothing at all. It stands on brick pillars, is reached by a stair of marble slabs, and has a great piazza on the front. You enter a fine, big hall, dark—you will understand that, though it is not so hot in Virginia, for the darkness makes for coolness. From the hall the bedrooms open all round. We are not so barbaric here as you might think, for my dining-room, which lies beyond the hall, with jealousies, or movable blinds, exposed to all the winds, is comfortable, even ornate. There you shall see wax-lights on the table, and finger-glasses with green leaves, and fine linen and napkins, and plenty of silver—even silver wine-coolers, and beakers of fame and beauty, and flowers, flowers everywhere, and fruit of exquisite charm. I have to live in outward seeming as do my neighbors, even to keeping a black footman, gorgeously dressed, with bare legs.

"Here at my window grows a wild aloe, and it is in flower. Once only in fifty years does this aloe flower, and I pick its sweet verdure now and offer it to you. There it lies, beside this letter that I am writing. It is typical of myself, for only once has my heart flowered, and it will be only once in fifty years. The perfume of the flower is like an everlasting bud from the last tree of Time. See, my Sheila, your drunken, reckless lover pulls this sweet offering from his garden and offers it to you. He has no virtues; and yet he would have been a thousand times worse if you had not come into his life. He had in him the seeds of trouble, the sproutings of shame, for even in the first days of his love there in Dublin he would not restrain himself. He drank, he played cards, he fought and went with bad company—not women, never that; but he kept the company of those through whom he came at last to punishment for manslaughter.

"Yet, without you, who can tell what he might have been? He might have fallen so low that not the wealth of ten thousand treasure-boxes could give him even the appearance of honesty. And now he offers you what you cannot accept—can never accept—a love as deep as the life from which he came; a love that would throttle the world for you, that would force the doors of hell to bring you what you want.

"What do you want? I know not. Perhaps you have inherited the vast property to which you were the heir. If you have, what can you want that you have not [Continued on page 57]

No Defence

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means to procure. Ah, I have learned one thing, my friend—one can get nearly everything with money. It is the hidden machinery which makes the world of success go round. With brains, you say? Yes, money and brains, but without the money brains seldom win alone. Do not I know? When I was in prison, with estate vanished and home gone and my father in his grave, who was concerned about me?

"Only the humblest of all God's Irish people; but with them I have somehow managed to win back lost ground. I am a stronger man than I was in all that men count of value in the world. I have an estate where I work like any youth who has everything before him. I have nothing before me, yet I shall go on working to the end. Why? Because I have some faculties which are more than bread and butter, and I must give them opportunity.

"Yet I am not always sane. Sometimes I feel I could march out and sweep into the sea one of the towns that dot the coast of this island. I have the bloody thirst, as said the great Spanish conquistador. I would like—yes, sometimes I would like to sweep to a watery grave one of the towns that are a glory to this island, as Savanna la Mar was swept to oblivion in the year 1780 by a hurricane. You can still see the ruins of the town at the bottom of the sea—I have sailed over it in what is now the harbor, and there beneath, on the dead sands, lost to time and trouble, is the slain town of Savanna la Mar. Was the Master of the World angry that day when, with a besom of wind and a tidal wave, He swept the place into the sea? Or was it some devil's work while the Lord of All slept? As the Spanish say, Quien sabe?

"Then there was that other enormous incident which made a man to be swallowed by an earthquake, then belched out again into the sea and picked up and restored to life again, and to live for many years. Indeed, yes, it is so. His tombstone may be seen even at this day at Green Bay, Kingston. His name was Lewis Galdy, and he is held in high repute in this land.

"I feel sometimes as Beelzebub may feel, and I long to do what Beelzebub might do as part of his mission. Sometimes a madness of revolt comes over me, and I long to ravage all the places I see, all the people I know—or nearly all. Why I do not have negroes thrashed and mutilated, as some do, I know not. Over against the southern shore in the parish of St. Elizabeth is an estate, called Salem, owned, it is said, by an American, where the manager does such things. I am told that savageries are performed there. There are too many absentee owners of land in this island, and the wrongs done by agents who have no personal honor at stake are all too plentiful.

"I look out on a world of summer beauty and of heat. I see the sheep in hundreds on the far hills of pasture—sheep with short hair, small and sweet as any that ever came from the South Downs. I see the natives in their Madras handkerchiefs. I see upon the road some planter in his kuteen—a sort of sedan chair; I see a negro funeral, with its strange ceremony and its gumbies of African drums. I see 'yam-fed planters,' on their horses, making for the burning, sandy streets of the capital. I see the Scots grass growing five and six feet high, food unsurpassed for horses—all the foliage, too—beautiful tropical trees and shrubs, and here and there a huge breeding-farm. Yet I know that out beyond my sight there is the region known as Trelawney, and Trelawney Town, the headquarters of the Maroons, the free negroes—they who fled after the Spanish had been conquered and the British came, and who were later freed and secured by the Trelawney Treaty. I know that now they are ready to rise, that they are working among the slaves; and if they rise the danger is great to the white population of the island, who are outnumbered ten to one.

"The governor has been warned, but he gives no heed, or treats it all lightly, pointing out how few the Maroons are. He forgets that a few determined men can demoralize a whole state, can fight and murder and fly to dark coverts in the tropical woods, where they cannot be tracked down and destroyed; and, if they have made supporters of the slaves, what consequences may not follow!

"What do the Maroons look like? They are ferocious and isolated, they are proud and overbearing, they are horribly cruel, but they are potent, and are difficult to reach. They are not small and meagre, but are big, brawny fellows, clothed in wide duck trousers and shirts, and they are well armed—cutlass, powder-horn, haversack, sling, shot-gun, and pouch for ball. They dress as the country requires, and they are strong fighters against our soldiers who are burdened with heavy muskets, and who defy the climate, with their stuffed coats, their weighty caps, and their tight cross-belts. The Maroons are not to be despised. They have brains, the insolence of freedom among natives who are not free, and vast cruelty. They can be mastered and kept in subjection, can be made allies, if properly handled; but Lord Mallow goes the wrong way about it all. He permits things that inflame the Maroons.

"One thing is clear to me—only by hounds can these people be defeated. So sure am I upon this point, that I have sent to Cuba for sixty hounds, with which, when the trouble comes—and it is not far off—we shall be able to hunt the Maroons with the only weapon they really fear—the dog's sharp tooth. It may be the governor may intervene on the arrival of the dogs; but I have made friends with the provost-marshal-general and some members of the Jamaica legislature; also I have a friend in the deputy of the provost-marshal-general in my parish of Clarendon here, and I will make a good bet that the dogs will be let come into the island, governor or no governor.

"When one sets one's self against the Crown one must be sure of one's ground, and fear no foe, however great and high. Well, I have won so far, and I shall win in the end. Mallow should have some respect for one that beat him at Phoenix Park with the sword; that beat him when he would have me imprisoned here; that beat him in the matter of the ship for Haiti, and that will beat him on every hazard he sets, unless he stoops to underhand acts, which he will not do. That much must be said for him. He plays his part in no small way, and he is more a bigot and a fanatic loyalist than a rogue. Suppose—but no, I will not suppose. I will lay my plans, I will keep faith with people here who trust me, and who know that if I am stern I am also just, and I will play according to the rules made by better men than myself.

"But what is this I see? Michael Clones—in his white jean waistcoat, white neckcloth and trousers, and blue coat—is coming up the drive in hot haste, bearing a letter. He rides too hard. He has never carried himself easily in this climate. He treats it as if it was Ireland. He will not protect himself, and, if penalty followed folly, should now be in his grave. I like you, Michael. You are a boon, but—"

DYCK CALHOUN'S letter was never ended. It was only a relic of the years spent in Jamaica, only a sign of his well-being, though it gave no real picture of himself. He did not know how like a tyrant he had become in some small ways, while in the large things he remained generous, urbane, and resourceful. He was in appearance thin, dark-favored, buoyant in manner, and stern of face, with splendid eyes. Had he dwelt on Olympus, he might have been summoned to judge and chastise the sons of men.

When Michael Clones came to the doorway, Dyck laid down his quill-pen and eyed the flushed servant in disapproval. [Continued on page 58]

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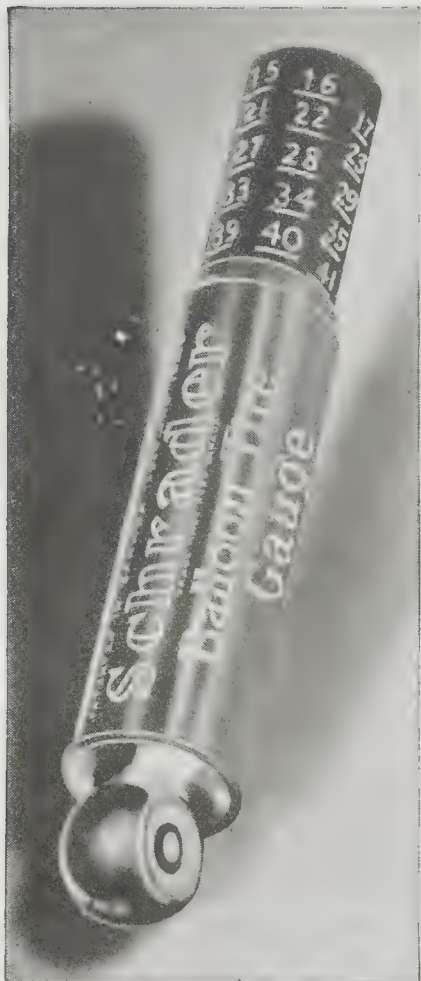
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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves

Tire Gauges

No Defence

Continued from page 57

"What is it, Michael? Wherefore this starkness? Is some one come from heaven?"

"Not precisely from heaven, y'r honor, but—"

"But—yes, Michael! Have done with but-ting, and come to the real matter."

"Well, sir, they've come from Virginia."

Dyck Calhoun slowly got to his feet, his face paling, his body stiffening. From Virginia! Who should be coming from Virginia, save she to whom he had just been writing?

"Who has come from Virginia?"

He knew, but he wanted it said.

"Sure, you knew a vessel came from America last night. Well, in her was one that was called the Queen of Ireland long ago."

"Queen of Ireland—well, what then?" Dyck's voice was tuneless, his manner rigid, his eyes burning.

"Well, she—Miss Sheila Lynn and her mother are going to the Salem Plantation, down by the Essex Valley Mountain. It is her plantation now. It belonged to her uncle, Bryan Lynn. He got it in payment of a debt. He's dead now, and all his lands and wealth have come to her. Her mother, Mrs. Lynn, is with her, and they start tomorrow or the next day for Salem. There'll be different doings at Salem henceforward, y'r honor. She's not the woman to see slaves treated as the manager at Salem treated 'em."

Dyck Calhoun made an impatient gesture at this last remark.

"Yes, yes, Michael. Where are they now?"

"They're at Charlotte Bedford's lodgings in Spanish Town. The governor waited on them this morning. The governor sent them flowers and—"

"Flowers—Lord Mallow sent them flowers! Hell's fiend, man, suppose he did?"

"There are better flowers here than in any Spanish Town."

"Well, take them, Michael; but if you do, come here again no more while you live, for I'll have none of you. Do you think I'm entering the lists against the King's governor?"

"You've done it before, sir, and there's no harm in doing it again. One good turn deserves another. I've also to tell you, sir, that Lord Mallow has asked them to stay at King's House."

"Lord Mallow has asked Americans to stay at King's House?"

"But they're Irish, and he knew them in Ireland y'r honor!"

"Well he knew me in Ireland, and I'm proscribed!"

"Ah, that's different, as you know. There's no war on now, and they're only good American citizens who own land in this dominion of the King; so why shouldn't he give them courtesy?"

"From whom do you get your information?" asked Dyck Calhoun with an air of suspicion.

"From Darius Boland, y'r honor," answered Michael, with a smile. "Who is Darius Boland, you're askin' in y'r mind? Well, he's the new manager come from the Lynn plantations in Virginia; and right good stuff he is, with a tongue that's as dry as cut-wheat in August. And there's humor in him, plenty—aye, plenty. When did I see him, and how? Well, I saw him this mornin', on the quay at Kingston. He was orderin' the porters about with an air—oh, bedad, an air! I saw the name upon the parcels—Miss Sheila Lynn, of Moira, Virginia, and so I spoke to him. The rest was aisy. He looked me up and down in a flash, like a searchlight playin' on an enemy ship, and then he smiled. 'Well,' said he, 'who might you be? For there's queer folks in Jamaica, I'm told.' So I said I was Michael Clones, and at that he doffed his hat and held out a hand. 'Well, here's luck,' said he. 'Luck at the very start! I've heard of you from my mistress. You're servant to Mr. Dyck Calhoun—ain't that it?' And I nodded, and he smiled again—a smile that'd cost money anywhere else than in Jamaica. He smiled again, and give a slow hitch to his breeches as though they was fallin' down. Why, sir, he's the longest bit of man you ever saw, with a pointed beard, and a nose

that's as long as a midshipman's tongue, dry, lean, and elastic. He's quick and slow all at once. His small eyes twinkle like stars beatin' up against bad weather, and his skin's the color of Scots grass in the dead of summer—yaller, he'd call it if he called it anny-thing, and yaller was what he called the look of the sky above the hills. Queer way of talk he has, that man, as queer as—"

"I understand, Michael. But what else? How did you come to talk about the affairs of Mrs. and Miss Lynn? He didn't just spit it out, did he?"

"Sure, not so quick and free as spittin', y'r honor; but when he'd sorted me out, as it were, he said Miss Lynn had come out here to take charge of Salem; her own estate in Virginia bein' in such good runnin' order, and her mind bein' active. Word had come of the trouble with the manager here, and one of the provost-marshal's deputies had written accounts of the flogging and ill-treatment of slaves, and that's why she come—to put things right at Salem!"

"To put things wrong in Jamaica, Michael, that's why she's come. To loose the ball of confusion and free the flood of tragedy—that's why she's come! Man, Michael, you know her history—who she was and what happened to her father. Well, do you think there's no tragedy in her coming here? I killed her father, they say, Michael. I was punished for it. I came here to be free of all those things—lifted out and away from them all. I longed to forget the past, which is only shame and torture; and here it is all spread out at my door again like a mat, which I must see as I go in and out. Essex Valley—why, it's less than a day's ride from here, far less than a day's ride! It can be ridden in four or five hours at a trot. Michael, it's all a damnable business. And here she is in Jamaica with her Darius Boland! There was no talk on Boland's part of their coming here, was there, Michael?"

"None at all, sir, but there was that in the man's eye, and that in his tone, which made me sure he thought Miss Lynn and you would meet."

"That would be strange, wouldn't it, in this immense continent!" Dyck remarked cynically. "She knew I was here before she came?"

"Aye, she knew. She had seen your name in the papers—English and Jamaican. She knew you had regained your life and place, and was a man of mark here."

"A marked man, you mean, Michael—a man whom the King has had to pardon of a crime because of an act done that served the State. I am forbidden to return to the British Isles or to the land of my birth, forbidden free traffic as a citizen, hammered out of recognition by the strokes of enmity. A man of mark indeed! Aye, with the broad arrow on me, with the shame of prison and mutiny on my name!"

"But if she don't believe?"

"If she don't believe! Well, she must be told the truth at last. I wonder her

mother let her come here. Her mother knew part of the truth. She hid it all from the girl—and now they are here!"

"Perhaps her mother didn't know you were here, sir."

Dyck laughed grimly.

"Michael, you've a lawyer's mind. Perhaps you're right. The girl may have hid from her mother newspapers referring to me. That may well be; but it's not the way that will bring—understanding."

"I think it's the truth, sir, for Darius Boland spoke naught of the mother—indeed, he said only what would make me think the girl came with her own ends in view. Faith, I'm sure the mother did not know."

"She will know now. Your Darius Boland will tell her."

"By St. Peter, it doesn't matter who tells her, sir. The business must be faced."

"Michael, order my horse, and I will go to Spanish Town. This matter must be brought to a head. The truth must be told. Order my horse!"

"It is the very heat of the day, sir."

"Then at five o'clock, after dinner, have my horse here."

"Am I to ride you, sir?"

Dyck nodded.

"Yes, Michael. There's only one thing to do—face all the facts with all the evidence, and you are fact and evidence, too. You know more of the truth than any one else."

SEVERAL hours later, when the sun was abating its force a little, after traveling the burning roads through yams and cocoa, granadillas and all kinds of herbs and roots and vagrant trees, Dyck Calhoun and Michael Clones came into Spanish Town. Dyck rode the unpaved streets on his horse with its high demipique Spanish saddle, with its silver stirrups and heavy bit, and made his way towards Charlotte Bedford's lodgings.

Dyck looked round upon the town with new eyes. He saw it like one for the first time visiting it. He saw the people passing through the wide verandas of the houses, like a vast colonnade, down the street, to be happily sheltered from the fierce sun. As he had come down from the hills he thought he had never seen the houses look more beautiful in their gardens of wild tamarinds, kennips, cocoa-nuts, pimentos, and palms, backed by negro huts. He had seen all sorts of people at the draw-wells of the houses—British, Spanish, French, South American, creoles, and here and there a maroon, and the everlasting negro who sang as he worked:

Come along o' me, my buccra brave,
You see de shild de Lord he gave;
You dring de sangaree,
I make de frichasse—

Here a face peeped out from the glazed sash of the jalousies of the balconies above—a face that could never be said to be white, though it had only a tinge of black in its coaxing beauty. There a workman with long hair and shag trousers painted the prevailing two-storied house, the prevailing color, white and green. There was a young naval officer in full dress, gold-buckled shoes, white trousers, short jacket with gold swab on shoulders, dress-sword and smart gait making for supper at King's House. Also a long-legged "son of a gun" of a Yankee had a "clapper-claw," or handshake with a planting-attorney in a kind of four-posted gig, canopied in leather and curtained clumsily. The Yankee laughed at the heavy straight shafts and the mule that drew the volante, as the gig was called, and the vehicle creaked and cried as it rolled along over the dry road. There a French officer in Hessian boots, white trousers, blue uniform, and much-embroidered scarlet cuffs watched with amusement a slave carrying a bobble, or earthen jar, upon his head like an Egyptian, untouched by the hand, so adding dignity to carriage. He was holding a "round-aboutation" with an old hag who was telling his fortune.

[Continued on page 61]





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No Defence

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As they passed King's House, they saw troops of the viceroy's guests issuing from the palace—officers of the King's navy and army, officers and men of the Jamaica militia, pale-faced, big-eyed men of the creole class, mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons, Samboes with their wives in loose skirts, white stockings, and pinnacle hats. There also passed, in the streets, black servants with tin cases on their heads, or carrying parcels in their arms, and here and there processions of servants, each with something that belonged to their mistresses, who would presently be attending the King's ball. Snatches of song were heard, and voices of men who had had a full meal and had had "taken observations"—as looking through the bottom of a glass of liquor was called by people with naval spirit—were mixed in careless carousal.

All this jarred on Dyck Calhoun and gave revolt to his senses. Yet he was only half-conscious of the great sensuousness of the scene as he passed through it. Now and then some one doffed a hat to him, and very occasionally some half-drunken citizen tossed at him a remark meant to wound; but he took no notice, and was content to let things pleasant and provocative pass down the long ranges of indifference. All was brought to focus at last, however, by their arrival at Charlotte Bedford's lodgings, which, like most houses in the town, had a lookout or belfry fitted with green blinds and a telescope, and had a green-painted wooden railing round it.

At the very entrance, inside the gate, in the garden, they saw Sheila Lynn, her mother, and Darius Boland, who seemed to be enduring from the mother some sharp reprimand, to the amusement of the daughter.

As the gate closed behind Dyck and Michael, the three from Virginia turned round and faced them. As Dyck came forward, Sheila flushed and trembled. She was no longer a young girl, but her slim straightness, and the soft lines of her figure gave her a dignity and charm which made her young womanhood distinguished—for she was now twenty-five, and had a carriage of which a princess might have been proud. Yet it was plain that the entrance of Dyck at this moment was disturbing. It was not what she had foreseen.

She showed no hesitation, however, but came forward to meet her visitor, while Michael fell back, as also did Darius Boland. Both these seemed to realize that the less they saw and heard, the better; and they presently got together in another part of the garden, as Dyck Calhoun came near enough almost to touch Sheila.

Surely, he thought, she was supreme in appearance and design. She was like some rare flower of the field, alert, gentle, strong, intrepid, with buoyant face, brown hair, blue eyes and cream-like skin. She was touched by a rose on each cheek and made womanly by firm and yet generous breasts, tenderly imprisoned by the white chiffon of her blouse in which was one bright sprig of the buds of a cherry-tree—a touch of modest luxuriance on a person sparsely ornamented. It was not tropical, this picture of Sheila Lynn; it was a flick of northern life in a summer sky. It was at once cheerful and apart. It had no August in it; no oil and wine. It was the little twig that grew by a running spring. It was fresh, dominant and serene. It was Connemara on the Amazon! It was Sheila herself, whom time had enriched with far more than years and experience. It was a personality which would anywhere have taken place and held it. It was undefeatable, persistent and permanent; it was the spirit of Ireland loose in a world that was far apart from Ireland as she was from her dead, dishonored father.

And Dyck? At first she felt she must fly to him—yes, in spite of the fact that he had suffered prison for manslaughter. But a nearer look at him stopped the impulse at its birth. Here was the Dyck Calhoun she had known in days gone by, but not the Dyck she had looked to see; for this man was

like one who had come from a hanging, who had seen his dearest swinging at the end of a rope. His face was set in coldness; his hair was streaked with gray; his forehead had a line in the middle; his manner was rigid, almost frigid, indeed. Only in his eyes was there that which denied all that his face and manner said—a hungry absorbing, hopeless look, the look of one who searches for a friend in the denying desert.

Somehow, when he bowed low to her, and looked her in the eyes as no one in all her life had ever done, she had an almost agonized understanding of what a man feels who has been imprisoned—that he is never the same again. He was an ex-convict, and yet she did not feel repelled by him. She did not believe he had killed Erris Boyne. As for the later crime of mutiny, that did not concern her much. She was Irish; but, more than that, she was in sympathy with the mutineers. She understood why Dyck Calhoun, enlisting as a common sailor, should take up their cause and run risk to advance it. That he had advanced it was known to all the world; that he had paid the price of his mutiny by saving the King's navy with a stolen ship had brought him pardon for his theft of a ship and mutiny; and that he had won wealth was but another proof of the man's power.

"You would not come to America, so I came here, and—" She paused, her voice trembling slightly.

"There is much to do at Salem," he added calmly, and yet with his heart beating, as it had not beaten since the day he had first met her at Playmore.

"You would not fake the money I sent to Dublin for you—the gift of a believing friend, and you would not come to America!"

"I shall have to tell you why one day," he answered slowly, "but I'll pay my respects to your mother now."

So saying he went forward and bowed low to Mrs. Lynn. Unlike her daughter, Mrs. Lynn did not offer her hand. She was pale, distraught, troubled—and vexed. She, however, murmured his name and bowed.

"You did not expect to see me here in Jamaica," he said boldly.

"Frankly, I did not, Mr. Calhoun," she said.

"You resent my coming here to see you? You think it bold, at least."

She looked at him closely and firmly. "You know why I cannot welcome you."

"Yet I have paid the account demanded by the law. And you had no regard for him. You divorced him."

Sheila had drawn near, and Dyck made a gesture in her direction. "She does not know," he said, "and she should not hear what we say now?"

Mrs. Lynn nodded, and in a low tone told Sheila that she wished to be alone with Dyck for a little while. In Dyck's eyes, as he watched Sheila go, was a thing deeper than he had ever known or shown before. In her white gown, and with her light step, Sheila seemed to float away—a picture graceful, stately, buoyant, "keen and small." As she was about to pass beyond a clump of pimento bushes, she turned her head towards the two, and there was that in her eyes which few ever see and seeing are afterwards the same. It was a look of inquiry, or revelation, of emotion which went to Dyck's heart.

"No, she does not know the truth," Mrs. Lynn said. "But it has been hard hiding it from her. One never knew whether some chance remark, some allusion in the papers would tell her you had killed her father."

"Did I kill her father?" asked Dyck helplessly. "Did I? I was found guilty of it, but on my honor, Mrs. Lynn, I do not know, and I do not think I did. I have no memory of it. We quarreled. I drew my sword on him, then he made an explanation and I madly, stupidly drank drugged wine in reconciliation with him, and then I remember nothing more—nothing at all."

"What was the cause of your quarrel?"

Dyck looked at her long before

answering. "I hid that from my father even, and hid it from the world—did not even mention it in court at the trial. If I had, perhaps, I should not have gone to jail. If I had, perhaps, I should not be here in Jamaica. If I had—" He paused, a flood of reflection drowning his face, making his eyes shine with black sorrow.

"Well, if you had!...Why did you not? Wasn't it your duty to save yourself and save your friends, if you could. Wasn't that your plain duty?"

"Yes, and that was why I did not tell what the quarrel was. If I had, even had I killed Erris Boyne, the jury would not have convicted me. Of that I am sure. It was a loyalist jury."

"Then why did you not?"

"Isn't it strange that now after all these years, when I have settled the account with judge and jury, with state and law—that now I feel I must tell you the truth? Madam, your ex-husband, Erris Boyne, was a traitor. He was an officer in the French army, and he offered to make me an officer also and pay me well in French Government money, if I would break my allegiance and serve the French cause—Ah, don't start! He knew I was on my last legs financially. He knew I had acquaintance with young rebel leaders like Emmet, and he felt I could be won. So he made his proposal. Because of your daughter I held my peace, for she could bear it less than you. I did not tell the cause of the quarrel. If I had, there would have been for her the double shame. That was why I held my peace—a fool, but so it was!"

The woman seemed almost robbed of understanding. His story overwhelmed her. Yet what the man had done was so quixotic, so Celtic, that her senses were almost paralyzed.

"So mad—so mad and bad and wild you were," she said. "Could you not see it was your duty to tell all, no matter what the consequences? The man was a villain. But what madness you were guilty of, what cruel madness! Only you could have done a thing like that. Erris Boyne deserved death—I care not who killed him—you or another. He deserved death, and it was right he should die. But that you should kill him, apart from all else—why, indeed, oh, indeed, it is a tragedy, for you loved my daughter, and the killing made a gulf between you! There could be no marriage in such a case. She could not bear it, nor could you. But please know this, Mr. Calhoun, that she never believed you killed Erris Boyne. She has said so again and again. You are the only man who has ever touched her mind or her senses, though many have sought her. Wherever she goes men try to win her, but she has no thought for any. Her mind goes back to you. Just when you entered the garden I learned—and only then—that you were here. She hid it from me, but Darius Boland knew, and he had seen your man, Michael Clones, and she had then made him tell me. I was incensed. I was her mother, and yet she had hid the thing from me. I thought she came to this island for the sake of Salem, and I found that she came not for Salem, but for you...Ah, Mr. Calhoun, she deserves what you did to save her, but you should not have done it."

"She deserves all that any better man might do. Why don't you marry her to some great man in your Republic? It would settle my trouble for me and free her mind from anxiety. Mrs. Lynn, we are not children, you and I. You know life, and so do I, and—"

She interrupted him. "Be sure of this, Mr. Calhoun, she knows life even better than either of us. She is, and has always been, a girl of sense and judgment. When she was a child she was my master, even in Ireland. Yet she was obedient and faithful, and kept her head in all vexed things. She will have her way, and she will have it as she wants it, and in no other manner. She is one of the world's great women. She is unique. Child as she is, she still understands all that men do, and does it. Under her hands the estates in Virginia have [Continued on page 62]

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No Defence

Continued from page 61

developed even more than under the hands of my brother. She controls like another Elizabeth. She has made those estates run like a spool of thread, and she will do the same here with Salem. Be sure of that."

"Why does she not marry? Is there no man she can bear? She could have the highest, that's sure."

He spoke with passion and insistence. If she were married his trouble would be over. The worst would have come to him—like death. His eyes were only two dark fires in a face that was as near to tragic pain crystallized as any the world has seen. Yet there was in it some big commanding thing that gave it a ghastly handsomeness almost; that bathed his look in dignity and power, albeit a reckless power, a thing that would not be stayed by any blandishments. He had the look of a lost angel, one who fell with Belial in the first days of sin.

"There is no man she can bear—except here in Jamaica. It is no use. Your governor, Lord Mallow, whom she knew in Ireland, who is distant kin of mine, he has already made advances here to her, as he did in Ireland—you did not know that. Even before we left for Virginia he came to see us, and brought her books and flowers, and here, on our arrival, he brought her choicest blooms of his garden. She is rich, and he would be glad of an estate that brings in scores of thousands of pounds yearly. He has asked us to stay at King's House, but we have declined. We start for Salem in a few hours. She wants her hand on the wheel."

"Lord Mallow—he courts her, does he?" His face grew grimmer. "Well, she might do worse, though if she were one of my family I would rather see her in her grave than wedded to him. For he is selfish—aye, as few men are! He would eat and keep his apple, too. His theory is that life is but a game, and it must be played with steel. He would squeeze the life out of a flower, and give the flower to his dog to eat. He thinks first and always of himself. He would—but there, he would make a good husband as husbands go for some women, but not for this woman! It is not because he is my enemy I say this. It is because there is only one woman like your daughter, and that is herself; and I would rather see her married to a hedger that really loved her than to Lord Mallow, who loves only one being on earth—himself. But see, Mrs. Llyn, now that you know all, now that we three have met again, and this island is small and tragedy is at our doors, don't you think your daughter should be told the truth? It will end everything for me. But it would be better so. It is now only cruelty to hide the truth, harsh to continue a friendship which will only appall her in the end. If we had not met again like this, then silence might have been best; but as she is not cured of her tender friendship made upon the hills at Playmore, isn't

it well to end it all? Your conscience will be clearer, and so will mine. We shall have done the right thing at last. Why did you not tell her who her father was? Then why blame me? You held your peace to save you daughter, as you thought. I held my tongue for the same reason; but she is so much a woman now that she will understand as she could not have understood years ago in Limerick. In God's name let us speak. One of us should tell her, and I think it should be you. And see, though I know I did right in withholding the facts about the quarrel with Erris Boyne, yet I favor telling her that he was a traitor. The whole truth now or nothing. That is my view."

He saw how lined and sunken was her face; he noted the weakness of her carriage; he realized the task he was putting on her, and his heart relented. "No, I will do it," he added, with sudden will, "and I will do it now, if I may."

"Oh, not today—not today!" she said with a piteous look. "Let it not be today. It is our first day here, and we are due at King's House tonight, even in an hour from now."

"You want her at her glorious best, is that it?" It seemed too strange that the pure feminine should show at a time of crisis like this, but there it was. It was this woman's way. But he added presently: "When she asks you what we have talked about, what will you say?"

"Is it not easy? I am a mother," she said meaningly.

"And I am an ex-convict, and a mutineer—is that it?"

She inclined her head. "It should not be difficult to explain. When you came I was speaking as I felt, and she will not think it strange, if I give that as my reason."

"But is it wise? Isn't it better to end it all now? Suppose Lord Mallow tells her."

"He did not before. He is not likely now," was the vexed reply. "Is it a thing a gentleman will speak of to a lady?"

"But you do not know Mallow. If he thought she had seen me today, he would not hesitate. What would you do, if you were Lord Mallow?"

"No, not today," she persisted. "It is all so many years ago. It can hurt naught to wait a little longer."

"When and where shall it be?" he asked gloomily.

"At Salem—at Salem. We shall be settled then—and steady. There is every reason why you should consider me. I have suffered as few women have suffered, and I do not hate you. I am only sorry."

Far down at the other end of the garden he saw Sheila. He face was in profile—an exquisite silhouette. She moved slowly among the pimento bushes.

"As you wish," he said with a heavy sigh. The sight of the girl anguished his soul.

(To be Continued Next Month)

Brain Children

By Bertha Alexander

*I cannot sleep!
For I have children waiting to be born,
Their struggles make me weep;
So through the night I feel forlorn,
I long intensely for the morn.*

*Although my children cannot speak,
They clamor through the night,
Their struggles make me weak;
All want to be the first to see the light,
Each wants to be the first-born, as his right,
They wear my body out, they fight and fight.*

*One came to me in a storm, at sea,
It was conceived in fear,
Although that one may be quite frail,
To me, it is most dear;
One belongs to the mountains high,
And one to the forest glade,
One belongs to the soft moon-light
Which shone, when our vows were made.*

*One came to me in sadness,
The day you went away;*

*And one the day you came back,
For then my heart was gay;
But Ah! one day I wandered,
I found a lover new,
And many were begotten
Ere I came back to you.*

*I have many little ones
Waiting to see the light;
I have daughters, I have sons,
They get attention through the night;
But when day comes, so much it brings
To take my thoughts off greater things,
The big things, that have been inspired
Within my brain, by things desired.*

*I let them starve, I do not feed,
Nor give them any thing they need;
I let my children get so weak,
They never see the light they seek;
And though I know, to me, they're worth
Far more than any thing on earth,
Through my neglect, they die at birth.*

Legal Information

Continued from page 53

and was to pay \$10.00 each month. I owe \$150.00 yet on piano. Can the company garnishee my wages to collect balance? If not, what can they do?—Subscriber.

A. We cannot give you complete advice unless we have an opportunity to examine all documents signed by you. Judging from the usual form of such documents the company is entitled to sue you to collect the balance which you owe them whenever you make default in payment of any instalment due on the agreement, and possibly also whenever the company considers that the account is becoming insecure. If they are entitled to take proceedings against you they can take any court proceedings available including garnishing proceedings. Whether they will be successful in actually attaching any moneys depends upon the terms of your employment.

Q. 2. I have rented my house in town to an elevator man. Can I put him out during winter months? Must I give him thirty days notice? If he moves out without paying rent can I garnishee his wages? If so, can I force him to pay costs of action?—Subscriber.

A. 2. The time of year has nothing to do with your rights to obtain possession of your house. It depends upon the terms of the lease what notice you must give your tenant. If you have rented the house to him for a year you may not be able to obtain possession within the year. If you rented the house for an indefinite period and the rent is payable monthly, then usually a full month's notice is sufficient. Notice must be given a full month ahead. If you do not give notice by the 30th of April, you cannot force the tenant to give you possession until the end of June. If the tenant moves out owing you money you can take whatever court proceedings you think advisable to realize the debt, including garnishing proceedings. Usually, the defendant in any such action is required to pay the court costs if you obtain judgment.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. I have made certain payments on my house, particulars of which are attached. Please let me know how much I still owe as at February 28, 1930.—C.H.M.

A. Your question is one for an accountant, and does not properly fall within this department.

We cannot give you the exact amount owing without having the date of every payment made, but we have estimated the approximate amount owing on the agreement as at February 28 as \$1565.20.

Calgary, Alta.

Q. I am 77 years of age, married. My wife is 73. We have lived in Alberta twenty years and over. We have our

naturalization papers and birth certificates. We own the house we live in. It would rent at \$35.00 monthly. Are we eligible for the Old Age Pension, and would receiving it jeopardize our property in any way?—J.H.

A. Both you and your wife appear to be eligible for the Old Age Pension. The Act provides for certain adjustments to be made when any pensioner has property. It would appear to us that if you wish to receive the pension you can do so if you transfer the title to the Pension Board. They have then the right to, after your death, deduct from the value of the property a certain proportion of the amounts which they have advanced to you. Whichever of you is not the owner of the property could, of course, receive the pension in any event, without transferring the property.

We understand that you and your wife would retain your house during your lives and the life of the survivor, and afterwards the Government could make a claim against the estate of the survivor for repayment of part of their payments, with interest at 5%.

Before applying for the pension you should make your will leaving your wife the property, or, if it is in her name, she should make her will leaving the property to you.

Bienfait, Sask.

Q. I notice in my latest number of The Western Home Monthly that "Prince," Sask., is asking your advice re. books which he purchased from the Times Research. I myself purchased a set of these books under the same agreement as him. Upon receipt of the books I also found that they were practically of no value, but considered that as I was presumably purchasing a system of extended information that I was liable to pay the amount agreed. I did not pay this amount until recently they garnished my wages and as I have received no value for my money I would like to know if I can sue them for the return of my money, as they have not lived up to their promises.—K.J.

A. In law every person is expected to live up to his agreements. If the Times Research Bureau has failed to carry out its agreement with you, you have the right to sue them for damages for breach of contract. If the breach is sufficiently important it will entitle you to rescission of the contract. If you consider that the company has not given you any value for your money we would suggest that you consult a solicitor for his advice for the type of proceedings to be taken. You will probably have to return the books to the Times Research Bureau or at any rate offer to return them in consideration of their returning you the money which you have paid. You cannot both keep the books and get your money refunded.

A Whiff O' the Caller Air

Written in Australia by Margaret Miller Davidson, Daughter of
Hugh Miller, Famous Geologist

Oh! for a breath o' the morelands,
A whiff o' the caller air;
For a scent o' the flowering heather,
My very heart is sair.

Oh! for a sound o' the burnies
That wimple o'er the lea,
For a sight o' the brownin' braken
On the hillsides wavin' free.

Oh! for the blue locks cradled
In the arms o' the mountains grey,
That smile as they shadow the dripping
clouds
On a bonnie simmer day.

Auld Scotland may be rugged,
Her mountains stern and bare—
But o' for a breath o' her morelands,
A whiff o' her caller air.

Oh! for the tops o' the mountains,
White wi' eternal snow;
For the winds that drift across the loch,
For the strong east winds that blow.

I'm sick o' the blazing sunshine
That burns through the weary hours,
O' gaudy birds singing ne'er a song,
O' beautiful scentless flowers.

I'd gie a' their southern glory
For a taste o' the guid saut wind,
Wi' a road o'er the bonnie sea before
And a track o' foam behind.

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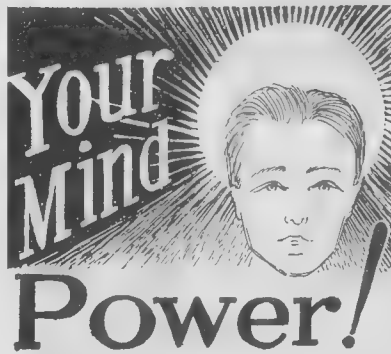
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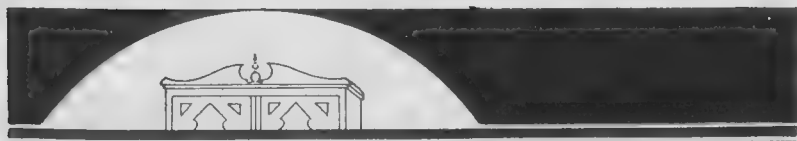
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Table Service

Continued from page 30

unheard of formerly, when to cut lettuce with a knife was cited as a serious misdemeanor. As a matter of fact, many people will continue to regard this as a breach of good form, but the so-called salad knife will gain friends on the basis of sheer usefulness for the salad itself has become such a diversified dish that it has to some extent passed beyond its earlier identities and limits of service. For the formal salad course in a succession of dinner or

choice. The centre one of the three soup spoons is, like the salad knife and some other pieces, rather a newcomer; it is especially for cream soups—greatly favored for luncheon service. A new type of bouillon cup has made its appearance for these cream soups—it is wider and shallower than the real bouillon cup but retains the same two handles. This new soup spoon is ideal with it. The small bouillon spoon at



A "group of seven" that illustrates something of the artistry the moderns have brought to the ancient craft of the silversmith.

luncheon dishes, the fork will continue to suffice, but when the type of thing we sometimes call a "main-dish salad" puts in an appearance, the help of a knife is frequently an actual necessity, for viands are included which are really rather beyond the powers of the unaided fork.

If fish appears frequently upon your table, you will enjoy possessing the proper fish forks and knives. As I said before, those with ivory or pearl handles are in the best of taste when used with other silver handled pieces; or if you prefer, you can have your fish knives and forks to match the rest of your service, your dealer can always get them for you.

The slim little oyster fork, with its three short prongs, will be desired by the hostess who likes to serve oysters or clams as an appetizer. But if you know, for instance, that canapés would be your choice more frequently, it would be wiser for you to buy an ordinary fork of the size just smaller than the luncheon fork illustrated—a fork that is not beyond doubling and tripling its duties, for it answers nicely for a salad, for a dessert or breakfast fork and so on.

NOW let us consider the matter of spoons. Perhaps you have tiny coffee spoons for your after dinner coffee cups or some dainty small teaspoons that suit your delicate china cups at the tea hour. Here, again, it is altogether permissible to use an individual design and of course, we see all manner of charming small spoons for just these purposes. We have pictured for you, in the group of spoons at the right of the first illustration, the coffee, small tea, large tea, dessert and tablespoons. The smaller teaspoon seems to be first choice with the majority of people. The dessert spoon is indispensable.

The tablespoon has two uses—it is necessary as a serving spoon for vegetables, etc., and if you follow the English form, you will use it also as a soup spoon, for soup served in soup plates. The round-bowled soup spoon—at the right of the three which have the centre position in this same photograph—is American in its origin; which you prefer, is a matter of personal

choice. The tiny knife generally called a butter-spreader (you will see it laid on the bread and butter plate on the luncheon table pictured) is again an American creation. It is just a matter of choice whether one uses it or lays a small knife of the breakfast or luncheon size at the right of the service plate, for use in spreading butter.

YOU will proceed in much the same manner to choose your serving pieces. Since correct service calls for a fork as well as a spoon in each vegetable dish, you may want to buy two extra dinner forks—because this is the course at which the dinner forks themselves will be in use in their ordinary capacity and extras will be needed for service if you are seating your maximum number of guests.

It is very nice to have carvers to match your flatware—perhaps a large pair of roasts and a small pair for steaks, etc. A cold meat fork is useful and with a large berry spoon, is usually an early choice, with many useful pieces to follow. You will find today, that any good design will include all the serving pieces you can possibly require.

Manufacturers of silverware are going even farther than this; you can have your vegetable dishes, tea and coffee services, trays, serving dishes of any kind, even service plates and goblets, in the same design, if you are so minded.

The luncheon table, by the way, illustrates the broader use of silver appointments in luxurious setting—the service plate, bread and butter plate, compots candlesticks and flower bowl are all of silver plate, in a charming design,

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The Stroke of One

Continued from page 15

THE sun beamed no more brightly on Belgravia Street than did Mr. Jethro Jubb as his shiny sedan wound its way east from Bay Street towards the location of his new venture.

At the corner, Mr. Jubb alighted, his heart beating excitedly. The chauffeur steadied him on his feet as, quite the man of action on the links, Mr. Jubb felt his strength now suddenly fail him.

With the instinct of a child, he refused to look at once at his new creation. He would, he thought, keep his eyes riveted on the other side of the street until he was directly opposite. At number 56, he stopped and turned, looking across.

And as he looked, a wave of weakness smote him. He was engulfed in a black mist. He clutched at a passer-by for support.

The latter disentangled himself and, mistaking Mr. Jubb's condition, made pertinent comment. But of it Mr. Jubb heard never a syllable. He rubbed his eyes hard, and looked again.

There was his apartment, now being roofed—beautiful, substantial and expensive. But—was it? Could it be?—Yes it was! His new apartment was on the wrong lot! Belgravia Manor was planted bulkily upon the property of E. Pontefract Perks.

For the next five minutes, the bustling citizenry took Mr. Jubb merely for a statue of The Groper After Light, but subsequent to that—to quote the novelist—he galvanized into action.

The citizenry were disabused of their notion. It could not be a statue. No, it must be something cut out by the Board of Censors from that much-discussed Talkie "Sodden Sin."

It is said that back in the storehouse of the mind, hidden from the retail counters of memory, lie many things once heard, perhaps, and never since recalled. It was these which now came to the front, carrying with them in their rush, the decent floorwalkers of daily, common oaths.

Mr. Jubb was fluently eloquent. He stopped not for rest, nor paused to sigh. Amateur theologians, momentarily attracted, shuddered and drew away. Women blanched. Men stopped short in their tracks with sagging jaw. Mr. Jubb had broken a record for profanity, unchallenged since won by a regular army sergeant in 1908.

With difficulty, the chauffeur, now arrived on the scene, wrested him from the spot before the arrival of constabulary. He shoved him in the back of the car, and drove off madly.

Around the block they went until the crowd had subsided. Mr. Jubb, now considerably calmed down, again clambered forth and made his way unostentatiously toward the rear entrance of his new apartment. And as he advanced, there met him one Antonio Carino. Mr. Jubb choked.

"You...you...you..." words stuck in Mr. Jubb's gullet—he had another try—"You...you..." and this time words began to come.

For twenty minutes, he poured rich, colorful abuse into the Italian's ear. He lashed him with merciless words. He slandered and libelled him. He said things about the late Signora Carino, Antonio's mother, and about all the forbears of the House of Carino, lying unconscious beneath the green Apulian sword.

Mr. Jubb stopped for breath. He wiped his brow. But before he could continue, Antonio was ahead of him.

Prefacing his remarks with a few choice epithets in Italian, he swept into a torrent of broken English, gesticulating the while.

He was more brief. At the end of seven minutes and a quarter he wound up, flourishing a copy of the contract which he carried with him—with the words—"You giva da contract, you writa da feefty-seven, an' w'y you raise 'ell when I do her? What kinda fella you are?"

Mr. Jubb looked at the contract. "That says 'Fifty-One,'" he defended. "Say 'feefty-Seven!'"

"Fifty-One."

"Feefty-Seven! You neva maka One wit' a tail on heem—so!"

Hollowness became manifest in Mr. Jubb's abdomen as he saw Tony's point. It certainly did look something like a Seven.

Memory brought an angry rush of tears to his eyes. A scene—long forgotten, in a little school-room—recurred to him. The teacher was saying exactly the same as Tony.

"You should put a little stroke at the top—so." That's just what she had said.

Mr. Jubb cursed vehemently in the access of his grief. That infernal teacher had cost him just seventy thousand dollars. He turned again to the contractor.

"Well, I won't pay for it," he spat out, "It's not my lot! I didn't tell you to build there. It wasn't my house that you wrecked. Not a cent do you fellows get out of me—you mangy litter of pink-eyed yeggs!"

He steamed off.

E. PONTEFRAC T PERKS stood on the north side of Belgravia Avenue looking south. His eyes seemed to be fascinated. There had been changes in Toronto during his visit in England. One of them was his house at Number 57. It was no longer there.

"Santa Claus, you old villain!" whispered E. Pontefract to a startled policeman, "Have you been at it again?"

The policeman eyed him coldly with one of those looks. He was trying to think which of the city bye-laws Mr. Perks was breaking when he talked like that.

"You little Spirit of Fun," E. Pontefract was saying, "You romping little elf. Look what the stork brought!" He anticipated the policeman's feet, which were lumbering into motion, by crossing the street.

His glance fell upon a sign which said:—

"Upon Completion
BELGRAVIA MANOR
will still have left
two or three choice
APARTMENTS
for exclusive residents
Apply—Jethro Jubb,
Confidential Life Building."

And as Mr. Perks looked, an Italian appeared, and began tearing down the sign. Mr. Perks approached him.

IT WAS at noon of the same day that Mr. Perks met Mr. Jubb in the lunch-room of the Helping Hand Club House. Mr. Perks' greeting was beaming.

"Yours," said Mr. Perks, "Is a most munificent gift to the cause of Better Housing."

Huh? Suspicion smote Mr. Jubb. "Thanks," gushed Mr. Perks, "for the apartment house."

"Oh, that," replied Mr. Jubb uneasily, "That was a fool mistake of those confounded contractors."

Mr. Perks spread his hands depreciatingly.

"Tut, tut!" said he, "Modesty is all very well in its place, but this is too big—too generous." And he added, "My, it must have cost you an awful lot."

The mention of expense goaded Mr. Jubb.

"It's my apartment, and I'm not going to give it to anybody," he snapped back, "You'll have to either sell me your lot, or take mine in exchange."

Mr. Perks raised his eyes heavenwards.

"Oh, but I couldn't," he protested, "My lot at 57 was, of course, dedicated to the Poor, but I must remain its—er—in a sense—its moral guardian."

Mr. Jubb stared.

"You mean—?"

"Well, it's you who will get all the credit. The world will know you gave me the house."

"I DIDN'T GIVE YOU THE HOUSE!"

"But you must have. It's on my lot. What other motive could you have had for putting it there?"

"DAMMIT! I told you it was a fool mistake."

[Continued on page 66]



WILLIAM PITT

Orator—

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1780 - 1806



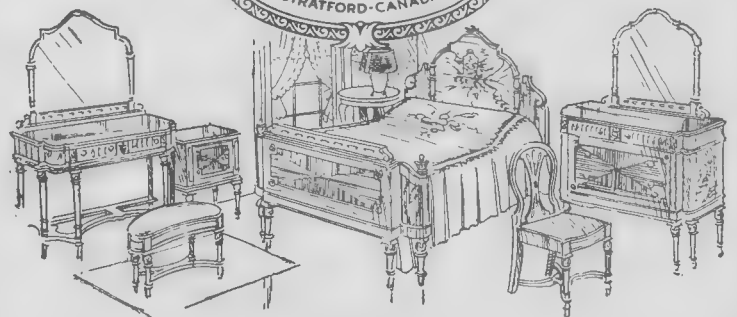
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The Stroke of One

Continued from page 65

"Oh, tut, tut! Let's not argue over a little bit of philanthropy. Besides—" his eyes narrowed slightly—"I hear from Carino that you refuse to pay for it anyway. He showed me the contract, and not just one of them signed for the firm, but all three. Remember that?"

Mr. Jubb did. He remembered his remarks on the subject too.

"And the contract was made out for Number Fifty-Seven."

Mr. Jubb gulped.

"Furthermore, my lawyer tells me that it's my property. First because you stole my lot to put it on. Second, because you refuse to pay for its erection. Therefore, you deny ownership."

Mr. Jubb gasped. The mantle of benignity had fallen from E. Pontefract Perks. He proceeded to rub it in.

"The contract," he went on relentlessly, "Shows that you actually ordered my house to be wrecked. Then you built. Now you have stated before witnesses that you wouldn't pay for it. So, as it's on my property, and nobody seems to want to claim it, it must be mine!"

Mr. Jubb wrestled with vocal paralysis. It was all true, just as Mr. Perks had said.

"It is a pleasant little surprise," continued E. Pontefract, "My dear friend, you have earned the heartfelt gratitude of the poor of this city. I am duly thankful on their behalf." He was resuming his benevolent air, "Nor am I like many people, Mr. Jubb. When at Christmas, they receive gifts, surreptitiously they steal down to the stores and turn them in on exchange. I shall not do so with this. I appreciate your present, Sir—and—" this with considerable meaning—"I shall keep it." And with that, E. Pontefract Perks poured forth from the room.

THE future looked black to Mr. Jubb. He consulted his lawyer about the use of a suit for recovery. The lawyer merely said he would have a better chance of getting the apartment back if he were to stand in the street and call for it by name.

But Carino, O'Kelligan and Poffski also had their worries. They asked themselves how they were going to get paid. They couldn't very well clap a lien on Mr. Jubb, as he apparently no longer owned the apartment. Neither could they do so on Mr. Perks, as he had never ordered the thing to be built. And meanwhile Mr. Carino lacked payments on his new Splutz-Harrow.

The richest men have moments when cash is a trifle elusive. When, for instance, they tell you that their money is "all tied up" and when they whisper to you that "they were ruined yesterday" you get some idea of the life of a millionaire. His position is awful. Often one of the chauffeurs has to go. Sometimes one of the cars.

Mr. Carino had only one car, and it was a good one. If he did not make his payment, he would not have even that.

Pondering the matter in his head, he naturally selected Mr. Jubb as the primary subject for financial extraction. And he had definite notions which surpassed the Law in effectiveness to make a man shell out.

Working himself into a frenzy, he gritted his teeth and paced the room. He brooded over the injustice of everything. Picking up the telephone, he called Mr. Jubb.

As the latter answered the 'phone, he concluded there must be some mistake. An unbroken flow of oratory in a foreign tongue smote him. Only occasional words of English invective were to be separated from the whole.

"You have" said Jethro, "The wrong number." And was about to ring up when—

"You pay da money, or I get da police!"

"I am not a bootlegger," replied Mr. Jubb, "You have the wrong number."

"Ain't that—a Mr. Jubb?"

"Yes, it is. Who is speaking?"

[Continued on page 67]

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The Great White Liniment



The Stroke of One

Continued from page 66

"Sa-ay! You know Tony Carino. I want my money."

"I am not going to pay you."

The telephone gurgled profanity in a high tenor.

"I am not going to pay you. You can go to blazes." He slammed the receiver.

And with that, Mr. Jubb went out to lunch.

AS Mr. Jubb sat at his meat, he avoided the insinuating eye of E. Pontefract Perks. Mr. Perks was gloating. Why Mr. Perks should still dare to come to the club after an action like this, was past Mr. Jubb's understanding.

"About that apartment—"Mr. Perks was saying—"I'm going to use it for rental after all. It's too far away from work for the poorer people. They want something right down town. I can get a nice type of tenant instead, and I can let apartments from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty. As for the poor—they shall have another. I should advise one, perhaps a little more inexpensive—er—unostentatious. They wouldn't want their creditors misunderstanding their condition."

Mr. Jubb's lip quivered. He searched his mind for a remark so scathing as totally to annihilate E. Pontefract, but before it would come, he was paged to the telephone.

"Hello!" said Jethro, exasperated.

"Dis Tony Carino. I know I get you dair."

"Well what do you want now?"

"MONEY!"

"I told you where to go if you wanted it."

"Sa-ay!" the voice sounded like business, "I gotta knife here. If you no pay me now, I come right over and keel you!"

Mr. Jubb dropped the receiver like a hot coal. He quailed with fear. He was sure Mr. Carino meant it. Should he seek protection from the other members? Not a chance! They would probably run before Tony got there.

The police? No. Too slow. Tony might have been 'phoning from right across the street. No. Mr. Jubb would seek seclusion within the building. . . . Rapidly he disappeared from sight.

"JUST this moment" remarked the latest arrival, as he sat down before his soup at the Club dinner table, "I met Carino the contractor. Most excitable fella. Mad as anything, he was. Said he was going to slaughter some chap that owned an apartment on Belgravia Avenue. He's right outside now."

"Gukkk!" exclaimed E. Pontefract Perks.

"Yes," pursued the other member, buttering a roll, "Had a knife with him too. All excited, he was. I could hardly get away from him, he was talking so fast. Said that if he wasn't paid at once, death would immediately occur. Meant it too!"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Perks faintly, "I have to use the telephone." And, as a leaf, caught up by a gust of wind, he was no more there.

When Mr. Perks slowed down for breath, he proceeded to examine his bearings. Safety, he felt, most certainly did not lie in the street. On the other hand, neither did it lie in the club. As a well-known character says; "There were only two things for him to do, and both of them were wrong." He thought of the celebrated impulsiveness of Mr. Carino's race.

Necessity, however, prodding, he gave birth to an idea. Beneath the handsome clubhouse of the Helping Hand lay a capacious wine cellar. Each member had his own locker, and there refreshed himself when necessary—a proceeding held highly preferable to the common bar.

It was unlikely, argued Mr. Perks, that any member should be coming down there during lunch hour. He made for the door, opened it, and shut himself securely in. Once there, he breathed with relief.

But just as he was congratulating himself on a snappy and strategic retreat—something moved close by! His hair stood bolt upright, and he crouched behind a packing case.

A dark figure was making its way through the shadows towards the door. It put its hand on the knob, turned it, wrenched, wrenched again, and sighed. In the half-dark, Perks watched him, and, with a sinking sensation, realized what had happened.

The Club steward, naturally concluding that people would more often be opening the door from the outside than from within, had placed the Yale lock on the other side. Visitors to the lockers, if they wanted privacy, shut the door after them, and took their own keys with them to get out with. If they didn't care, they simply slipped the catch on the lock, so that it would not imprison them.

But Mr. Perks, fumbling to get in, had slipped the catch—the tongue had shot forward, and the wine cellar automatically converted itself into a jail.

Mr. Perks kept very still. He was caught like a rat in a trap. The stealthy figure could be no other than Antonio Carino, waiting to ambush him when he came for his drink.

Apparently he had not seen him. Well, Mr. Perks determined on the utmost care that he never should. He hoped that Mr. Carino had thought to pilfer a key somewhere, so that he could get out when he was tired waiting.

But as he watched him, he saw that he had not. The door was fast, and refused to budge. The dark figure heaved another sigh.

Mr. Perks flattened himself against the packing-case—and as he did so, a nail ran half an inch into his leg.

With a shout of "Yoy!" which escaped him in spite of himself, he bounded high in the air, right before the other's nose.

The effect was startling. The dark figure also leaped with agility into space, uttered a second "Yoy!" louder than Mr. Perks', and, with an astonishing burst of speed, fled to the other end of the cellar. At the same moment, Mr. Perks legged it as swiftly towards the opposite wall.

The cellar, being square, tended to cause a misapprehension in the other's mind. Mr. Perks, unable to stop when he reached the east wall, turned and ran at right angles along the north. The stranger, concluding that he was being chased, doubled back and ran like a jack-rabbit along the south wall. Mr. Perks, observing this, sped around upon his course.

The two at first kept pretty well equidistant. Both raced furiously, each thinking the other was after him. Around and around they went, establishing speed records hitherto touched only at Olympic Games.

But middle-aged men, members of clubs, are seldom at their best in athletic events. The speed of E. Pontefract Perks suddenly slackened, he pawed the air for a moment—then collapsed on the ground.

His competitor, blinded by perspiration, observed this too late. He was unable to stop. And above him, descending upon him, Mr. Perks heard a wail in the familiar voice of Jethro Jubb.

The two sat up presently and rubbed themselves.

"What's the idea?" enquired Mr. Perks, when he had recovered enough breath for speech.

"Bless my soul, is that you, Perks?"

"Did you imagine—" between pants—

"That it was the Postman?"

"Well, then, what were you chasing me around the cellar for?"

"I wasn't. You were chasing me."

"Oh." In Mr. Perks' mind, the truth was beginning to flicker. "Say," he added, "You hadn't, by any chance, been hearing anything about Tony Carino?"

Mr. Jubb admitted it.

"That he was out to knife the man who owned that apartment?"

"Sure. Told me so himself."

"Thought maybe he meant me."

[Continued on page 68]



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THE WINNIPEG COMMERCIAL
Stovel Building, Winnipeg, Man.

The Stroke of One

Continued from page 67

"Why? It isn't your apartment."
 "Yes, it is."
 "I tell you it isn't."
 "Jethro, it's my apartment."
 "Pontefract, you lie. It's mine."
 "Well, let's not fight about it now. Let's try to get out of here first."

They tried, and then repeated the trials. But Yale locks are made to withstand violence. Presently they resumed their seats.

"Dammit," said Mr. Perks, "I wish I had a cigarette."

"Great Scott—haven't you one either? I left mine at the table."

"So did I. I was in that much of a hurry."

"Dammit! I'd give anything for a smoke. You haven't got a cigar, have you?"

"Dammit!"—this in chorus.

"I tell you what I have got, though," went on Mr. Perks, with the air of one making a discovery, "I have a piece of gum."

"You haven't!"

"I have."

"Gosh," said Mr. Jubb, unconsciously repeating history, "You're a good guy!"

Carefully but swiftly, Mr. Perks produced from behind his immaculate lapel, a large and unappetizing wad of gum. This he laid on a packing-case, and skillfully bisected it with the blade of a gold-plated penknife adhering to his watch-chain.

Mr. Jubb's eyes glistened in the dusk. He accepted his half. The chords of memory stirred within him.

"Say, listen," he began, "Did you ever get the feeling that something has all happened before?"

Mr. Perks halted his mastication.

"Why, I was just thinking the same thing."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It just reminded me of one time when I was a kid at school. One day the teacher kept me in after four, and when she was out of the room for a moment, I gave another kid some of my gum. The reason I remember was because he said I was a good guy—just like you did. Mangy little blighter, he was," added Mr. Perk's ruminatively.

Emotion spread like measles over Mr. Jubb's almost invisible surface.

"Porky!" he cried.

"Now I remember!" piped Mr. Perks excitedly, "Chubby!"

"No other."

"Well, say! The world's a small place." That with the éclat of Solomon just dashing off a hot Proverb.

They sat for a minute in the dusk, beaming at each other.

"About that apartment," ventured Mr. Jubb presently, "It was that dashed teacher's fault, so I'll pay for it."

"No, no!" protested Mr. Perks vehemently, "I'll pay for it. After all, what's an apartment or so among friends?"

There followed a period of thought.

"No," said Mr. Perks suddenly, "I'm hanged if I'll pay for it."

"Well, I won't either, then," affirmed Mr. Jubb stubbornly.

"Is it right," pursued Mr. Perks, ignoring the interruption, "I ask you—is it right for either of us to pay him after he tries to murder us?"

"You're absolutely right, Porky, not a cent does he get. Moral damages, we'll call it. Thank heaven they weren't more than moral!" They both shuddered.

"Shake on it, Chubby—we'll see him in Sheol first," so said E. Pontefract. And with that, they settled down to wait for their release.

BRIGHT was the morning in downtown Toronto the following day, but nowhere more so than in the respective offices of Jethro Jubb and E. Pontefract Perks, as each meditated pleasantly upon the mended friendship of past years.

But, even as a cloud passed over the sun, obscuring it for a minute, each saw in it the menacing face of Antonie Carino, contractor.

"Perhaps," thought Mr. Perks to himself, "It'd be better not to press the matter. After all, I guess Tony needs the money. Might as well pay the blighter, if Jubb won't."

And just as he was reaching for his cheque-book, Mr. Jubb, three blocks away, in his office, was reaching for his.

The School Garden

Continued from page 40

THOUGH the chief and most spectacular of its horticultural activities, the Second Avenue garden by no means represents the Ottawa Public School Board's entire activity along this line.

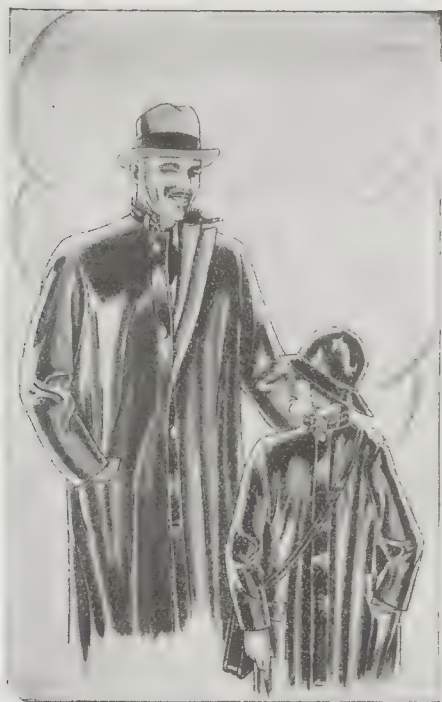
Adjoining two of the city schools—Hopewell Avenue and Connaught—other similar though smaller gardens are maintained, also under the direction of Miss Lapp. In addition, more or less closely adjacent to homes of various pupils Miss Lapp has under her at least nominal supervision, no less than 225 other gardens!

THE OBJECT of it all? There are several. It is found for instance, that in spring, some garden work acts as a pleasant change and stimulant to children who show the more or less jaded state to be expected after the long winter weeks more or less indoors—which has a most

desirable effect in their improved attitude toward other general school subjects.

Besides—a chief object, we suspect—it is recognized that there is inherent virtue of most positive sort in human contact with old mother earth, which becomes rarer and more difficult of attainment as buildings mount skyward and asphalt covers more and more miles.

MISS A. J. LAPP, teacher for school gardens at Ottawa, is a native of Brighton, Ontario, where her father was formerly a newspaper editor. Miss Lapp teaches under an elementary certificate from Ontario Agriculture College, at Guelph, and was formerly engaged in this work in the west, in Saskatchewan. Her appointment at Ottawa came about through an address which Dr. Putman, senior Ottawa inspector, heard her give on teaching horticulture, before a class some years ago.



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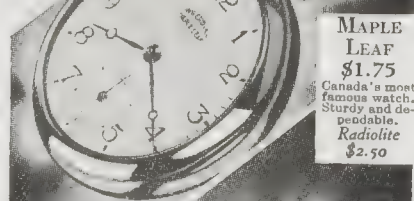
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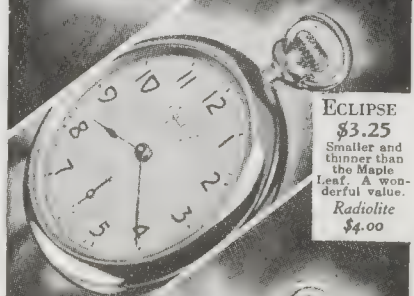
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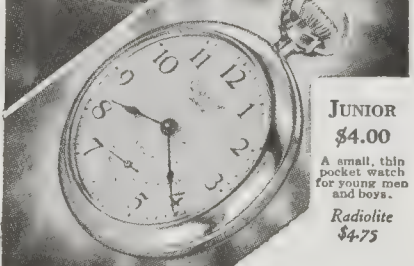
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Baristan "PERSIAN"
(Pattern 106—Above Right)

The Persian idea of Heaven, beautiful gardens, brooks, flowers, and rose trees . . . an influence, so pronounced in the "Persian Garden Designs" . . . has a modernized conception in this charming Baristan reproduction. Watery effects in ivory and gold, conventionalized flowers and floral border lend an enchanting effect.





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JOHNNY CAKE
as recommended by Mrs. Clarry Hunt,
Gillett's Chief Dietitian

1 cup flour	1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	1 egg
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup milk
1 cup cornmeal	Butter size of an egg

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, add cornmeal and sugar, melt butter, add to well-beaten egg, add to other ingredients with the milk. Beat altogether lightly. Bake in greased, shallow pan 30 to 40 minutes.

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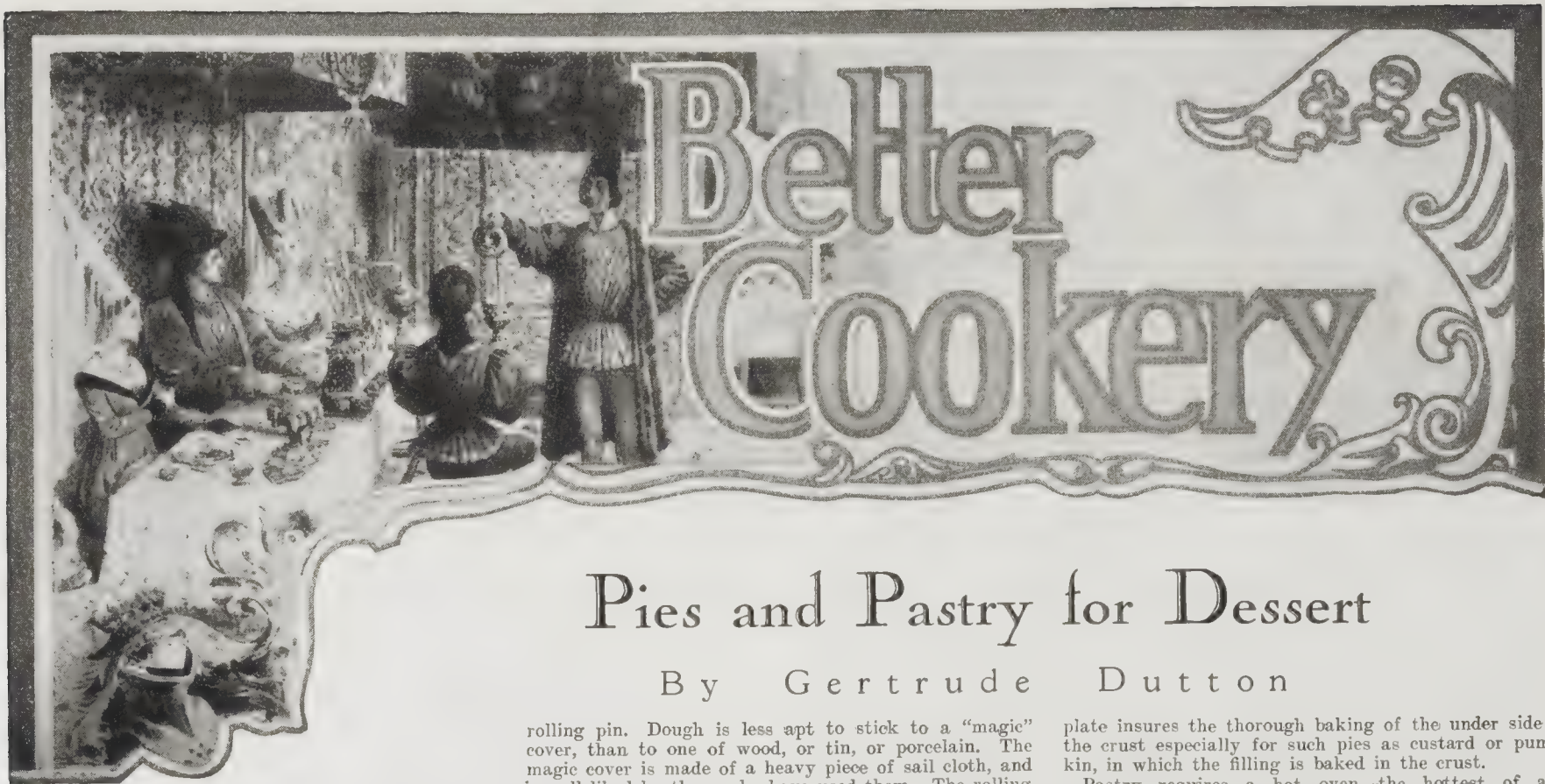
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Pies and Pastry for Dessert

By Gertrude Dutton

WE TALK and think so much about the wisest feeding of children, that there is danger of forgetting all about the likes and dislikes of the men folk. What dessert is more popular with the average man, than a real good piece of pie? And not too small a piece. Very few other articles of food contain as much food value.

All pie crust is made of flour, fat and water, the difference being in the method of making rather than in the ingredients put in them. The flour may be either pastry or ordinary bread flour, the latter being considerably cheaper, and really giving good results. The fat may be butter, lard, or one of the vegetable fats now so freely used, or a mixture of them. At least one fourth cup of fat to each cup of flour is used. More fat makes a richer pastry. The water should be ice cold if possible. A little salt must be added for flavor especially if no butter is used for shortening.

THERE are three types of pastry—when making "Short Pastry," we cut the shortening into the sifted flour with a knife, or rub it in with the fingers till thoroughly blended, mix with the cold water and roll out only once. For "Flaky Pastry," we rub or cut in, only a portion of the fat, mix with the water, roll out, and add the remaining fat by spreading it on half of the piece of pastry, fold over, and roll again, two or three times. The air encased in the pastry during the rolling, tends to make the paste flaky. For "Puff Paste," we do not add any fat before the first rolling. Butter is used, and is put in a lump on half of the sheet, which is folded over it, one end folded over, the other under the lumps of butter, which encloses it between three layers of dough above, and three below it. Again the dough is rolled into an oblong, folded, rolled, and the process repeated several times, to give several alternating layers of pastry and shortening with air between them, to make the baked product puff up to three or four times its original height. We use puff paste for tarts, patty shells, etc., and the so-called "French Pastry."

Successful pastry depends upon the skill with which it is made, and on the baking. It should be handled just as little and as lightly as possible, and kept very cold. If one's hands are warm, it is better to cut the fat in with a knife, or to use a fork by pressing the flour and fat mixture against the side of the mixing bowl. To roll the pastry, sprinkle a little flour from the sifter, on the board, and rub a little on the

rolling pin. Dough is less apt to stick to a "magic" cover, than to one of wood, or tin, or porcelain. The magic cover is made of a heavy piece of sail cloth, and is well liked by those who have used them. The rolling pin should have revolving handles. If ice is available, many women like to use the glass rolling-pins, with lumps of ice in them. A knitted cover for the rolling-pin prevents sticking.

EVERYBODY has her favorite type of pie plate, which may be aluminum, tin, earthenware, granite, or oven glassware.

There is now in the stores, a glass pie plate with a partition dividing it in two, which is very convenient for the small family, as two different kinds of pies may be baked in it at once, neither of which will be too large. Many pies with only an under crust—are better if baked before the filling is put in them. These shells are more satisfactory if baked on the under side of inverted pans, or if individual shells are wished, on the underside of inverted muffin tins. The paste, before being put in the oven must be pricked full of holes to prevent the forming of blisters. A perforated tin pie

plate insures the thorough baking of the under side of the crust especially for such pies as custard or pumpkin, in which the filling is baked in the crust.

Pastry requires a hot oven—the hottest of any baked food. When baking a pie which has a filling containing eggs, for example, a custard pie, we put it in a hot oven to crisp the crust, so that the filling will not soak it and make it soggy, then the heat is reduced to about 350° to finish cooking, in order that the egg mixture will not separate and become watery.

Juicy pies have a very annoying tendency to run over in the oven, which causes a most unpleasant odor. There are different methods of preventing this. The lower crust may be cut quite a bit larger than the pan, and pinched, with the fingers up into a high edge, over which the juice will not run. Or around the edge, put a trip of paste $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide, first moistening the lower edge with water, so that the two pieces will stick together. These two methods are for single crust pies. For those with double crusts, the under one may be larger than the plate, then after the filling and upper crust are added, the edge of the latter is moistened with water, and the under crust folded over

and pressed down onto it. Some women bind the edge with a strip of clean white cotton cloth, first dipped in milk, which is removed after the pie is baked. A very simple and satisfactory method is to insert in the upper crust, a few little "chimneys" of two or three inch pieces of raw macaroni, into which the cooking juice will bubble up, then recede into the pie after it is taken from the oven, when the macaroni may be removed.

The upper crust of a covered pie must have several openings in it, through which the steam may escape while the pie is cooking. The pie plate does not need greasing. There is considerable truth in the ancient saying, that "It's a poor pie which will not grease its own pan."

PASTRY is rolled $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick, and a little larger than the plate. Double it over and lay it in the pan with the fold across the middle of the plate, open up the folded portion, smoothing and patting out any air bubbles, which if left there, would spoil the appearance of the pie. Cut off the surplus pastry, after easing it on the plate, so no stretching will be necessary. The filling should really fill the pie to the top; a piece of flat, thin pie is not very enjoyable. Better is it to have one good piece, than two skimpy ones. The edge of the lower crust is moistened, so that the upper one will stick to it, then, the two edges pressed together with the fingers, a pastry jagger, or a fork. Brushing the top with milk before baking, gives a glazed appearance. Dotting it with a [Continued on page 72]



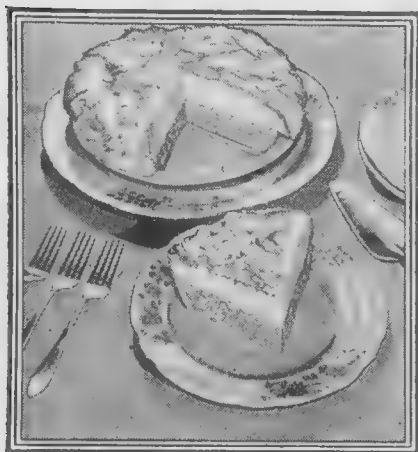
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COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

- 1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut (or $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pkg. Baker's Shred Coconut),
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar,
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water,
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar,
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt,
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornstarch,
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water,
- 3 tablespoons melted butter,
- 3 eggs,
- Pastry shell,
- $\frac{2}{3}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Caramelize granulated sugar, add the boiling water and brown sugar and cook five minutes. Then add the salt and cornstarch moistened with cold water. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Add butter, beaten egg yolks, vanilla and chopped coconut. Pour into a baked pastry shell and cover with a meringue made of egg whites beaten with three tablespoons of powdered sugar. Bake 10 minutes in a slow oven—325°F.—until nicely browned.

BAKER'S COCONUT



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teaspoon of shortening makes the top more flaky.

A lattice work of pastry on the top of a berry pie, may be used in place of an upper crust, occasionally. A tablespoon of flour sprinkled over the lower crust of a berry pie, before adding the fruit, will slightly thicken the juice.

Plain Paste I

Flour 2 c. Cold water to moisten
Salt $\frac{2}{3}$ t.
Shortening $\frac{2}{3}$ c.

Plain Paste II

Flour $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Butter $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Lard $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Cold water.

Puff Paste

Butter 1 lb. Flour 1 lb.
Cold water.

Wash the butter to remove the salt and buttermilk. To do this—scald then chill an earthenware bowl, put in the butter and work it with the hands, in cold water, till waxy. If possible, do it under running water, if not, change the water several times. Then pat and fold the butter over till all the water is worked out of it. Form into a little flat pat—two or three tablespoons of it may be worked into the flour. Moisten to a dough with cold water, turn on the board and knead for a few minutes. Cover with a clean cloth and let it stand for about five minutes. Pat and roll to one quarter inch, keeping the sheet of dough oblong, with the corners as square as possible. Place the pat of butter in the middle of one half. Fold the other half over it, pressing the edges to enclose air. Fold the right third over the butter, the left side under it. Turn the paste half way around, cover with the cloth, and let stand five minutes. Roll till one-fourth-inch thick, taking care to keep enough flour on the board to prevent sticking, and keeping the shape oblong. Fold one-third to the top, the other side underneath, having three thickness again. Cover and let stand five minutes; turn half way around, and again roll to one-fourth-inch in thickness. Repeat twice more. Fold the ends to the centre, then double, making four thicknesses, wrap in the cloth, and chill thoroughly.

Roll out, shape, chill again, and bake in a hot oven, on a pan with two thicknesses of brown paper. Much care is needed in the baking to have the shells of even shape, browned nicely but not scorched, and properly "puffed" by the expanding of the heated enclosed air. Frequent turning is usually essential. When properly risen, it is usually wise to slip another large pan under the one in which the shells are baking to prevent scorching on the bottom.

Many things may be made of this pastry.

Turnovers

Turnovers are the simplest. Cut the paste squares, put a spoonful of jelly or jam in the centre, fold over into triangles, pinch down the edges, chill and bake.

Patty Shells

Roll the paste to one-quarter-inch, cut out with round cutter, and with a small cutter, remove the centres from half of them. Fit those with centres removed, on the others, first brushing the lower pieces with cold water near the edges, that the two will stick together. Press together lightly. Chill, and bake on brown paper on a pan or cookie sheet. If they are to be used for a hot creamed filling, such as turkey, chicken, oysters, etc. The small pieces cut from the centres may also be baked

and used as covers. Or they may be again rolled out and used in some desired form; with the trimmings of paste.

For tarts, fill the cooked shells with jam or jelly, or any filling such as lemon honey.

Napoleons

Bake pastry in three thin sheets using either flaky or puff paste. Prick all over with a fork, before baking. Put together in three layers, with cream filling, sprinkle the top with powdered sugar, and cut in pieces about four inches long, and two or two and a half inches wide.

Tartlets

Bake pastry on muffin tins and fill with fruit, such as berries, cherries, a half peach, a half pear, etc., and pour over it the juice which has been cooked down till it will jelly, if canned or stewed fruit is used. Or use fresh fruit and top with whipped cream. Or bake in them a custard or pumpkin pie filling. Or use a lemon, orange, cream, date, chocolate, or pineapple filling such as would be used for a large pie. Meringue, whipped cream, nut meats, coconut, ice cream, bits of candied fruits, are all good for decorations.

Cocoanut Tartlets

Line muffin or patty pans with pastry, in each put a layer of jam—strawberry or raspberry are especially good—then fill with a mixture made by creaming together $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, add a well-beaten egg, 1 cup of grated cocoanut and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. of baking powder. Bake till the pastry is done.

Cream Rolls

Roll puff paste very thin, about $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick. Cut in strips $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wide. Roll around wooden sticks about as thick as a broom handle, having the edges of the paste overlap, and having each roll about 3 or 4 inches long. Bake till puffed and beginning to brown, brush over with white of 1 egg slightly beaten, to which has been added 1 t. of water, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and return to the oven to finish cooking. When baked, slip off the wooden forms, and when ready to serve, fill with either cream filling, or whipped cream, to which has been added sugar and vanilla.

Cheese Cakes

Line patty pans with paste, fill with the following mixture, sprinkle the tops with 4 t. of blanched and chopped almonds, and bake till the pastry is browned and the filling firm:—

Scald together 1 c. sweet milk and 1 c. sour milk, and strain through cheesecloth. To the curd, add 1 c. sugar, the slightly beaten yolks of 4 eggs or two whole eggs, and $\frac{1}{2}$ t. of salt, and flavor with grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, and stir well.

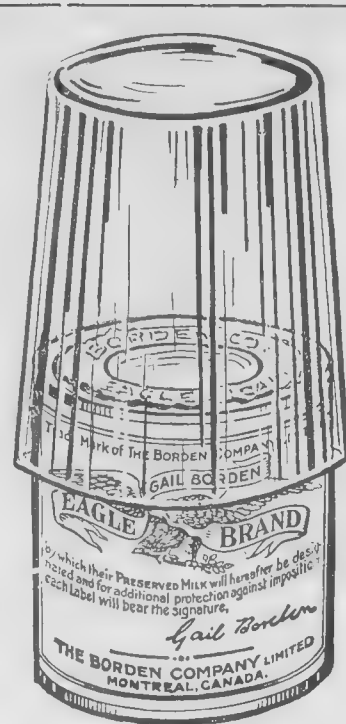
Dessert Baskets

Bake tarts in individual pans, use any filling and decoration wished, and add handles made by cutting thin sheets of paste in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch strips and about 5 inches long, then baking on round cans laid on their sides, to form the handles in the correct shape. Quarter-pound baking powder cans are a good size and shape. A handle may be stuck in each filled tartlet when ready to serve.

Oriental Puffs

Roll puff paste or flaky paste quite thin, cut in squares about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to a side, wet the corners, fold to the centre and press down. Bake, and when cool, flatten a hole in the centre by pressing with the finger. Fill with jelly.

[Continued on page 73]



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**Cocoanut Flakes**

Roll puff or flaky paste to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thickness. Cut in any fancy shape and bake, when nearly done remove from the oven, brush with the beaten white of an egg, sprinkle with cocoanut and return to the oven to finish baking. Or complete the baking, cool—spread with a very little thin white frosting—just enough to hold the cocoanut, then add the cocoanut, if it is wished to have the white effect rather than the toasted, crisp cocoanut.

Cheese Straws

Roll paste $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick—sprinkle half of it with grated cheese, salt and paprika. Fold the other half over it, press and roll. Repeat the process twice. Cut in strips $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, and 4 or 5 inches long. Bake in a hot oven, and to serve, either pile up on a plate, or bake rings of pastry, through which about three straws are put, for each serving.

Date Nut Pie

Dates 1 pkg. Flour 1 lb.
Broken nut Eggs 3
meats $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Vanilla 1 t.

Chop the dates, mix with the finely broken nut meats, the flour, vanilla and beaten yolks of eggs. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and pour into a plate lined with pastry, and bake. Serve with whipped cream.

This is a very rich, somewhat expensive pie, which would be nice for special occasions.

Caramel Pie

Brown sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Milk 2 c. Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Cornstarch $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Butter 2 tb.
Eggs 2 or 3 Vanilla 1 t.

Caramelize the sugar, added the milk, scalded, and with the soda dissolved in it, and cook till the sugar is dissolved, mix the cornstarch with a little cold water, and add, and cook till thick. Pour on the beaten yolks of eggs, and return to the double boiler, and cook till it coats the spoon, stirring constantly. Add the butter and salt, cool, add the vanilla, put in a baked shell, and cover with a meringue made of the egg whites, sweetened, and brown in a cool oven.

Mock Cherry Pie

Cranberries 1 c. Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Raisins $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Flour $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Water $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Butter

Cut the cranberries in halves, cut the raisins in pieces. Mix the sugar and flour and with the water, stir into the fruit. Dot over with butter, and bake either between two crusts or with a lattice work of pastry on top.

Jam Cream Pie

Line a pie plate with pastry and bake it partly. Beat 2 eggs, add 1 c. milk, 2 tb. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt, pour into the partially cooked shell and bake till a silver knife comes out clean. Cool, spread with a layer of jam, such as peach, raspberry, strawberry, gooseberry and cover with whipped cream, sweetened.

Lemon Apple Pie

In the double boiler, cook 1 c. sugar, 1 lb. flour, 2 egg yolks, the grated rind of a lemon, and 1 c. water, till thick. Add 1 tb. butter and the juice of half a lemon, and 1 c. of mashed apple-sauce, and fold in about third or half of the stiffly beaten egg whites. If the apple-sauce has been sweetened, less sugar will be required in the lemon mixture. Put in a baked pastry shell, and cover with the remaining egg whites, sweetened with 2 tb. of sugar, and brown.

Lemon Pineapple Pie

In the recipe for "Lemon Apple Pie" substitute crushed pineapple for the apple sauce.

Pineapple Meringue Pie

Make a custard by cooking in the double boiler, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ t. salt, 2 tb. cornstarch and $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. hot milk, for 30-45 minutes, pour on 2 beaten egg yolks, and return to the double boiler to cook the egg. Cool and add 1 c. crushed, drained pineapple, put in a baked pie shell, and cover with a meringue of the sweetened egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Pineapple Pie II

When making an apple pie, use half apples and half grated or crushed pineapple. Select apples which mash when cooked.

Lemon Sponge Pie

Cream 2 tb. flour, 1 lb. butter, 1 c. sugar, add 2 beaten egg yolks, the rind and juice of lemon, beating well, then 1 c. milk, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and pour into a plate lined with pastry, and bake.

Lemon Pie

Boil till clear, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar, 1 c. water, 2 tb. flour, pour into the beaten yolks of 3 eggs, return to the double boiler and cook till thick. Add 1 tb. butter, 4 tb. lemon juice, and a little grated rind. Cool and put in a baked pie shell, and cover with a meringue made of the egg whites.

Orange Pie

Use the above recipe for lemon pie, substituting the juice of 2 oranges for an equal amount of water, and adding the rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange in place of the lemon rind. Use 1 tb. of lemon juice in place of 4.

Mock Mince Pie

Soda biscuits, Lemon juice or
rolled 2 vinegar 3 tb.
sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Raisins or raisins
Golden syrup or currants
corn-syrup $\frac{1}{2}$ c. mixed $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Softened butter $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Egg well beaten 1
Spices to taste

Mix all together well, and bake between two crusts.

Pumpkin Pie

Pumpkin $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Ginger $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Brown sugar $2\frac{2}{3}$ c. Cinnamon 1 t.
Eggs 2 Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Molasses 2 t. Rich milk 2 c.

Mix and bake in 1 crust.

Pumpkin pie is delicious if served with whipped cream, ice cream, a spoonful of strained honey on each serving, or with grated cheese put on the top and set in the oven long enough to melt the cheese. Either canned or fresh pumpkin may be used; the latter steamed and mashed or strained through a potato ricer or a sieve.

Sour Cream Pie

Raisins 1 c. Sour cream 1 c.
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg yolks 2
Flour 2 tb. Cloves 1 t.
Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Cinnamon $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Nutmeg $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Mix the sugar, flour, salt and spices. The latter may be varied to suit the taste. Beat the egg yolks and add to the cream; stir in the raisins and the dry ingredients, and pour into a plate lined with pastry, and bake, putting a meringue of the egg whites on top, and browning in a slow oven.

This, too, is a very rich pie, but is delicious. [Continued on page 74]

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just about told the whole story. He is right in believing that Nujol contains no drugs, no medicines of any kind. It is tasteless and colorless as pure water. It is simply harmless internal lubrication, which your body needs as much as any other machine. Regularly as clockwork, Nujol cleans out of your body those poisons which we all have, and which make us low in our minds, tired, below par.

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Chocolate Pie

Heat 1 c. milk and 2 squares of grated chocolate, add to it 1 lb. flour in a little cold milk, and $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar, and $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt. Cook over hot water for 10 or 15 minutes. Add the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and cook till the eggs are done, add 1 t. butter, cool slightly, and flavor with 1 t. vanilla. Pour into a baked pie shell, and pile whipped cream on top. The amount of chocolate may be varied, and also the flour, according to the degree of stiffness wished.

HEALTH BEGINS IN THE MOUTH

By Barbara B. Brooks

MOUTH hygiene is more than care of the teeth. It includes cleanliness, dental care and the kinds of food which will insure healthy gum tissue. Research along this line has shown conclusively that a careful diet is not only important but is absolutely essential to a healthy mouth.

For many years it has been known that scurvy appears when the food is limited to dried foods. One symptom of scurvy is sore mouth and gums, with bleeding and loosening of the teeth. The treatment is the introduction of fresh fruits and vegetables which supply a liberal amount of vitamin C which is a specific in the cure or prevention of this condition. It is reasonable then to suppose that fresh fruits and vegetables, especially those rich in vitamin C, are valuable in mouth hygiene.

A very common deficiency disease is rickets. This is a condition in which the body is not able to use the minerals, calcium and phosphorus, so that bones and teeth grow normally. Rickets shows itself in poor teeth, dental caries, bowed legs and other less obvious afflictions. Lack of vitamin D will cause rickets as will a lack in the right amount and proportion of calcium and phosphorus, and a lack of sunshine. The main sources of vitamin D are egg yolk, whole milk (also the best source of calcium), butter fat and some green vegetables.

It can readily be seen that to insure a healthy mouth vitamins C and D, and calcium and phosphorus, must be furnished and these can be had if care is taken in selecting food with this idea in mind.

A doctor who has made a special study of diseased mouths makes certain recommendations not only as a cure but as a prevention. He claims that improvement in a bad gum condition can be noticed within two weeks. This diet contains an abundance of vitamins C and D and the necessary minerals. The basis of the diet is orange juice, one to two cups daily, to which the juice of one lemon has been added; milk, one to two cups; lettuce, one-fourth to one-half head; eggs, one or two; whole cereals, and vegetables, fresh whenever possible.

The menu given here for one day is adequate according to these standards. It should be right not only for maintaining a healthy condition in the mouth but all through the intestinal tract.

Breakfast

One glass orange juice
(with juice from $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon)
One cup Corn Flakes One Poached Egg
(with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cream) (on graham toast)
Coffee

Luncheon

Cheese Fondue
 $\frac{1}{2}$ head Lettuce French Dressing
2 Bran Muffins 1 pat Butter
1 Baked Apple with Cream

Dinner

Orange Juice (with juice from $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon)
Broiled Ham
Baked Potato Spinach
Tomato Salad Baked Custard



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DIETING IN 1614 AND 1930

THERE is in existence an illustration bearing the date 1614 which proves to us that even so long ago there was an interest in diet. History tells us that one Sanctorius built himself a weighing chair so that he could see just how much food he ate daily.

This chair was an ingenious device connected with a high steel rod on which there was a movable weight. The weight was pushed over to equal the weight of himself and the food which he was about to eat. Then sitting in his chair he would eat until the chair dipped, when he would end his repast.

Today instead of a weighing chair we have a knowledge of calories and can calculate the exact value of the food we eat. To reduce, we decrease this amount, to gain, we increase. But there is more to it than the simple balancing of weights. We must be sure to have an adequate supply of minerals, fiber and vitamins.

Since so many people are interested in reducing we are giving here menus for one week which are complete in their food values and which furnish a low number of calories.

Breakfast

Juice of Orange

3 tablespoons Bran Coffee (clear)

1 Banana

 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Bran Flakes $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Whole Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ Grapefruit1 shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit
(soaked in hot water)

3 tablespoons Cream Coffee (clear)

4 Stewed Prunes (unsweetened)

1 Poached Egg

1 slice Bran Bread Toast Coffee (clear)

1 sliced Orange

3 tablespoons Bran $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Milk
Coffee (clear)

1 Banana

 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Bran Flakes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Milk Coffee (clear)

4 Prunes and Juice

3 tablespoons Bran $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Cream
Coffee (clear)

Luncheon

Bouillon (1 cup)

Lettuce Salad ($\frac{1}{4}$ head)

1 tablespoon Dressing

2 Crackers

1 glass Milk

Vegetable Salad

(celery, tomato, onion, lettuce)

1 Bran Muffin

1 glass Milk

1 Toasted Sandwich

(lettuce, bacon 1 slice, tomato)

1 Oatmeal Cookie

1 glass Milk

1 cup Consomme

2 blades Celery

 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalloped Tomatoes

1 Bran Muffin

Raw Vegetable Gelatine Salad

2 Whole Wheat Crackers

1 cup Custard

Tea

1 Scrambled Egg on slice Graham Toast

Lettuce Salad

Milk

1 cup Clam Chowder

1 slice Graham Toast Sliced Tomatoes

Snow Pudding

Dinner

Beef Steak (medium serving)

Boiled Potato (1 small)

Cauliflower (1 serving)

Fruit (1 apple, pear or peach)

1 Lamb Chop

1 Baked Potato

 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Buttered Carrots $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Apple Sauce

2 slices Roast Beef

 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Spinach $\frac{1}{2}$ Cantaloupe or 1 sliced Orange

1 serving Broiled Fish

3 tablespoons Creamed Potatoes

Cucumber Salad

Lemon Pie

1 serving Lamb (Mint Sauce)

1 scoop Mashed Potato 1 scoop Turnips

1 Bran Muffin

1 Baked Apple

1 serving Ham

 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Sauerkraut $\frac{1}{4}$ cup String Beans

1 Bran Muffin

Fresh Fruit

1 serving Baked Fish

3 tablespoons Carrots

3 tablespoons Brussels Sprouts

1 Bran Muffin

Fruit Sherbet

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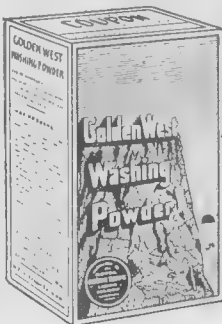
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The Romantic Domestic

By Hilda Ridley

SHE hails, usually, from the Old Country,—from England, Scotland or Ireland. Self-contained, modest, unassuming, she comes to Canada for the work that will give her the independence she craves. Money and matrimony loom in her horizon, but matrimony for the sake of the romance that may lead to it, and money for the things that it will purchase,—clothes for special occasions, holidays in which to “make believe,” and the chance to visit new scenes. Adventure!—that is the lure that decoys the type of domestic who travels. She is different from the girl who stays at home and accepts a situation in an old country family. That girl is governed by tradition. The other kind seeks the golden thread of the clue that will conduct her out of the labyrinth of the past. And here we have one of the secrets of the complaints sometimes registered,—that old country domestics are too fond of change. Of course they are fond of change,—otherwise, they would not have come to Canada.

“The first two weeks in a situation are those I like best,” admitted one of these girls. “After that, I just long for the time when I can have saved enough to take a holiday, and then look for another place.”

But let it not be thought that the old country domestic continually jumps in and out of positions. She has to think not only of her testimonials but of her finances. She cannot take the coveted “holiday” on the savings of a few weeks or months.

It is in the holiday that she discovers something of the romance that makes life worth while. Sometimes it takes the form of returning to the Old Country for a visit, more or less prolonged. Here is a real adventure, albeit of a mild order! The girl has saved enough to buy some good clothes as well as her passage home, and the adventure consists in impressing the folks at home with the prosperity that she has discovered in the new land.

“You’ve got to look top notch when you go home,” explained an English girl, “otherwise, your folks will think you a failure. I bought everything new when I went home last, and the Canadian girl I chummed with on the boat said to me when we arrived at Plymouth: ‘You look a real Canuck!’”

It is surprising the number of home trips these old country domestics contrive to make. Working in private families, with their board and room provided, and with the need of wearing only simple clothing, they are able to save a large portion of their wages. In six months or a year, the girl who earns, say, \$35 a month, can put aside enough to pay for her return passage,—and she usually returns.

Look at one of these quiet, modest girls on the street on a Wednesday when she usually gets her “afternoon off.” She appears different from the office flapper or the ordinary run of woman wage earner in factory store, office or school. There is that self-contained, reserved air about her, which frequently appertains to those who are thrown much on their own resources. She speaks usually in a voice that is tinged with “accent,” but is otherwise refined. Her hair and complexion are natural: make-up is not encouraged in the domestic. Her manner, unobtrusive, conciliatory, polite, demure, has sprung quite naturally from her calling. Sometimes to this quiet air, she adds a dignity that makes it almost aristocratic. An observant, clever girl picks up much from the manners of her

superiors. A girl in a family of real culture can give pointers to her friends, and can demonstrate in her own appearance and manner that she appreciates the amenities of life. I knew a girl who had been lady’s maid to a woman of wealth and culture. This girl, natively endowed with beauty and refinement, quickly absorbed the atmosphere of her surroundings and reflected it in her manner. When at length she took her coveted “holiday,” she passed a month in a fashionable hotel where she was easily taken for a young woman of distinction and social position.

Loneliness!—the domestic sometimes complains of this. Her one or two evenings or afternoons off do not provide her with sufficient contacts with her own kind. But in this very fact she discovers compensations. She has been obliged, of necessity, to learn something of the joys of solitude. Her education, based upon at least a solid, old country, primary school foundation, has usually developed in her a taste for reading. Her book or magazine becomes a real companion. She learns to use her imagination, even to think. And with the stimulus of imagination, color and romance spring into life. “There’s nothing is, but thinking makes it so,” says the mystic. The domestic learns the truth of this. Her long dreams are not usually materialized, but they give her pleasure. She often sees her employers and her work not in a drab light but through the revivifying lens of the imagination. She knows the joys of untrammelled freedom, when with a whole afternoon off, she can roam the stores,—thinking of all the things she might buy and putting a great deal of fancy into the few things she does purchase. Then there is the meeting with a friend, of either sex, and the interchange of experiences. And a visit to the movies will give her that “cheap release” from circumstances that opens up to her a whole realm of possibilities.

No matter if a mistress is cranky and too exacting,—a way of escape will soon be open. For no girl need remain indefinitely in an uncongenial family: the demand for her labors is too continuous. How does her life compare with that of other women wage-earners? To begin with, she is often more wisely cared for. In a good family she is sure of three nourishing meals a day and of proper sanitary surroundings with reasonable hours of rest. She cannot pass the night—that precious time of rejuvenation—in the miasma of jazz. Clear-eyed, with natural color on her cheeks, she arises betimes, usually well fitted for the tasks that lie before her. And her work is in itself healthful, combining as it does exercise with the use of judgment. The too sedentary life of the office clerk and the too stationary life of the store girl are alike avoided. Her work, also, has an element of variety unglimped by the factory worker. She is not “bored stiff” by her own society.

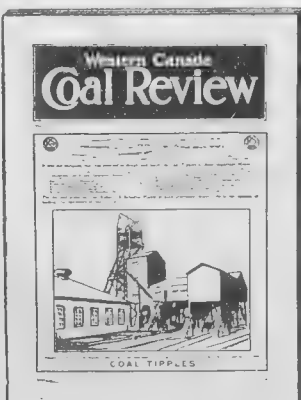
But when she does go home, she likes to appear “Canadian.” She takes along a fur coat to astonish the home folks; she wears her clothes strictly à la mode, and may even resort to the rouge pot and to lip-stick. But—it is all a part of the romance of her life. A little “fling,” and then she is back at work,—decorous, demure, and diplomatic. Presently Mr. Right Man may come along, and she settles down into a life that is usually very unlike her dreams, but very much like the kind of thing that her native common sense has always told her she may expect.

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Shadowland With all Its Vagaries

Continued from page 28

the Southern lines and be caught so that the plans he carries sewed in the lining of his coat will be discovered and mislead the enemy. He is captured, according to the Northern scheme, but in turn captures the heart of the daughter of the house, and she tries to save him. She fails in her frantic efforts and he is about to be shot when his own troops arrive and extricate him from his perilous position. "Only the Brave" is rather a difficult film to place, for at times it seems to be poking fun at fascinating spies, sentimental Southern belles and gallant military men. It is a bit difficult to understand whether the author is indulging in deliberate satire or if that is just his way of handling his serious subject. Gary Cooper is magnetic as the romantic Federal spy, playing with a humorous ease not revealed in his previous pictures. Mary Brian is charming as the Southern belle who loves her enemy. William Le Maire provides a delicious comedy portrait of a garrulous, shiftless and philosophical Southern private who soliloquizes that "there are but two kinds of women in the world—blondes and brunettes!" The rest of the cast is attractive and effective, and altogether "Only the Brave" is a pleasant, likeable photoplay.

Officer O'Brien

LOVERS of detective yarns — and who is not one these days?—will find their favorite "headquarters" flavor in the screen drama, "Officer O'Brien." The homicidal round in this case takes in a gangster, his crony, the father of Officer O'Brien the brother of the heroine and a waiter in a night club. In fact, the story is as full of killings as "The Greene Murder Case." The author finds it exceedingly easy when his characters baffle him to have one of them shoot another. The hero is "Bill O'Brien," plain-clothes man, whose father belongs to the underworld. Young O'Brien is trying to make a place for himself at headquarters while his father, a shift-eyed old man, double-crosses him at every turn. The cronies of his father's gangster band, catch "Bill" in a net which will not only end his career on "the force" but will send him to the "Big House." What happens is stagey but exciting, and I don't mind telling you that if there had been one more murder the film would have wound up with tragedy, but, at that, there are enough murders committed to satisfy the most blood-thirsty detective story fan or movie patron. Although "Bill O'Brien" is the hero and is well-acted by William Boyd, the honors of the competent cast go to Ernest Torrence as the erring father.

The Cohens and The Kelly in Scotland
GEORGE SIDNEY and Charlie Murray figures as Cohen and Kelly respectively, while Vera Gordon acts Mrs. Cohen and Kate Price opposes her as Mrs. Kelly. As the title of this audible picture indicates, this most amusing and controversial quartet this time visits Scotland—in previous pictures they have explored Paris and Atlantic City to the great amusement of their audiences.

Cohen and Kelly while in Scotland outwit after considerable intrigue two canny Scots, also in the cloak and suit trade, during a campaign of bartering

for the sale of plaid material with different Scottish firms. One of the big laughs of the picture comes through a parsimonious Scot's agony pouring out a glass of native wine for Mr. Kelly, who tries to pretend that the word "when" is not in his vocabulary. Mr. McPherson, the Edinburgh man, however, finally manages to get it out of him in an unexpected fashion.

The rambling plot introduces a Prince, who is something of a dictator, and the "atmosphere" is admirably conveyed through bagpipe tunes, Kilties and various thick, burry accents. To this Scotch flavor is added the familiar sighs and ejaculations of Cohen; Kelly's Irish jokes; the quarrels and loveable reconciliations of the partners and the constant solicitations of their wives. The photography is good, the direction careful and the sound clearly and efficiently reproduced.

Lord Byron of Broadway

THIS screen musical picture, directed by William Nigh and Harry Beaumont, is somewhat disappointing, as, with one or two exceptions, it is slipshod, mediocre and boring. It tells the story of a song plugger who clicks at first in a big way, then meets reverses, but finally wins out with the girl he loves. The dialogue is amateurish and the old situations are put together crudely and with uneven continuity. The settings are handsome, but not original or unique. One or two of the song numbers are catchy, notably "Should I," and the voice production is good. Ethelind Terry and Marion Shilling are better "lookers" than they are actresses. Charles Kaley, who as the song plugger, is so disastrously attractive to the young ladies of the film, is a pleasant young actor but not a dazzling star.

Caviar

"CAVIAR," an animated cartoon by Paul Terry, creator of Aesop's Fables, is far above the average of this type of film. The drawings are excellent and the filming is done in black and white instead of the usual yellow and white. The comedy is exceptionally laughter-provoking, centered as it is upon rats and cats who perform classical dances and indulge in rapid and amusing chasing. It is all very well synchronized and will afford children and adults seven minutes of genuine amusement.

Films Reviewed in Previous Issues.

Out of the Ordinary:

"Hallelujah"—In this writer's opinion the finest picture of the season for adults.

"Disraeli"—Splendid acting by George Arliss.

"Applause"—Interesting directing.

"The Taming of the Shrew"—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and William Shakespeare make a merry combination.

"The Rogue Song"—Lawrence Tibbett, baritone star of the Metropolitan Opera House does some rousing singing.

Other good films: "Son of the Gods" (with Richard Barthelmess), "The Virginian," "The Forward Pass," "The Greene Murder Case," "The Trespasser."

Jerome Carver

Military Drums

By Thomas Saunders

The old soldier speaks:

O military drums
O military drums
That keep a thousand footsteps all in time!
Sad day for me, if that day ever comes
When silent thou shalt be, thy use a crime.
How shall thy measured beat
Within my heart, my mem'ry, ever cease?
I, who have known responsive, willing feet,
When poor, tired bodies begged of thee
release?
How shall I now march down the busy street
To drums of peace?

God knows, I long enough
For peace! How then, why should I feel
this way?
I, who have irked beneath commandants
gruff,
I, who have prayed—and then gone forth
to slay?
Knowing, thro' wars of yore,
I wish for peace, and know that peace is best,
No matter what the future holds in store.
Yet, in the heart that beats within my breast,
I know I'll miss the mighty drums of war,
Should they be laid to rest.



"Oh, I'm Feeling Great"

"Yes, I was all in, weak as a kitten, no appetite, nervous and irritable.

"No, I was out of school for months. Guess my nerves got the start of me.

"Well, it didn't take so long once I got using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Every week I felt better and now I am in the pink of condition and have got back my normal weight.

"I never thought I would need medicine, but I certainly did this time and I'll know what to do after this if I ever get run down again.

"Yes, everybody tells me I am looking fine and I am certainly feeling great. You should see me eat."



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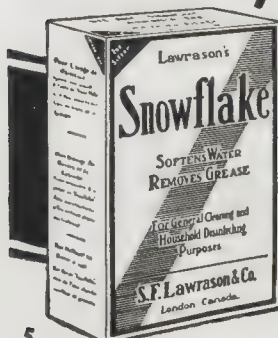
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with



Snowflake

It Removes Grease

3 Places for Snowflake
Kitchen, Bathroom, Laundry

One Can Love So Often

Continued from page 9

Mr. Gallert, very good friends."

"Your engagements concern only yourself? You are free to please yourself?"

"I shall always be that, Mr. Gallert."

"Oh, yes, of course. Very good that." He cleared his throat.

With her gaze on her notes Clare went on in the impersonal tones of the employee, "... with reference to your letter of the eleventh...."

Three jerky steps.

"Finish the thing yourself, Miss Lester. You know what I want to say. Exactly. You know what I want to say."

"We regret that we are already committed to the Construction Materials Company."

"You little devil! Will you lunch with me today?"

"It sounds attractive."

He must, thought Clare, be forty, a well preserved forty. His skin was pale but clear, he had full blue eyes and the square jaw of a prizefighter or criminal or successful business man. He would intrigue any woman of masochistic trend.

He wheeled sharply.

"It's against my policy, Miss Lester. A young woman in my own employ—she ceases to be a young woman."

"An interesting point of view, Mr. Gallert." Her drawl had become very demure.

"You were never a young woman! You were always a young devil."

"I was saying, Mr. Gallert, that your suggestion sounded attractive, but that today Mr. Bartlett and I—"

"Do you lunch with him every day?"

"Every day that he asks me."

"Has he asked you for tomorrow?"

"Not yet."

"Then you lunch with me tomorrow."

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Gallert."

"... with reference to your letter of the eleventh...." He had subsided into his swivel chair, his voice was again at ease with the world.

"BY the way, Denis, I have Gallert."

Denis stopped eating.

"Why, Denis! You ought to be glad."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"N-no. But he's asked me to lunch. The rest is easy sailing."

"You still dislike him?"

"Heartily."

"Clare, I won't have it!"

"Dear Denis. Incurably romantic. You cannot bear a marriage of exigence. Tell me, Elaine liked the new overcoat?"

"Look here, Clare, it's beastly. Please don't marry Gallert. I'll nest-egg indefinitely, until you find some chap you can stick."

"But, Elaine?"

"Oh, I've no chance. I'm afraid that she—she too—is using me as a nest egg."

Clare's smile was gentle.

"Denis, I promise not to marry Gallert until things are on a satisfactory basis with Elaine."

Denis became radiant.

"Denis, let's give Elaine jealousy treatment. Look at the results with Gallert."

But Denis was glum. "Absolutely different. It's not so easy to make a woman jealous. I know. I've tried."

"Can't we go somewhere that Elaine will see us together?"

"Yes. But you'll have to be patient, Clare. It will take a thundering lot to make Elaine jealous."

"Elaine sounds very pleased with herself. Denis, I'm sure she isn't good enough for you. Will she be nice to you? Denis, I can't bear you to marry some selfish, stuck-up beauty."

"She'll be at Pierre's tonight. Will you come, Clare?"

"I'm shabby. But society girls—you did say she was a society girl?"

"Rather! Sheltered life, old family."

"Better and better. Society girls dread pretty nobodies. They've seen scores of eligibles caught by the lure of giving. They fear the sympathy trap, the one weapon they can never acquire for their own arsenal."

OVER a table at Pierre's Denis watched Clare. She was interested in the smartly dressed diners. She was enjoying the music. Her eyes shone, she looked younger. She was, miraculously, again the fairy princess of three years ago, legendary, glamorous.

He smiled at her pointed comments. Her words came easily. She had been roused out of her drawl.

"Denis, you've brought me back to life. I'm fuddled with happiness. I don't at all mind being the shabbiest woman present."

From her eyes was erased memory of social secretarialing, movie and millinery courses. Perhaps she was forgetting the Hon. Austin.

Suddenly she wilted. She spoke with a low drawl.

"She hasn't come yet? Elaine. She isn't here?"

"Not yet. I'll tell you."

Her smile seemed forced. "Gallert this afternoon... really he progresses rapidly..."

"I say, Clare, just for tonight drop Gallert. Please just for tonight—you and I merry and bright—chuck leprous old nests and eggs and—don't you know?"

"Don't you know" includes Elaine?"

"Oh, absolutely!"

"No," spartanly. "Elaine is the reason we are here. And definitely, Denis, I'm not satisfied about Elaine. If she does not impress me favourably, you're not going to marry her."

Denis considered, then asked troubledly, "You're certain about this jealousy stuff? It goes with women, sure-fire, like with men?"

"Yes." Clare gazed steadily at him a moment, then she said quietly, "Denis, I'm glad to have known you. You aren't like other men. You are, I mean it, you are glamorous, and—legendary. You make me think of the Arthurian cycle. I forbid you to laugh. To me you are the 'white knight of Ascalon.' I—I suppose Elaine will arrive soon?"

Denis scanned the room. Just then a flurry of interest ran over the diners, many heads turned toward the door. A young woman, followed by a foreigner, walked slowly to a reserved table. She had a chinchilla wrap, large black pearl earrings, and eyes used to admiration.

"There!" whispered Denis excitedly. "Oh, Clare, have I a chance?"

"A chance for what?" Clare regarded him mystifiedly.

"Elaine! Over there with the beastly foreigner."

Clare stared blinkingly at him.

"That woman with the chinchilla and the black pearls?"

"Yes. Topping, isn't she?"

Clare began to laugh.

"Denis, I adore you!"

Then, as Denis was only a gasping bewilderment,

"Denis, even though you never go to the movies, you ought to recognize Gloria Swanson!"



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A CANADIAN - MADE PRODUCT

Interesting People I Have Met

Continued from page 13

has gone to Singapore," Mrs. Fukui explained. "The Tiger will bring him back safely. It is now hanging for you, so that the Tiger may bring you back safely in the Zeppelin to us." A story-book gathering at the house of Mrs. Sugimoto, authoress and original of the "Daughter of the Samurai." The Japanese theatre, historical plays in priceless costumes hundreds of years old, modern Japanese plays exposing the deplored modernity of Japan's Bright Young People. Tantalizing glimpses into Japanese family life, real hard work and much concentration to study their political, economic and international questions as far as time allowed. I wonder how many people realize, even if they think about it, what very strenuous work all this travelling and writing involves. It is an inestimable privilege to meet interesting people all over the world; to travel as much as I do, but it means time-whole, and heart-whole dedication to the task of absorbing information. When I returned to London for a few days last September, Mr. J. Heitner, the editor of the "Sphere" and "Britannia and Eve," said to me: "I wonder how you get time to study politics and to write, travelling about at the rate you do."

It is all a matter of work and planning, and much harder for a woman than for a man. Experience proves to me that a woman must work at least a third again as much as a man. The world at once assumes that a man takes his work seriously until he proves himself not serious; while a woman is not taken seriously in work until she proves she is serious. A woman has infinitely more calls upon her time and energy—packing, unpacking, clothes for every occasion, for flying, for travelling, morning, afternoon, informal and formal evening wear. As a woman I must make and return social calls upon wives of officials, must attend to the little courtesies, note-writing, visiting me at the conventional hours. My male colleagues often say: "Oh, why do you bother with such things; I could not get through half my work if I did." They can "get away" with the excuse of being busy, and people only shake their heads in commiseration, and say: "What a hard-working fellow he is to be sure." But if I did the same thing, they would waggle their heads and remark: "Strange, my dear, strange—I wonder why she avoids Society." I love parties, and find great pleasure in accepting invitations from friends, and official circles, but the work side has to come first, after all. As soon as I arrive any place, I make appointments to interview Government and other officials to get statistics, information, opinions from all sources, from government, municipal, police, and pro- and anti- would-be reformers, feminists, missionaries, heads of universities and colleges, and often from chiefs of hospitals and even prisons, if social questions are of great significance in the country I happen to be visiting. I always have to get up very early. Luckily I am a good traveller, and can write in all circumstances and conditions. Nothing bothers me, neither rough sea, train movement, noise, lack of convenient accommodation. The typewriter on my knee is as good as a table to me. I have written most of my work this year on trains, steamers, and in the Zeppelin. The Far East is full of outstanding personalities who are in most cases little more than names in the West. Curious that the World-War, modern speedy transport, wireless, radio, international brotherhood propaganda and the rest, has really not brought the world much closer together in sympathy and understanding. I sometimes feel that it is almost the contrary, that the shrinking of distances, realization of proximity of other nations and peoples, has much the same effect as overcrowding in cities, provoking irritation and a desire to get away from one's too-near neighbors.

IN CHINA, I was entertained by the wife of President Chiang Kai-shek, "Mei-ling," First Lady of the Land of

nearly 500,000,000 people; by the Foreign Minister, Dr. C. T. Wang, who gave a wonderful party for me in Nanking; by the Chinese wives of high government officials, by President Chiang Kai-shek's Advisory Mission, the very soul and engine of his modernizing machinery. Amongst the members of the Mission I had ample opportunity to study details of his ambitious plans for ranging China's hundreds of millions as a modern nation. Against the West or with it? That, Dr. C. T. Wang told me, depends upon the attitude of the West to New China.

In Shanghai lives my ideal of a perfect Christian gentleman, the Rev. J. Darroch, Litt.D., a Scottish missionary of more than forty years' residence in China. He is broadminded, tolerant, overflowing with human kindness, a profound student learned in books and human nature, active to promote happiness around him and always ready with plans for the pleasure of others. He lives with his two daughters, Ruth and Grace, who literally find no fun in parties unless their father is along. "A party's not a party without Dad," Grace declared to me. "He just makes it." I know what they mean. I have known Dr. Darroch for years, and never tire of listening to his gentle, humorous fund of anecdote and experience gathered during the long years in China, a land which to me is absorbingly interesting. Shanghai on the yellow Whangpoo River, full of Chinese junks with their great unblinking eyes, "for how could a boat see the way to go without eyes?" the Chinese argue, and give them painted eyes as big as a man's head; the Bund, where a hundred nationalities jostle each other, where the world meets and parts again, the Nanking Road, where I can buy Paris hats, Paris frocks, American ice-cream soda, English leather, English tailoring; where varnished Chinese ducks dangle appetizingly in glistening rows, Buddhist temple incense mingles its spicy fragrance with aromatic cooking odors from Chinese restaurants, and silk stores famous throughout the wholesale world display their gleaming wares. Jade embroideries, carvings, scrolls, gilded Buddhas, silverware, fans, flowers and combs for Sing-Song girl's delight—I am always happy in seaports where the great ships boom their greetings and farewells. This time I was lucky enough to witness the first celebration of the Dragon-festival for years. It had been forbidden by the police for some time on account of the disorderliness for which it is allegedly responsible. From a Chinese junk on the river, in company with the intrepid Chinese cameraman, "News-reel" Wong, I managed to get right into the middle of the celebrations. We clambered about from junk to junk, swirled round the participants, dodged fire-crackers, and got a pile of unique pictures with no harm to ourselves in spite of the fanatical excitement which possesses the celebrators of the Dragon-festival more than any other festival in the Chinese calendar.

I WAS in Nanking, the new Chinese capital, for the state burial of Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Chinese Republic," whose remains had been resting temporarily in Peking until the completion of the Mausoleum nestling under Purple Mountain. The ceremonies brought down from Peking all the Diplomatic Corps, all the Chinese officials from every part of the country, thousands of spectators, until Nanking was full to overflowing. The few consulates offered hospitality in tents in their grounds, and I was fortunate in having been invited by General Li-Nai, whose military headquarters also sheltered several ladies of the members of the Advisory Mission. I was the only European woman to witness the diplomatic ceremony of kow-towing to the coffin and attendant proceedings. My companion was a Chinese girl named Eva Chang, who by sheer personality, determination and unflagging industry has established herself as the one and only Chinese woman political [Continued on Page 82]



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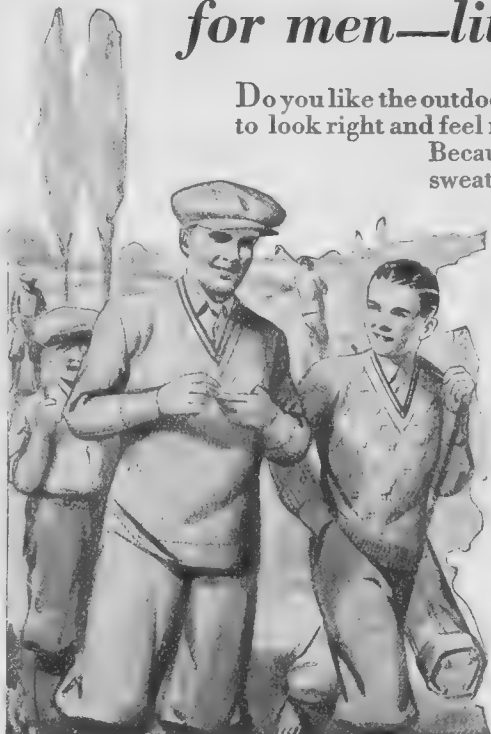
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Interesting People I Have Met

Continued from page 80

newspaper correspondent, and now enjoys an unprecedented status in the Chinese capital. Together we followed the long ceremonies, denied even the ladies of the Diplomat Corps; together we made our bows before the glass coffin through which we could see the preserved body of the "Father of the Chinese Republic." At first I thought I would not look at him, but curiosity overcame my hesitation, and I saw the old man, serene, peaceful, a little darker than in life, with gloved hands crossed on his still bosom.

NANKING is the third of the world's four new capitals which I have seen. I know Angora, was in New Delhi two years ago, and feel that I must now visit Canberra at the first opportunity. Canada was a new field for me last year, too. Returning from the Far East to start the World Flight from New York, I travelled through Canada, stepping off to admire the beauties of the Rockies, and to see friends in various parts. It gave me quite a new idea of our wonderful Dominion, of the problem of emigration, labor, prospects, needs and demands of this vast, rich land. The disposal of superfluous populations is one of the most vital problems in the world today. I had just come from Japan, whose population is increasing at an average rate of 800,000 a year. From 1920 to 1925, some 3,700,000 more Japanese have been born in the world, and from 1925 to 1930 it is expected that the figure will be well over four millions. One of the chief topics of conversation in Japanese official circles is the disposal of these millions. Mussolini is seeking an outlet for the Italian millions. Australia of nearly 3,000,000 square miles area has a population of less than six millions—about three-fourths that of Greater London, and by appearing to discourage even white immigration, does seem to be countenancing future complications in the Pacific.

TRAVELLING certainly teaches. In spite of much reading about Canada, I realized that before I had actually visited the country, it had been but a name and symbol. I had to experience the luxury of the Santa Fe trains across the American continent before I could realize its extent. On the "Great Chief Yellow Bear" I lived in a regular hotel on wheels, with baths, beauty-shop, maid service, barber for men, valet-service, candy-shop, tobacco store, news agent all rolled into one, ladies' boudoir, men's smoking-room, observation car, and hardly any perceptible train motion.

THIS has been a year of contrasts for me in every sense. From the quintessence of luxury travelling in trains and steamers, to the simplicity of Zepelin accommodation; from regally-appointed hotels to the primitive accommodation in Nanking, which knows not as yet a water supply, or drainage system of any sort; from banquets in sophisticated New York to Chinese feasts of thirty courses, and Japanese Geisha parties, from scorching summer in America, humid heat in Shanghai, to the freezing nights over Central Siberia. A kaleidoscopic panorama of personalities has filled my stage. I have seen and examined the three outstanding inventions in aviation of the year: the "Graf Zepelin," the "Do-X," and our own "R-100" at Howden which I was invited to visit immediately I returned to England from the Round-the-World flight. In twelve months I have lived through more than most people do in a lifetime. What has it brought me? Perspective. Increased toleration and impartiality. Strengthened determination to work in the path of detachment from futilities. Inspiration. A vision of a new spirituality in the world. Faith in the Divine order of things. Increasing joy and pleasure in the small, sweet demonstrations of family affection, thoughtfulness of friends and courtesies of strangers.

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Whitefish Creek

Continued from page 11

chose a shady tamarack near, and sprawled there—thinking.

Yes, thinking, and he came to one paramount conclusion — that he had made an ass of himself. He did not know what the whitefish thought of him, but what the whisky-jack had thought she had clearly said. From experience he knew nothing about fishing, for when with his mother he had not lived in a fishing country—rather, other foods had been so abundant that they had never troubled with live fish, though a dead one stranded on the lake shore was within a day's takings. Now Moween wanted live fish. He wanted live fish and nothing else. He wanted live fish more than anything else on earth—in fact, live fish was his sole craving, his whole earthly desire, the uttermost limits of his horizon to the four points of the compass. Nothing mattered but live fish. If he trod his spongy forepaws down to the bone, he must have live fish, and there, behold! within smelling distance, was a creek full of them! He scratched his hind quarters with his forepaws as he thought, then he scratched his neck with his hind paws, rolled on his nose, sucked up an ant and—thought!

Yes, he had gone to work all wrong, and there was that infernal whisky-jack again! He muttered at it as it flew, a flash of color, above his head, laughing at him, then for a space he sat, solemnly looking at the stream. Not a fish to be seen!

He could hardly believe his eyes, and the realization brought a wave of panic. He got up and ambled downstream—no, never a fish! The pool which, less than five minutes ago, was swarming with them bore no trace of finny life! He could see to the bottom all the way, and he did not know that this particular breed of whitefish possessed the ability of sucking itself down into the sand like catfish, where it could lie, seeing but unseen. Those Moween had hunted had sucked down into the sand all round him, and even as he hunted them they would have vanished like magic, but that he gave them no time.

At the end of the pool Moween found a great barrier of sticks extending from bank to bank. There was no way through it for the water to pass, yet somehow it oozed through or found its way underground, for the stream continued below as though the obstacle were nothing to speak of. Moween walked out across the dam. About it was an appetizing aroma like rabbit, only more so, and possessing an additional virtue unlike rabbit or anything else. Moween knew that the creatures which haunted this place were good to eat, but at present he could think about nothing but fish. He had no experience of beavers, for he had not been reared in beaver country. This was beaver country, and they had increased incredibly under the prolonged close season.

Having inspected the dam, Moween returned to the pool, and behold! the fish were back again, the whole surface alive with them!—huge silver, succulent fellows, sucking down the flies, and rearing themselves half out into the haze of mosquitoes. But no sooner had Moween shown himself than away they went, veering here and there and simply disappearing, for even a whitefish possesses something in the shape of a memory, and Moween had scared them badly.

He crouched down at the water's edge, pretending to be one of the many boulders around him, but though he watched for an hour, seeing fish everywhere, not one came within reach of his paws. Finally he dashed in after the nearest, casting the spray in all directions, but again he missed, and again the whisky-jack flew down the river with its cackling peal.

When the sun lost its warmth the whitefish disappeared, and that evening Moween fed hungrily, but without appetite, on ants and crawly things, he

got by rolling the logs over. They were a poor substitute for fresh fish, which his empty stomach and his burning skin and every fibre of his poor, fire-scorched body still craved, but that night he heard strange sounds down the river. Had he been an old bear he would probably have gone right away, for those sounds resembled the lumbermen at work. A sharp smack, then the crash of a falling tree, silence for a space, then the bustle and splash and patter would begin again—the beaver colony at work, for the beavers work only at night time. Filled with curiosity, he padded silently down, but ere he was within fifty yards there was a resounding smack as a beaver hit the water with its tail in diving, then slap after slap, near and far, spreading down the creek ahead of him. He flattened among the blueberries and watched, and presently something swirled to the surface fifty feet off, a long trailing something which looked immense in the sword-play of the starlight. He raised his head the merest fraction for a better view, whereupon the smack recurred. There was a cloud of foam where the beaver had been, and smack-smack-smack—once more the warning rang far and near and away into distance.

So the beavers knew that he was there, and he might as well try to catch the bats in the sky. He slunk away, not wishing to see the beavers, for he was hungry only for fish, though sooner or later, when he had dealt with the fish question, he might deal with the beaver question also.

DURING the next three days Moween learnt that the whitefish fed chiefly in the heat of the day—that it was of no use looking for them when the white mists of morning or evening were upon the river. Sometimes, watching, he would mark one down when it buried itself, leaving its waving dorsal fin exposed, and he would stalk it carefully through the shallow water one step at a time, then dab one gigantic forepaw in the sand. But if the whitefish could bury themselves quickly, they could unbury themselves with even greater speed, and always they were too quick for him. They never appeared to hurry, but they possessed the gift of moving just at the right time, and after every specially irritating miss, Moween heard the whisky-jack cackling overhead.

He could think, I say, and he noticed that the whisky-jack always alighted on one stark and lonely branch above the sand at the creek margin, so on the third day he climbed up, chewed the branch off, then sat immediately under it waiting for the whisky-jack to return. No doubt he thought that, like Bret Harte's gentleman whose step was treacherously removed, the whisky-jack would alight on empty space, and assuredly when that cunning mischief-maker came back, he seemed a trifle troubled. He hovered and flew a turn or two, then he saw Moween ensconced cunningly below, and he flew off with a louder laugh than ever.

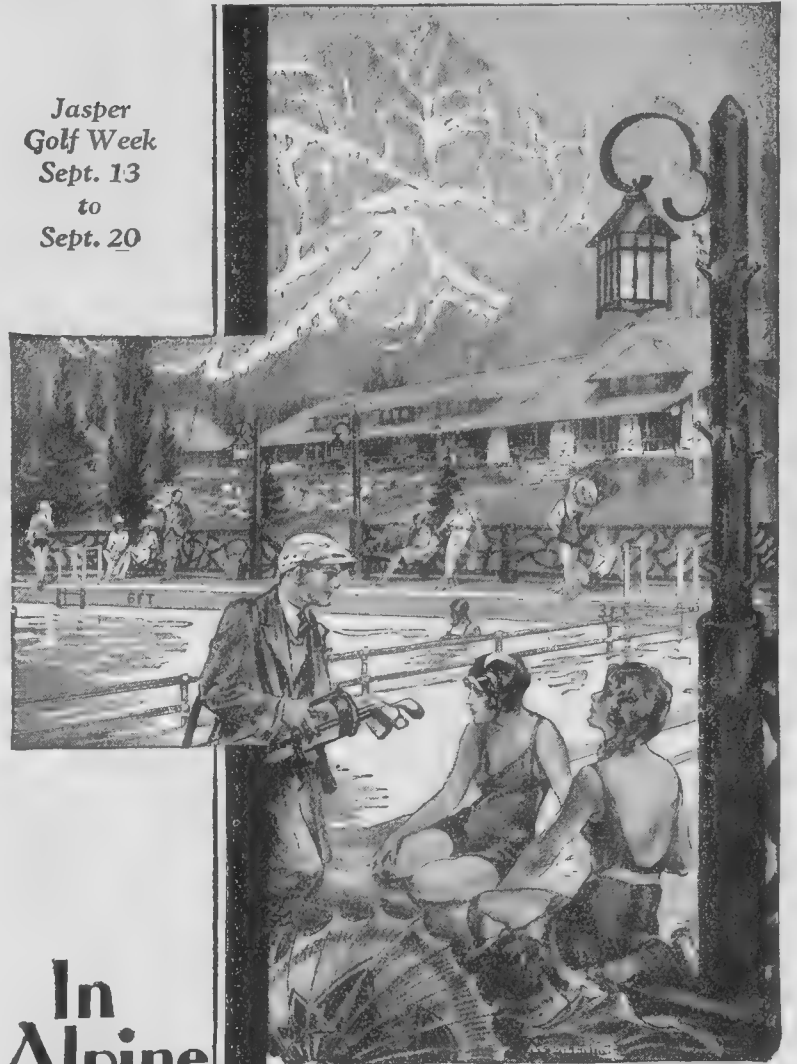
Moween had done some hard thinking, and that night he decided upon a plan of action. Just what would happen and where it would lead him he could not exactly follow. His bear brain was hardly equal to more than one step at a time, so he would take the first step and follow it up, if there was anything to follow. He was up before the mist was off the water, and going down to the beaver dam he got his claws and his paws to work. He gnawed, he tore, till the water began to gush through the barricade, then he tore and gnawed till the rift opened of its own accord, and the full weight of the blue stretch was pouring through the dam.

Not till the work was complete did Moween look up, then he saw. Instead of a level pool glistening in the sunlight, there were just rolling sandbanks with the merest trickle meandering down the centre.

[Continued on page 84]

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Whitefish Creek

Continued from page 83

That, indeed, was interesting. He had possessed a notion that something of the kind might occur, and so, having accomplished the first step, he must think out the second. He strolled up to investigate, and behold! though the whitefish had grovelled down when the water receded, he had now nothing to do but use his nose in order to locate them and his paws to claw them out.

What a feast! He sniffed, he dug, he felt like a prospector who, in his declining years, strikes gold enough to make a millionaire of him, and Moween's happiness was complete. He longed for nothing more, for this was the supreme moment of his life. He ate three whitefish, the pick of the first half dozen, and though he could eat no more, he went on hunting. He dug out fish after fish and buried them all up and down among the trees. Some he merely tucked under the logs, others under the boulders, some in the soft ground, nosing the muskeg over them. Of course, he could not remember the whereabouts of all his hidden treasures, but when next he was hungry he was sure to find one or two of them. Indeed, he buried sufficient whitefish to keep him going for a month.

Triumphant, full, and happy, Moween went to sleep under his windfall long before the sun sank, and the whisky-jack, looking down at him, had nothing to say.

IT WAS towards mid-day next day when he awoke, and having sucked his forepaw for a time, he ambled forth to see how the sands were faring. To his surprise, the pool was back again, and almost at its original level. This was strange, and having learnt something about cause and effect, Moween strolled down to investigate. There he discovered that the break in the dam was repaired, that fresh branches had been carried and laid in shape. It was the work of only a few minutes to rake away the new obstruction, and again the accumulated waters swept through. Again Moween fed on whitefish till he could eat no more, and this went on for three days. Every morning he found the pool blocked and proceeded to remove it, but being a bear, he wanted to know. The dam could not very well repair itself. Someone must be doing it to spite him!

On the fourth night he watched. Long after darkness had settled he saw the beavers come scurrying round, at first only one big fellow, then a second and a third, all carrying branches, dragging them stem first, and helping each other to plaster up the breach. They were so intent that they did not see him when he raised his head, so he stole a little nearer. He watched from within twenty feet, and all the time that inviting scent, like rabbit only more so, hung in the air. Moween might have dashed in and taken his chances, but he had learnt his lesson. He was gaining by experience, which in the bear world is the right and only road to a long life. So he stunk away, thinking.

The following day he was tired of whitefish. That inner craving was satisfied, so he just basked in the sun and snapped at the flies. This was late summer, you see, and three days of abundant feeding would keep him going quite comfortably for a full week if need be, so he was in no hurry to carry his next plan into effect. He saw the whisky-jack feeding on a fish he had left in the open, and he decided that ere long he would deal with the whisky-jack for laughing at him.

Moween waited till the dusk began to gather, then he went noisily down to the dam, opened the breach, and ambled back into the woods. He lay still till he heard the beaver moving, then he silently approached, sneaking up under the dam till he was a few feet from the rift.

For a full hour Moween watched, and all the time the beavers were at work frenziedly repairing, appearing blind and deaf and scent-less to all but the business [Continued on page 88]



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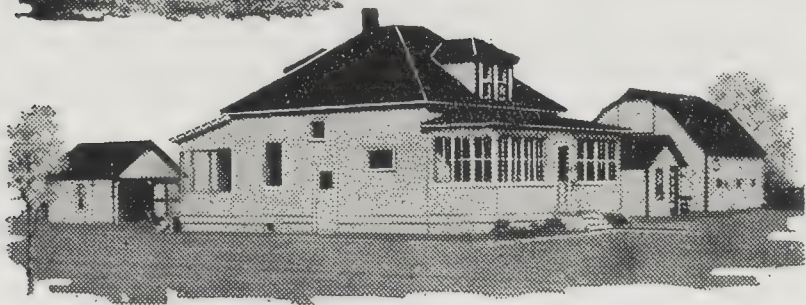
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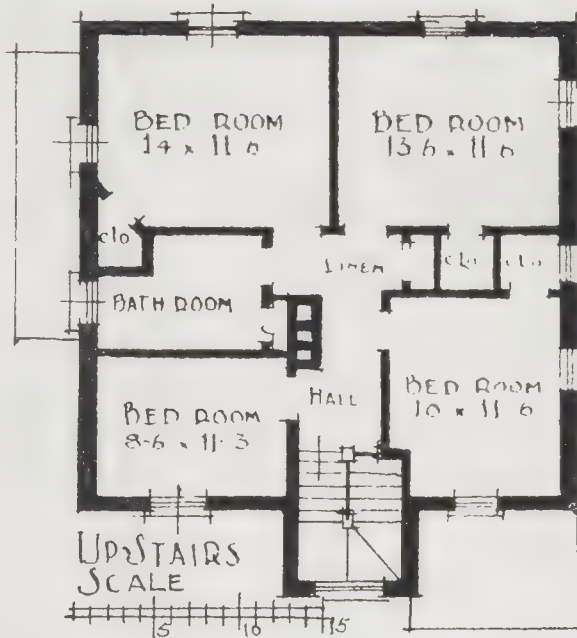
A Home for the West

Continued from page 21

its important side. The dining-room and living-room faces it and these rooms could be made exquisite living-rooms. As this is not a large house and being practically square, the ground floor at least could be made into a gem for home lovers. Take the kitchen. It has a side entry from its own kitchen yard, and is convenient to the stairs which have an

uncut by doors or windows, and a fire-place around which all interest generally centres. The fireplace is in a dull glazed blue delft tile with a shelf simple in design above it. To the inherent charm of the fireplace, the shelf is reinforced by the glow of color in the books upon it, with a pottery jar in glazed deep blues. On either side of the mantel are

wall brackets. In front of the fireplace we will put a good-sized rug, and against the wall on one side a couch, or if the couch stands into the room it may be backed by a davenport table on which is a reading-lamp, books and flowers. A smaller table at one end of the couch to hold books or magazines, and finally, to complete our fireside group, two easy chairs with small tables and lamps adjacent. With the panelling the rest of the room is almost furnished. The piano, if upright, stands between the windows and a good picture hung on the space over it, or a small tapestry would give a touch of color to that side of the room. The radio should be at one corner of the room far from the fireplace. The French doors looking on to the piazza

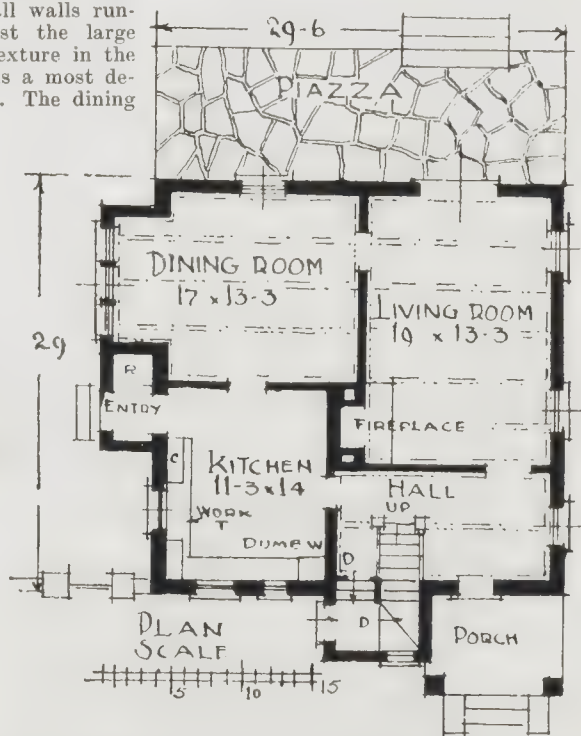


outside entrance to the basement. The living-room has its interest on cold, stormy nights centred in the fireplace, and on summer days the piazza through the glass French door invites.

The joists are 2x12-inch and over the shiplap and paper throughout the entire house is laid an edge-grained fir floor, stained in the dining and living-rooms in a dark tone. The reason for the dark fir in these rooms is that deep-toned furniture and richly-colored fabrics dominate and this makes a dark fir floor absolutely essential. I would panel the hall and living-room five feet in height in fir. One need not be alarmed at costs. This does not mean the panelling of an Elizabethan manor, but simple yet beautiful woodwork, wide flat-grained boards with the joints covered with 1x6-inch edge-grained wood, stained and antiqued, with the ceiling beamed in fir, using a sand-etched finish. The floors would be unique if they were of wide boards, pegged and grooved and stained a dark brown. The hall would lend itself splendidly to this decoration. You can almost see the wide simple panelling on the hall walls running up the stairway past the large window on the landing. Texture in the walls above the panelling is a most desirable object to be gained. The dining and living-room and hall are large enough to be roughly plastered, giving a pleasing play of light and shade. Wall paper because of its relatively inexpensiveness and the great variety of colors, patterns and textures given by it could undoubtedly be used to good advantage in these rooms. I would carry out the same decoration on this floor outside of the kitchen and continue the same scheme into the hall upstairs. We have our dark floor, the lighter panelling and beamed ceiling. On this a foundation must be built, the picture of your home. The ceiling downstairs is 9 feet high, upstairs 8 feet 6 inches. The nine-foot ceiling should make the proportions of the rooms rather good and the panelling will take away from any boxiness that might appear. Suppose we treat the living-room as the typical room. There are good wall spaces

have in the winter colorful hangings enhanced in charm by soft glass curtains, while the windows would carry out the same idea. The lighting is by wall brackets, with plugs judiciously placed for reading, and piano lamps.

In the kitchen there should be a centred ceiling light and wall lights should be placed over the sink, the range, the cupboards and in the entry. In the hall use the lantern type from the ceiling. The dining-room is lighted by a pendant of electric candles, and the wall brackets should be of the same design, and in the living room use bracket fixtures with plugs for electric reading lamps. The bedrooms have ceiling lamps and in addition special localized light for use at the dressing-table mirrors, and a light at the head of the bed or plug for night lamp. The bathroom has a centre light and side-lights for basin. In the bathroom and kitchen the light sockets should be of porcelain or other non-conductors, and no light or appliance should have individual switches. Switches should



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Whitefish Creek

Continued from page 82

in hand. At length one came within striking distance, and he struck. He made sure of that beaver, and in the general din and surge and stampede that followed, he ambled off, taking with him the fat alderman of the beaver colony.

THUS Moween had survived the fire, thus he rose to the triumph of a mighty hunter, for the beavers are wise and watchful. Thus also he learnt two invaluable tricks which would see him far in the beaver and whitefish country, which is half the continent. If you want to catch beavers, break away their dam and stalk them when they are repairing it. If you want to catch whitefish, break the dam below and leave them stranded high and dry.

But, of course, the whisky-jack remained, and the following day, having nothing important on hand, Moween took one of the fish and laid it in the glaring light just beyond his windfall. Then he lay in the cool shadows, basking and watching, and sure enough, the whisky-jack came along and alighted, casting a cunning eye all round ere he began to feed. Moween waited till the bird's back was towards him, then he lumbered out, and the whisky-jack never even knew anything about it. The blow it received would have flattened an ox, and after Moween had sniffed it over and pulled it a foot or so by the tip of one wing, he did not know what to do with it. So he sat on it, screwed it well into the ground, then buried it, which is perhaps the best thing to do with those who, forgetful of their own shortcomings, are too ready to laugh at others.

The Great Chief of Prayer

Continued from page 22

who at 68 years could go out and breast the buffetings of the elements, or an elderly prelate, fast succumbing to age and arduous duties?

He entered the room, and my eyes went quickly from his purple-sashed cassock, to his eyes—warm blue eyes, wistful eyes, and yet eyes that I discovered later could twinkle merrily upon occasion. A shock of wavy, grey hair, flowed back over a high broad forehead. His cheeks, ruddy and firm; the face unlined showed nothing of passing years, a greying beard being the only evidence of the approaching three score years and ten.

This was the man who hit the trail in winter, slept outside in an eiderdown sleeping bag, and doggedly pushed onward to succor Indians beyond the far flung outposts.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"I've been doing it for years," he answered.

"But how do you keep fit for the trail, when you also spend so much time in your office? What do you do for exercise?"

"I chop wood out at the back," with a gesture toward the rear.

In that answer to one impulsive question, I caught the key to the reverence in which Bishop Charlebois is held. He is first, of course, a dignitary of the Apostolic Church. But the people know him also, as a man of the North; a man who can chop wood as well as preach.

Then the Bishop spoke of his early years before he came into the wilds. He was born near L'Assomption, Quebec, January 17, 1862. His father was Hyacinthe Charlebois, his mother, the former Miss Emeranie Chartier, of that district. His father was a farmer, and his own first ambitions centred about agriculture.

"But I had a chance to attend college," he explained. I graduated from the University of Ottawa, and was ordained July 17, 1887. I came straight here. I travelled by rail to Winnipeg, and then by boat to Cumberland, 100 miles from

[Continued on page 89]



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The Great Chief of Prayer

Continued from page 88

The Pas. I arrived there with 10 pounds of bacon and 50 pounds of flour. There were only three or four Whites at the post. I was at a disadvantage in not understanding Cree, so I learned the language.

"I spent 16 years in Cumberland, and then went to Duck Lake, Saskatchewan. In 1903 I returned to The Pas district, and was made Bishop on November 30, 1910.

"Yes, there was a church here at the time. I built one in 1905 while I was at Cumberland. I used to make three or four trips to The Pas each year, and a church was necessary. An Indian and I cut logs and squared them at Cumberland. We made them into a raft and floated them to The Pas. We erected a building 19 by 22 feet, and whitewashed it. There it is," he added, pointing to the window. It was the first cathedral "North of 53." It stands in the shadow of the more pretentious brick structure of today.

To those used to the beauty and restfulness associated with metropolitan edifices, the thought of the rough, hard times beyond the rim of civilization, may produce cold shivers, but not to Bishop Charlebois. He is a member of the Oblate order, and poverty, he accepts as his portion in life.

Here is an extract from the first letter he wrote upon arriving in The Pas:

"We live, Father Husson and I, in a little house of squared logs, loaned us by Dr. Larose. We take our meals with M. Boileau, who lives in a little building which Father Turquetil calls my episcopal palace. I sleep at the Hudson's Bay Company's factor's house, and Father Husson at Dr. Larose's. We have no beds of our own yet. My writing table is a large packing case; our chairs are smaller boxes perched on four wooden legs. Everything, you will see, is in keeping with holy poverty."

There were no regular services in the first cathedral in those early years. Bishop Charlebois paddled a thousand miles every summer. He visited Cedar Lake, Grand Rapids, Nelson House, Norway House, Pukatagan, God's Lake, and other far-off settlements across the great North-West.

"How far did your diocese extend," I asked.

"To the North Pole," he smiled revealing his faculty for finding humor in a largeness of enterprise that might well be expected to harbor worry. "However, that is changed now," he added. "There is a diocese in the Arctic."

"I went into the Arctic in the neighborhood of Chesterfield Inlet in 1923. It was as near as I got to the pole. I went from The Pas to Montreal, and thence by steamer around Labrador to Hudson Bay. The voyage occupied 18 days. I met the Eskimos. There were approximately 300 up there. Father Arcine Turquetil had been there since 1912. Only 26 of the natives remained pagan. There was another priest in the district. He had been suffering poverty and hardships. We sought his cabin. When we found him, we thought him dead. His feet were badly frozen. He was placed aboard the Hudson's Bay Company schooner York, and taken to York Factory. He eventually recovered and returned to his duties.

"Like the Indians, the Eskimos do not go back to their old beliefs. They are faithful, not only to their religion, but to all mankind. Practically all of the Indians in this district have been converted to Christianity. There is one small band on Water-Hen Lake, northern Saskatchewan, that still hold fast to the ways of their forefathers. They are easy to get along with. I see them once in awhile. I will visit them again this summer.

SOME idea of the work Bishop Charlebois has accomplished may be gleaned from notes in his diary of the summer

of 1911, and from a survey of the present day administration buildings of the mission in The Pas.

The diary reads in part as follows:

"Here we are home again once more in The Pas, after more than four months absence. During the journey, I travelled 300 miles by railway; 80 miles by heavy wagon without springs, over frightful roads; 2,000 miles by canoe; 40 to 50 miles on foot over portages through the forest. I have slept 60 times on the ground, sheltered by a little canvas tent.

"I have visited 14 missions, comprising a population of 4,500 Catholic Indians. Six of the missions had never been visited by a bishop. I have confirmed 1,100 Indians whose good dispositions have greatly edified me.

"Here in The Pas, they are building me a 'modest place' which may serve as cathedral, school or hospital. The alms I collected last autumn will not suffice to pay for those buildings."

Bishop Charlebois concluded his diary with a prayer for more buildings, that he might progress with the work. That prayer was answered.

The casual visitor to The Pas today sees a dozen buildings devoted to the ministrations of the faith. A modern cathedral stands near the site of the first church. On one side is the white brick palace of the bishop. Across the way is the convent. Then there is the old hospital, a spacious building that has ceased to serve since the building of St. Antoine's, a modern institution, overlooking the scenic Saskatchewan river.

Visitors marvel at such buildings so far from metropolitan centres. They appear to have risen, full blown, in the frontier settlement among the jack-pines. But those who have lived here for years, see beyond the brick and stone, and recall the colossal undertakings of the Bishop, of the almost super-human struggle, the dynamic energy, and the boundless faith that have made his dreams come true.

Every year since he entered the Manitoba field, he has done his 800 to 1,000 miles by canoe. Last summer he crossed more than 100 portages, those rocky, dangerous trails around water falls and rapids. But he accomplished his purpose. He visited practically all of his hundreds of Indians scattered across a thousand leagues of wilderness.

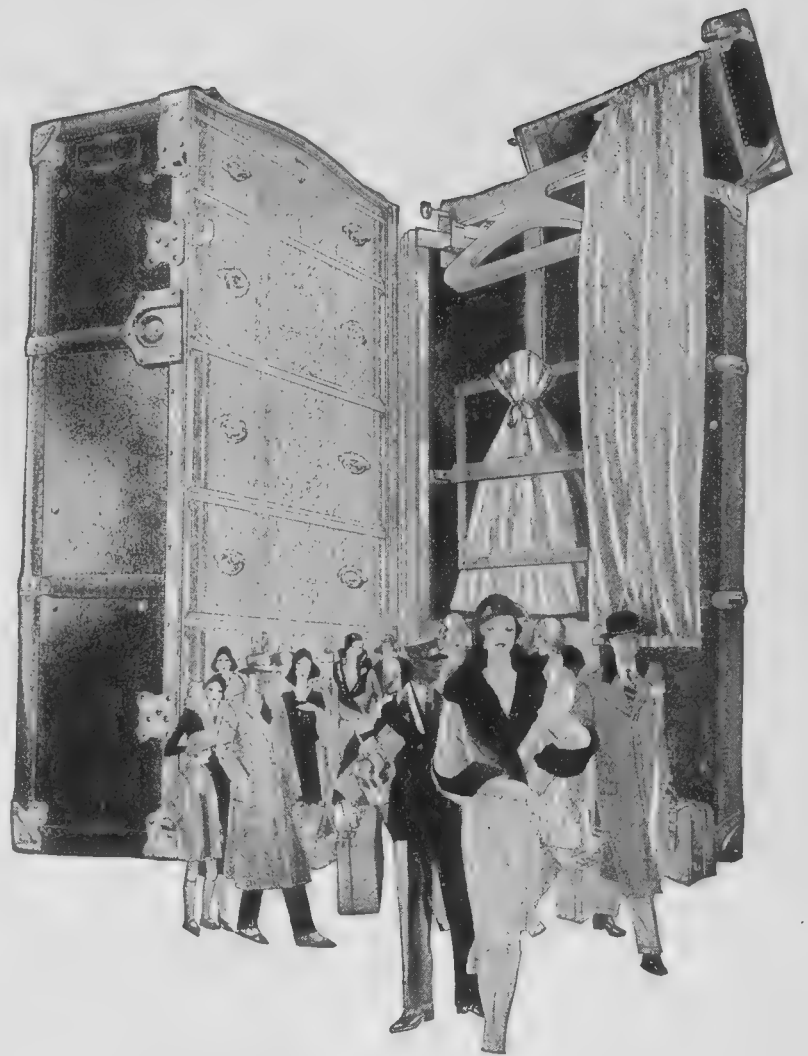
It takes strength of heart, as well as strength of body to make those trips, for the bishop does not see a bright future for the Indians, in spite of teaching, education and the contributions science is offering for their welfare.

"The outlook for the Indian is poor," says Bishop Charlebois. "The Whites have come into the country to stay. The Indian cannot move farther North, for that would mean the Arctic, and they cannot live there. Some of the stronger will settle among the Whites and survive. The others will succumb to the contact with civilization."

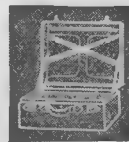
Not a bright outlook. But it does not deter the Bishop. Already, in January, Indian runners starting out with dog teams hauling supplies to the distant outposts, are carrying messages of good will, and a promise of a visit as soon as the "ice goes out." It will be months before some of those messages reach their destination. Then shortly afterwards, in the full bloom of summer, a canoe will appear around the bend in the river. The Indians will go down to the water's edge, to greet once more, "The Great Chief of Prayer."

The Yearning Noise of Jazz Romeos

We profess no talent for definitions. But radio crooning, as nearly as we can make it out, is something like the drowsy exhaust of a sighing sigh with jazz accompaniment—the simulated loneliness of anaemic love yearning for an affinity that has missed the train.—Kamloops Sentinel.



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The Cure

Continued from page 24

resist temptation. His responsibilities as husband took on a new and somewhat romantic meaning. It was a strong man's duty to help his wife overcome such a weakness. He was Marjorie's protector. He would guide her gently but firmly from the path that leads to destruction. And he would never leave her alone another evening.

With daylight, however, George's sentiment vanished.

MARJORIE awoke refreshed, and instead of being humble and shame-faced as he had expected, was either quite unconscious of the fact that she had been disgracefully drunk the night before or was callously unashamed. At any rate she made no sign, evidently unaware that George had known of her condition. And he, worn out with a night of framing kind and noble sentences, brimful of love, sympathy, and helpful advice with which to comfort her in her abjectness, had nothing whatever to say to the brisk, capable wife Marjorie was now, as she cheerfully prepared breakfast for her family.

George himself felt irritated and maintained a gloomy silence of which Marjorie took no notice. On his way to work he told himself that he had exaggerated Marjorie's condition of the night before. Marjorie didn't drink. She had no doubt some perfectly good reason for taking liquor last night. A bad toothache perhaps. He had been foolish to think so much about it.

To prove to himself that he was not worried George joined his friends as usual that evening and played pool until midnight. And as he waited for Marjorie to open the door to admit him he tried to believe that he felt no anxiety.

Marjorie was quiet tonight, and George felt that it was a studied quietness. He was quick also to note the slight unsteadiness of her walk. Deliberately he took her in his arms and kissed her. Her breath told him that his suspicions were not unfounded. She had been drinking again. George's heart sank. His wife was a drunkard. What could he do?

The next evening he settled down with a paper determined to stay right with his wife. He wanted very much to discuss her drinking with Marjorie, but could not bring himself to broach so painful a subject. He could not so embarrass his wife. Yet he felt that he must talk it over. He thought of various ways to begin but put off trying any of them aloud. He tried to concentrate on his reading but his mind constantly wandered off to Marjorie. He rather hoped to catch her in the act of taking a drink that he might demand an explanation and when she left the room and was gone for any length of time he made excuses to follow her. He found her upstairs tucking in a restless child, in the kitchen starting yeast for tomorrow's baking of bread, in the dining-room moving geraniums away from the cold window, but never did he find what he sought—an opportunity to deliver a temperance lecture.

Three evenings George spent in this manner, and Marjorie although she appeared to accept his presence as a matter of course, lost the dull discouraged look that had become habitual, and fairly glowed with happiness.

THEN restlessness got the better of George, weakening his late resolve. Hearing his friends discuss their games, their winnings and losses, he began to argue with himself concerning the necessity of any man having to stay at home all the time just to keep his wife from ruining her health and her character with strong drink. Marjorie had had these several nights to get over the idea of becoming a drunkard. Surely she had backbone enough to stay away from the stuff now without his help. His desires won the argument and that evening George joined in a poker game. Not having indulged in his pet vice for some nights he went back to it with greater zest than usual. As Marjorie, evidently, had returned to hers. George, returning some time after midnight found her almost too intoxicated to stand.

(Continued on Page 91)

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The Cure

Continued from page 90

He was suddenly very angry. This was a nice mess for a man to be in. A drunken wife! He wanted to show his disgust by refusing to touch her or let her touch him. At the same time he wanted to shake her. He wanted to tell her how degraded she was. He wanted to threaten to leave her. But what was the use? She was too drunk to understand him. In silence he helped her to bed, and overcoming a strong inclination to use the guest room for himself, he laid down beside her. Not to sleep however. He was too angry for that. Morning came and he had not closed his eyes.

George was up and dressed before Marjorie stirred, and when she entered the breakfast room he replied to her cheerful good morning, then spoke sternly:

"Marjorie."

"Yes, George?" How fresh she looked, he thought, and how innocent. No one would ever suspect the awful thing that had happened to her.

"You were drunk when I came in last night." Brutally put, he knew, but he felt brutal.

"Drunk!" Her hurt tone exasperated him.

"Don't you know you were drunk?" he almost shouted. "You aren't going to deny it, are you?"

Marjorie's reply was a wondering stare.

"Well. Haven't you anything to say?"

"What do you want me to say?"—quietly.

"What do I want you to say? You don't suppose a man is exactly proud to come home every night and find his wife drunk, do you? I want you to say it won't happen again." Then his mood softened and he held out his arms. "Come here, Marjorie," and as she turned slowly towards him he took her in his arms and pressed her head against his shoulder.

"You will give it up, won't you, dear?"

"I'll try, George," she told him. He pressed a kiss upon her lips and she nestled in his arms with a happy smile. That morning he went to work with a light heart. Marjorie loved him. For his sake she would stop drinking. That night he stayed out later than usual. When he returned Marjorie was drunk.

George was discouraged. Then he decided that he had expected too much. He was not going to give up either. With his help Marjorie could overcome her craving and he would help her.

Night after night George remained at home and Marjorie, he was quite sure, had never tasted liquor at all during that time. And staying at home was not so hard after all. He worried so much about his wife when he did go out that all the pleasure was lost. And so at last all his desire to spend the evenings away from home vanished.

"I rather like being with you, Marjorie," he told her one evening as they placed the men for a game of chess together. "Let's you and I make a bargain. I'll quit the pool room and gambling for good and you promise never to even taste liquor again. If you think you can, dear," he added gently.

"I can, George. Yes, I'll promise. And we will keep our bargain too," and Marjorie's eyes shone with happiness.

WHEN George had gone to work the next morning Marjorie's cheerfulness subsided visibly. Leaving the morning chores undone she dressed in her street clothes and after engaging a neighbor to look after the children until she returned, walked swiftly towards the office of her family doctor.

It being early the doctor was alone. Hardly waiting for the door to close, Marjorie burst out breathlessly—"I'm going to tell George, Doctor. I can't have him thinking what he does. I'm going to tell him as soon as he comes home at noon. I just came to let you know." She looked defiantly at him.

There was an amused smile on Doctor Graham's handsome face as he placed a chair for her. "What is the matter, Marjorie?" he asked. "Didn't it work?"

"Work? Oh, yes, it worked all right. If anyone knew how well it did work all the directors in Hollywood would be wanting me. He actually thinks I was drunk. Ugh! I can't bear the sight of the stuff. And I had to hold some in my mouth every time so my breath would smell like it. Here, I brought the rest back," and Marjorie drew from her pocket a small flask of whisky and handed it to the doctor. "I didn't use much of it."

The doctor took the flask. "And has George decided to stay home more?"

"Yes, he did decide to, but I won't go on with it. I'm going to tell him."

"I've heard that a woman couldn't keep a secret," Doctor Graham said musingly. "Just what do you expect to accomplish by telling him?"

"I'll get rid of my guilty conscience, for one thing."

"That will be the only thing then. Once your husband finds out that you pretended to drink in order to keep him at home he will never trust you again. He will be so hurt to know that he can't trust his wife he will start going out more than ever, if that is possible. You may look forward to spending the rest of your life alone. Are you any better able to stand that solitude now than you were before?"

"I'll have to stand it. I can't deceive George," Marjorie said dejectedly.

Doctor Graham's manner changed. "Look here, Marjorie," he said gently, "isn't George contented now?"

"Oh, yes, I think he is. I'm sure he is."

"Well, if you tell him, you are going to ruin his happiness as well as your own. You were justified in using a little bit of trickery for once, because your nerves won't stand being alone and it was the only way to make George live like a husband should. He wasn't doing right. Let your little deceit balance his neglect and call it square between you. Can't you do that?"

"Yes, I suppose I can," Marjorie said slowly, with a hopeful look on her face.

"Very well. Now promise me that you will never, never tell. Promise."

"Yes, I promise."

"That is settled then," Doctor Graham said with a smile. "And don't you ever dare break your promise."

"I will never want to," Marjorie replied, preparing to leave. And as she walked homeward she wondered why she hadn't noticed what a glorious morning it was.

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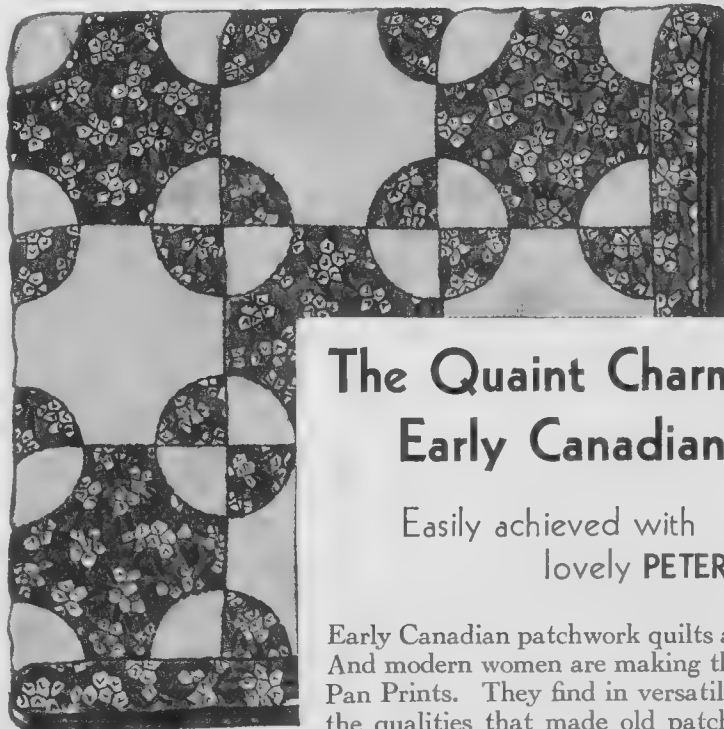
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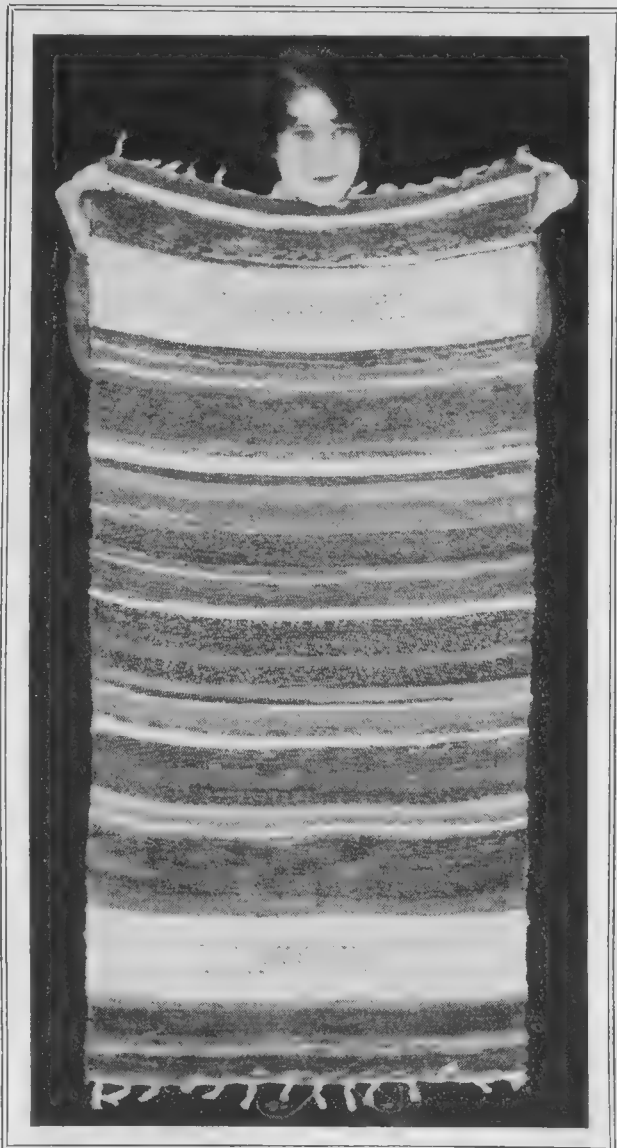
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.....
.....

Meet the Family

Continued from page 17

was conceited enough to think that perhaps I looked different to you—"

He stopped, not knowing how to continue. Then he mustered up his courage and went on.

"If you care about such things — couldn't you—couldn't we—I mean maybe we could both observe how other people dress—"

They were both scarlet with embarrassment. Then he suddenly reached over and took her hand.

"Oh, hang it all, Mary Jane!" he cried. "What do clothes matter? When two people find all the real and deep and true things in each other, the outside doesn't count, does it? Does it, Mary Jane?"

Susannah opened her lips to speak, and without warning burst into tears instead. He put his arm about her and drew her to him, and for a few moments she wept desolately into his unspeakable coat. Then he gently turned her face up to his and kissed her—again and again and again. Nothing else mattered now. He could dress in leopard skins for all she cared.

She knew that it was madness. In the midst of her ecstasy, she could picture the horror of her family, the ill-concealed astonishment of her friends, the sneers of her enemies. But what chance had reason against such love as this?

ALL the next day she did not allow herself to think. She had the feeling that she was standing upon the edge of an abyss, but she kept the eyes of her mind tightly closed.

Toward evening Joe came dashing in in great perturbation.

"Say, Sis!" he cried. "Peg's sick and can't go tonight. Will you come with me?"

"All right," she replied indifferently. "Where?"

"Where! Why, to the Nu Beta formal, of course, you poor fish! What's gotten into you lately? Going goofy, or what?"

She dressed mechanically. But, having arrived at the dance, she looked about her like one awakening from a dream. Lights, music, lovely clothes, old friends! This was her world, after all. How could she have imagined that she could turn her back upon it? Then between her eyes and the actual scene came the memory of a lonely, grotesque figure with wistful eyes—

Joe was surveying his programme discontentedly.

"Hey, Sis," he remarked. "I've got all but three with Peg. That's too many to dance with you. I'm going to trade off with some of the stags."

"Heavens, yes!" agreed Susannah. "All but three! Poor Peg! No wonder she got sick!"

Joe returned presently with another man in tow.

"Here's old Slide Crandall," he said. "This is my sister Susannah. Slide's going to take you off my hands for a few dances."

As Susannah acknowledged the introduction, she felt a sudden catch at her heart, for something about this man reminded her of another—his height, his voice, his coloring, perhaps—and yet how tragically different they were!

She could not help seeing that he admired her. In fact, he relieved Joe of his entire brotherly duty for the evening. This was her kind of man—the same friends, the same traditions—and yet—

She hoped desperately that he would not ask permission to come and see her. She was afraid to face the decision. Several times she thought that he was on the verge of doing so, and each time she hurriedly changed the subject.

"But if I were a man," she thought, unreasonably, "and really wanted to date a girl, I wouldn't LET her head me off. Perhaps he isn't really interested in me after all."

And now, quite illogically, this thought made her unhappy too.

"The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl!" sang the orchestra.

Did he hold her a shade closer, or did she imagine it? [Continued on page 93]

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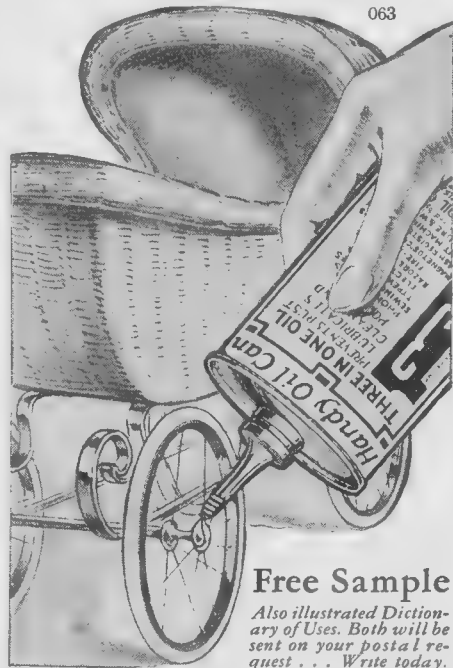
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Meet the Family

Continued from page 92

"The blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair—" they sang.

If only he wouldn't look at her like that!

They danced, they strolled in the moonlight, they smiled at each other in that shy, mysterious way that between young creatures means a promise of many lovely things to come.

And yet, when the evening ended, though their eyes and hands clung a moment longer than was necessary, they said good-night, and that was all.

WHEN Susannah went to her room to dress for her secret rendezvous next evening, she laid the dilapidated hat and dress and strand of hair on the bed and gazed at them thoughtfully. Then she folded them up and put them away.

"This thing is going to straighten itself out one way or the other tonight," she said. "This is the end of Mary Jane Peppercorn."

She arrayed herself in her best and started away with a wildly beating heart. She arrived a few moments early. She saw the figure of a man standing in the shadows, but when she approached she saw, not William, but Slide Crandall.

She stopped, horror-stricken. Slide Crandall, of all people! He must not see William! Then a sharp pang at her disloyalty pierced her heart. She straightened herself proudly and advanced with head high.

He seemed as startled as she had been. They carried on an uneasy, forced conversation for a few moments. Then with flaming cheeks she burst forth:

"Mr. Crandall, I don't know what you will think of me, but I am going to ask you to go away. I have an appointment to meet someone here. There is nothing wrong in what I am doing but—Oh, you couldn't possibly understand. Will you go away, please—right now?"

His color also had deepened.

"I'm sorry, Miss Brown—I wish I could do what you ask, but I am here by appointment, too. It is an unfortunate coincidence that we have chosen the same place. I assure you I will go the moment the—the person I am waiting for arrives."

She gave a despairing gesture.

"All right. I know you think it odd, my coming here alone at night to meet a man—but it's quite all right, really. We—we are practically engaged to be married. I can't entertain him at home because my people would not approve of him. He has never had time to cultivate the sort of thing that they consider worth-while, and I have put off presenting him to them because I care for him so much that I couldn't bear to hear him criticized. Do you understand? Or do you think I'm dreadful?"

"I—I think I more than understand. Shall we go over to that bench and sit down? Our appointments are not in sight, and I want to talk to you a little, if I may."

They seated themselves and she looked at him wonderingly.

"I think," he said, "if we had met some time ago, we might have been—great friends. I appreciate it a lot, your telling me what you did. Now, I want to confide in you."

"I wish you would."

"Well, our love-stories are very much alike. This girl I am here to meet—she's

the most wonderful girl in the world—the finest, the sweetest, the truest. There is something between us—a sort of comradeship and understanding—I can't explain it, but once you have found it you know that it is the most worth-while thing in life."

"You don't need to explain it to me," replied Susannah. "I have found it too."

"Then you know how trivial other things are when weighed against it. This girl of mine—you won't think her at all wonderful when you see her—but I want you to take my word for it."

"I will," she said. "And I hope you'll be very happy. I—I hope we both will."

"I hope so too. And I hope I can make her happy. I'd like to tell you a little more about her. I've never told a living soul, but I know I can trust you."

"You can."

"Well, she's a girl that never had much. She's missed out on clothes and good times and all that sort of thing. I'm telling you all this because I'm going to ask you to help her some time. I wouldn't have her changed a bit inside, but I would like to have her look like you and dress like you and act like you."

"I would be so happy to help her—if she would let me. What is her name?"

"I'm not sure that I know. I don't believe that she has told me her real name."

Susannah looked startled.

"I might as well tell you the whole thing," he said. "I met her through a fool initiation stunt. The fellows put a matrimonial ad. in the paper and this girl answered it. She lives with some relatives who are putting her through college, and I guess they are terribly strict with the poor little kid. It was the only way she had of meeting anyone. She isn't that type of girl at all. The fellows dressed me up in a freak outfit and made me drive down to meet her in a prehistoric flivver. Then they gathered around the car and howled like Indians as we drove off. That was the end of it as far as they were concerned, but for me it was just the beginning. I met her again and again, and—well, I've told you how it turned out."

He was so engrossed in his narrative that he did not see Susannah gazing at him starry-eyed.

"Is her name by any chance Mary Jane Peppercorn?"

He wheeled about and stared at her.

"You know her?"

"So you are William Boggs—Are you—or aren't you?"

"William Boggs Crandall. Tell me what she told you —"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, will I have to go home and put on the flapjack hat and ankle-length dress—"

After a blissful interlude, Susannah wriggled out of his arms and faced him sternly.

"Weren't you rather apologizing for Mary Jane?" she demanded.

"Now, the less said on that subject, the better, young lady," was the reply. He mimicked her in a high falsetto. "Please go away at once, Mr. Crandall. I don't want you to see my gentleman friend."

Susannah rose and smoothed her hair.

"I don't believe we need to wait any longer for our dates," she said. "No doubt they've met and gone off together. Come on home with me now, and meet the family."

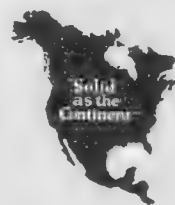
Spending yet Saving!

"Systematize your life," Ramsay MacDonald said last year in an address to young men. "Curb needless expenditures. A family budget will act as a brake on extravagance and enable you to build soundly for the future."

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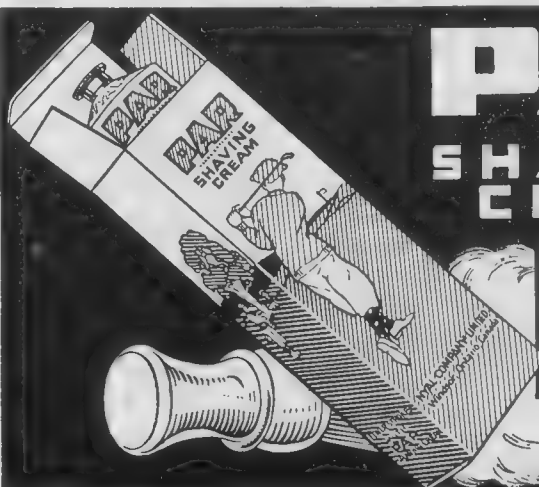


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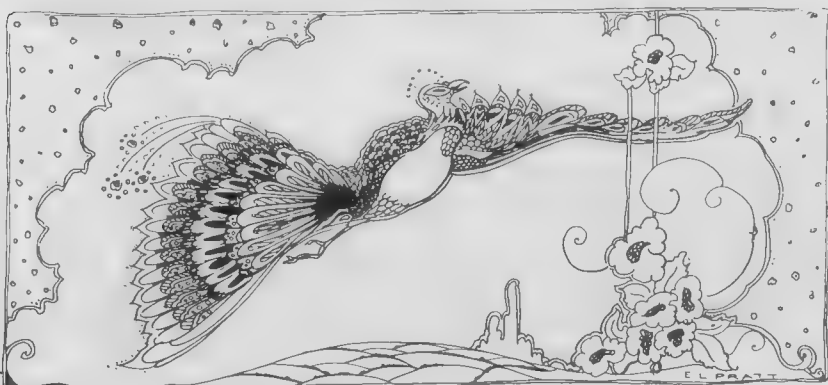
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Fashions in a Brighter mood



6746

6715

6746—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size with collar and sleeves, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. With collar and without sleeves the dress requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Price 25c.

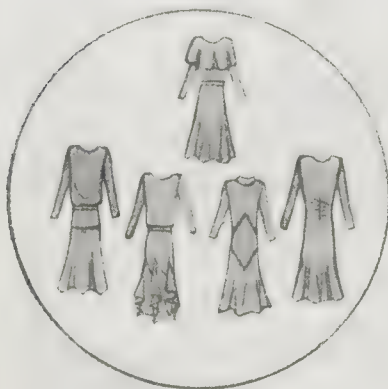
6715—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material. For contrasting material $1\frac{1}{6}$ yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. Price 25c.

6714—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. For the tabs of ribbon $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

6711—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46 inch size requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material. Without the drapery $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards will be required. To line the drapery requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide. To make jabot of lace requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Price 25c.

6712—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. The collar will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39 inch material, cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

The
Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Man.



6711

6712

6714

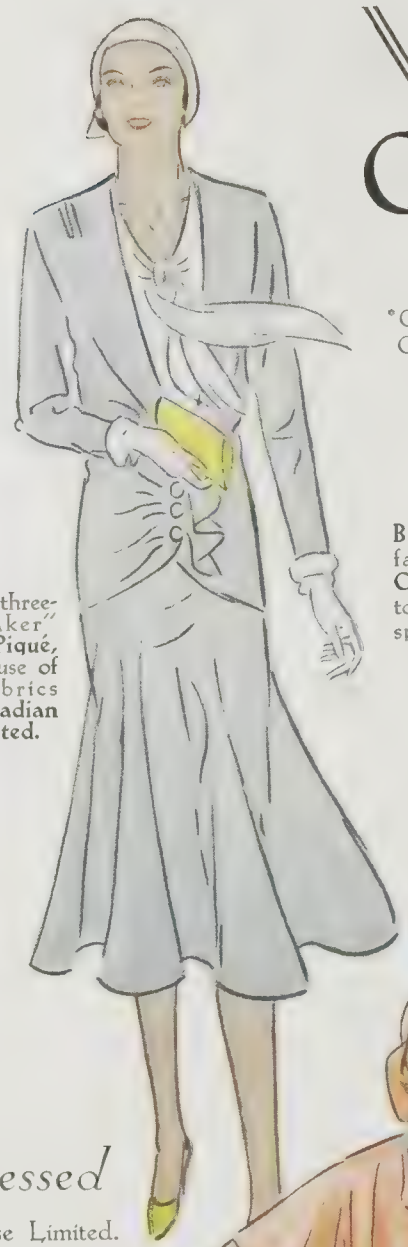
New Summer Styles from Paris— which suggest the soft drapiness of

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Left—A little dance frock, with the new cape sleeve, in *Crepe Josette*—A fabric created by Canadian Celanese Limited.



Right—A lovely three-piece "dressmaker" suit, in *Crepe Piqué*, with tuck-in blouse of *Ninette*—Fabrics created by Canadian Celanese Limited.

Below, Left—*Piqué*, a new fabric creation by Canadian Celanese Limited, adds chic to this sophisticated spectator sports frock in the new mode.

Below, Right—The belted waist and moulded hip line are cleverly expressed in this frock in *Crepe Veronese*, with jacket of *Crepe Opalika*,—Fabrics created by Canadian Celanese Limited.

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Here, the nights are just cool enough to make dancing in the great ball-room a sheer delight.

Here the long sunny days are still too short for all that must be seen and done. Start the day with a plunge in the warm sulphur pool, then a dip in the fresh pool beside Golf, ride, hike or climb. There are saddle-horses, ponies and guides, good trails and motor roads.

Play tennis on the en tout cas courts.

Tea on the terrace with its million-dollar view. Enjoy this summer at Banff Springs Hotel. Lake Louise is only forty miles away.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC



BY BOBBY BURKE

Nod.

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with brier,
From their sand, the conies creep,
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a June's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

Walter de la Mare.

(Is't this a dear little poem? Do you understand it? The author of this poem has written many others that you will love to read when you grow older. He has also written a book of children's poems called Peacock Pie.)

The Story of Oberammergau and the Passion Play

GET out your map of Europe and look up the little mountain country of Bavaria. Through this country runs a tiny river called the Ammer. On its banks is a village, a very old village, that is called Over-the-Ammer-River or Ober-ammer-gau. In this village this summer of 1930 a strange and wonderful thing will take place, and because of this thing, thousands of people will fill the boats that ply between all the other countries of the world and the continent of Europe. Shall I tell you the story?

Four hundred years ago a great plague swept over Europe. In those days people didn't know much about things we all know about now. They didn't understand sanitation, first aid, medicine, fresh air, healthy food, or any of the hundreds of things that you are taught in your schools. And so when sickness came the only thing they could do about it, was to pray, and when the plague came close to their country the people of this little village prayed unceasingly that it might not come to them, and in their prayers they promised that if they were spared from the plague they would, every ten years, tell in a play the story of the Passion of Christ. The people of Oberammergau were spared from the plague, and so every ten years since they have pictured to the world this old old story.

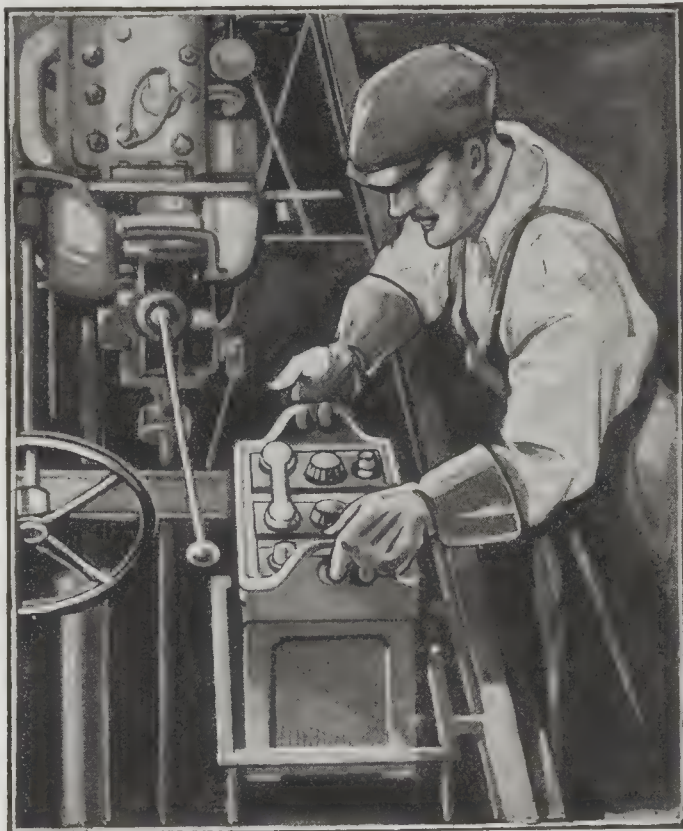
To begin with these people did not do things very well. They did not know how to express themselves, for they were peasants, who could neither read or write. They did not understand how to make living pictures, they did not understand about costumes or scenery or anything that we know now. But with the help of the monks, who were educated men of Europe, they each time improved the play so that it became more beautiful in words and in scenes. Year by year, century by century they worked at it. In between times they earned their livings carving wood, making pottery, weaving, and such like things. Each boy and girl grew up with one hope, not that they might grow rich or famous, but that they might be worthy to play a part in this great play. Even quite small children help with it, and in the whole village there is no one who does not do something in connection with the Passion Play. Reverently, and as an act of religion they work towards that year when the play is to be given. The different people are chosen by the vote of the whole village to take the parts—and it is a great honor to be chosen, and the people selected are known then not by

their own names, but by the name of the part they play, and so they live it, not only on the stage, but in their every day lives, and become more wonderful characters. Is this not a wonderful story?

Something You Want To Hear

THE Tower of London was built for a fortress, then it became a palace and a prison as well, and now it is really just a museum where curious folk like ourselves may go and peep and pry and find out how people lived and suffered in the days that are gone. Perhaps you can picture the tower a little bit when we tell you that there are two walls around it, the outer one having six towers, and the inner one thirteen. Outside the outer wall is a great moat or ditch which used to be filled with water to keep away enemies. Inside in the highest open square was the place where prisoners were executed, and it was here that Lord Dudley, the Earl of Essex, Archbishop Laud and many others whose name are familiar in history, lost their lives. Within these walls poor little Lady Jane Grey was beheaded, and from the windows of one of these towers watched her husbands dead body brought from the scaffold. Here in the Bloody Tower the two little princes were killed, and Sir Walter Raleigh spent long dreary days, his only exercise being a walk on the roofs. Here too the infamous Judge Jeffries was finally imprisoned, and here in the Wakefield Tower the Crown Jewels are kept. The visitor passes up a short staircase into a circular room. A window alcove off this room was once fitted up as a small chapel and here Henry VI used to pray, and it was here he was murdered. In the centre of the room in a huge double glass case are the jewels. There are crowns here that have been worn by kings and queens, sceptres, staffs, rings, bracelets, chains, necklets, and all manner of marvellous things sets with the world's greatest jewels. Here is a fine ruby that was given to the Black Prince by Peter the Cruel in 1367. This ruby was afterwards worn by Henry V, at the battle of Agincourt, and by Mary II. The crown worn by King Edward contains 2,818 diamonds, 297 pearls, and many other jewels. The ancient spoon which was used for anointing kings was first used for the coronation of King John in 1199. These are the things that make you feel that history has come alive, and that here are the things that people used.

In the White Tower you will find a wonderful collection of armour. How the old knights ever rode to battle or to the games done up in all that chain mail, iron, steel and gold I can't imagine. Even the horses had armour for battles, and here you will find old swords, old guns, and ancient weapons of all kind. You boys would love to spend hours there I know. In another room in this tower, you will also find a regular museum of things, old powder flasks, old cannon, kettle drums taken in ancient battles, and many other things of interest. Along the walls in some of the towers, you will find carefully preserved under glass the words carved in stone by many famous prisoners, who awaited death in this fearsome place. After you have wandered through these gloomy rooms where people long ago lived, suffered and died, you are glad to get out into the sunny courtyard where the red coated beef-eaters are standing on guard, and jackdaws are pecking food on the stone pavement that has seen so many sad sights. It's good to be in London in these days when the tower is only an interesting place to see, and not a sad prison and death trap as it was once long ago.

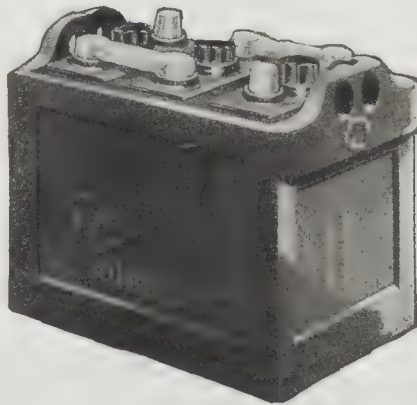


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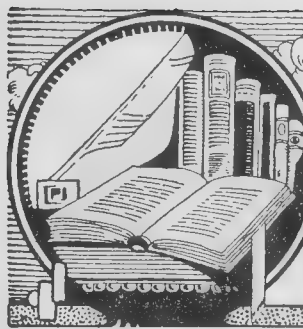
Authorized Prest-O-Lite service stations reach from coast to coast, where you will receive expert and courteous service when your battery needs attention.



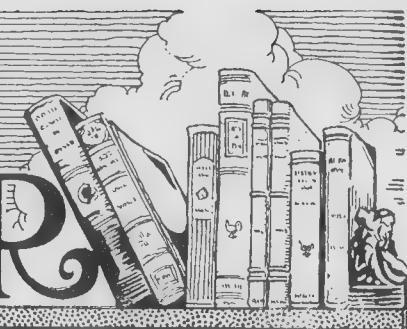
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Sitting in with The PHILOSOPHER



Which Nobody Can Deny

A READER sends a copy of a weekly published in the United States which circulates also in this country. In it he has marked an editorial which makes light of the Kellogg Pact and the Naval Conference in London and all such international "parleyings for peace." He asks for comment on that editorial. Well, the comment to be made is, surely, that even the writer of that piece of hard-boiled editorial cynicism must admit that there is now more than ever there was before a turning of international politics from belief in combinations for force to belief in combinations for agreement. Even such an observer, scornful of idealism though he is, must admit that the Great War taught this lesson to the peoples of the world: "Get together, or perish." Civilization, to put the thing in the fewest words, cannot stand much more fighting on the modern scale. The War, that terrific medicine, which shook up, and even shook down, the religion of many people, did, in a sense, put the fear of God into the minds of the kinds of practitioners of statecraft who, if that world struggle had not enlightened them, would have been less ready than they are to realize that nations will do well not to threaten but to reason together with a view to their own and the general safety.

The World is Getting Better

PROBABLY this world was never before so interesting as it is now. Certainly there never was a time when so many of the world's inhabitants knew so much about the doings and the ways of living of so many people in so many countries. In spite of the fact that it seems pretty hard sometimes to make out just what is happening in Russia, or in China, yet it can be said truly that never before was there a time when so many people in the world had as much knowledge about the actual facts and conditions and developments throughout the world generally and, in addition, so much of other knowledge of the kind that leads to human progress. When all due allowance is made for the shadows in the picture which the world presents at the present time, the picture, as a whole, surely means that the world is moving towards betterment of conditions generally and that humanity, as a whole, is heading in the direction of becoming more efficient, more clean, more healthy, more energetic and more sensible. How is it possible not to believe this?

So Different—Yet So Alike!

NO TWO human beings have entered upon life with identically the same equipment in body and mind. Not only does every baby bring into the world a pattern on its finger tips never seen before, but also the greater wonder of its brain, with its many millions of living cells grouped together by a system of communication in comparison with which the most intricate telephone exchange which human ingenuity could construct would be simplicity itself. Every human being is born with a certain make-up of faculties, aptitudes, instincts and inclinations. In no two human beings is the combination the same. When, in addition to all this, we keep in mind that each human personality has to go through an experience of its own in life surely it is nothing short of amazing that with such diversities in our individualities, we agree about so many things. This is worth remembering when one finds oneself thinking a little differently from someone else about something.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$2.50 A YEAR

"There Ain't No Such Animal"

AMONG the pamphlets which have come to The Philosopher's table in the past month is one sent from Toronto. It is by Dr. Ruth Andrus, of the Teachers' College of Columbia University, on the perfect child. It contains a list of no fewer than 1,911 questions in regard to the behaviour of a child. Of these questions, 207 are devoted to behaviour in emotional contingencies, 207 to intellectual matters, 864 to physical activities and the rest to miscellaneous occasions on which a child may behave well or behave badly. The child that gets good markings for the whole list is presumably a perfect child. But The Philosopher does not believe there is any such child. If it were announced that such a marvel had been found by such a course of testing, would not your first feeling be one of doubt about the way the testing had been done? And even if the testing had been well and truly done and had resulted in a perfect child being found, the perfect child could not possibly stay that way. The fact is the matter is that the perfect child is a myth. So is the perfect man. Also the perfect woman.

Our Subconscious Motives

WHAT is this new psychology and all about our subconscious minds, that so many writers seem to be referring to?" asks a reader. That is a large question even to begin to answer here. But a main part of the answer may be outlined here very briefly, by saying that not only does what a person wants explain most of his behaviour, but the driving force of all human conduct is located largely in this "wanting" part of a person which is largely hidden even from himself—indeed, most often wholly hidden—in the deepest layers of his personality, in what is called his subconsciousness, which is, according to the new psychology, the hiding place of "original sin"—and of much else. From our earliest years of childhood there are built up subconscious "controls" of that "wanting" part of ourselves, in addition to the conscious controlling powers which we build up. The conflict between those subconscious "controls" and our "wanting" part is what the new psychology, so called, chiefly concerns itself with. One of the most outstanding features of the new psychology is its explanation of the fierce zeal of some wagers of warfare against things which they denounce as evils. The wagers of such warfare, according to the new psychology, are often subconsciously driven to purify themselves of the evil they denounce by striving zealously to purge other people of it, and are unaware of what the main driving motive power of their zeal is.

Children and the Bible

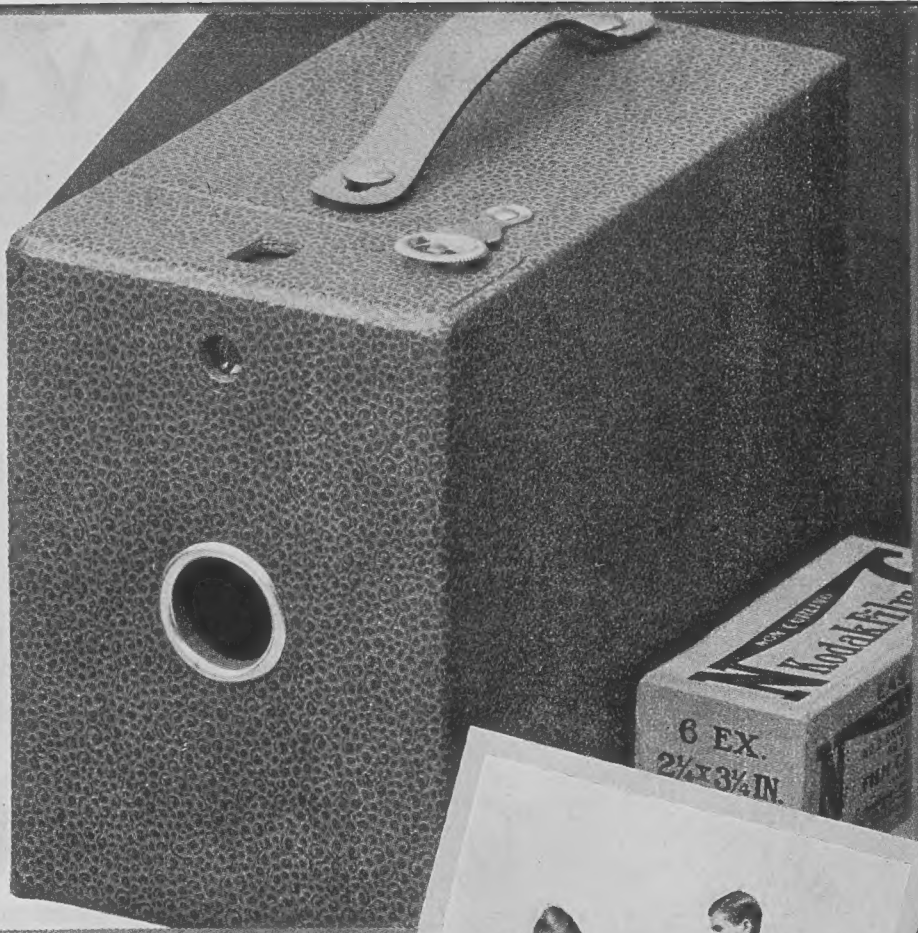
THERE was a cable despatch in the newspapers recently which said that an expurgated Bible had been printed in England for use in Sunday Schools, in which "certain passages are toned down and certain objectionable words are softened." The Philosopher cannot keep out of the back of his mind a certain doubtfulness about the value and the desirability of this well-intentioned toning down and softening. The idea of it is, of course, that children should come to know the Bible first in this toned down and softened version, and that later on they would become acquainted with the Bible as it is, without toning down and softening. But would this be altogether the best way? Is not the time-honored way of teaching young children Bible stories and so giving them their first knowledge of the Bible a better way?

Mothers — this Camera FREE to any Child Born in 1918 !

(Any Child whose 12th Birthday falls in 1930)

*Go to a Kodak dealer and
accept one ... complete with
Roll of Kodak Film, FREE!*

PAY NOTHING, BUY NOTHING



A Gift of 50,000 Cameras to the Children of Canada in Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak

MOTHERS !

Beginning on the first day of May, 50,000 cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to Canadian children whose twelfth birthdays fall in any month of the calendar year 1930.

If you have a child who reaches the age of twelve this year, take your child to a Kodak dealer's and accept one of these cameras, complete with roll of Kodak Film—free. Buy nothing; pay nothing.

The gift is made with the compliments of George Eastman, creator of Kodak and founder of the Kodak organization, to the Children of Canada to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of Kodak.

There are no reservations to the gift, except that no cameras will be given before May 1, or after May 31, 1930, and none after the original supply of 50,000 is exhausted. To be sure of getting one, act early.

The Gift's True Object

This gift is made to benefit both the giver and the children who receive it. Many eminent people hold that its acceptance is a duty every mother owes her child. . . .



GEORGE EASTMAN
Creator of Kodak, which celebrates its 50th Anniversary by giving away 50,000 Cameras to Canadian Children.

One leading educator declares that in developing *character, observation, appreciation of beauty and a depth of human understanding*, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other factor as an educational adjunct.

Another says that it brings a child in touch with every phase of life and nature, and implants a *clean interest* in the formative mind during the dangerously impressionable years, when a wholesome pastime is most needed to safeguard the future of the growing child.

More and more, every day, thinking parents are regarding amateur picture-taking in that light.

* * * *

THIS GIFT IS MADE WITH TWO ENDS IN VIEW:

Sentiment: In appreciation to the grandparents and parents of today, who, as the picture-taking children of yesterday, played so important a part in the development of amateur photography and of the Kodak Company.

To place in the hands of their children and grand-children an admittedly important character-building force.

Business: To interest thousands more children in picture-taking. And thus to raise amateur photography among the coming generation to even greater heights than its present remarkable peak. For as amateur photography increases in popularity, the use of Kodak products will naturally increase with it.

Accept for Your Child

The Anniversary Cameras will be at Kodak dealers' May 1, 1930—



Typical pictures, actual size,
2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches, taken with the
Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film.

ready for distribution. Take your child to one of these stores. Get the camera. No red tape, no delay, no cost.

The gift-giving period extends into the month of May only as long as the supply of 50,000 cameras holds out. Be sure of getting a camera for your child.

* * * *

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED,
Toronto, Ontario

A GIFT of 50,000 Cameras

The Camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is to be given absolutely without cost to any child in Canada whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930.

50,000 Cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to children who reach the age of twelve this year. The gift is from Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, with the compliments of George Eastman, creator of Kodak, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 50,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

To get a Camera, simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer's. Pay nothing. Child must be accompanied by either parent or guardian.

What the World is Saying

Business Item

Reno divorces fell off sharply in 1929, but the industry is declared basically sound. No mills have been shut down.—New York World.

It's Been in the Family for Generations

Many a man seems to be actually proud of never changing what he calls his political belief. But he could not, to save his life, tell you why.—Toronto Star.

One Way of Discouraging Free Speech

The penalty for publicly criticizing the administration in Afghanistan is to be nailed to a wall and afterwards blown out of a cannon.—Dundee Courier.

Fewer and Better Sunspots?

There is increasing evidence that this is a year of retrenchment and economy. Even the sun is going to have fewer spots this year.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

When They Doze, They Mustn't Snore

Now that a lady is a member of the Senate, the gentlemen Senators will have to be more particular about behaving politely in her presence.—Ottawa Journal.



"What! Hiccoughing again, Bertrand?"
"Oh, pardon me, Gwendolyn; it must be that little Scotch I had."

And Also at Both Ends

What, after all, is the use of a worm turning, anyway? It looks just the same on the other side.—Nelson News.

They Often Clinch a Good Deal

American boxers are usually keen business men.—Glasgow Herald.

Shouldn't It Be: "Alone, on Onions?"

A centenarian in Germany is said to live on onions alone.—London Daily Mail.

A Danger of Knowing Too Much

Great learning is at times the parent of hesitation and indecision.—Montreal Gazette.

But Never the Garage

A girl, in building a castle in the air, often leaves out the kitchen.—Vancouver Province.

Some of Them Are Quite Ten Years Older

"Girls of today are not what they were twenty years ago," writes a novelist.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Thing Few Husbands Can Do

An instrument has been invented which can be used to match colors perfectly.—Scientific American.

About Fifty Miles an Hour, or More

"What is the present generation driving at?" asks a writer in the North American Review.—Minneapolis Journal.

If It Could Only Be Kept in Isolation!

The influenza germ, it is announced authoritatively, has at last been isolated.—British Medical Journal.

They Earn Big Money Down There

Some of the coins in use in the South Sea Islands, we read, weigh as much as half a pound each.—Victoria Colonist.

His Little Ray of Artificial Sunshine

"A well-made-up face makes me quite happy" declares a beauty expert, in an article in a New York fashion weekly.—Quebec Evenement.

A Car That Can Burn Up the Road?

It is now announced that a new automobile will make its appearance next summer, which will use vaporized tar as its fuel.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Aiming Blows at the Seat of Communism

An old-fashioned and practical New Jersey judge said that some young Reds who were brought before him deserved to be spanked.—Niagara Falls Review.

Humanity Garbs Itself in Unwisdom

Perhaps the best way to state a great truth is to say that men wear too many foolish clothes and women not enough sensible garments.—London Times.

And When He Just Talks About It, Jawbone

When a man just wishes he had saved, or was saving, that's wishbone. When he resolves to begin saving now, and does it, that's backbone.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Not Breakfast, but Breakfuss

When the toast is burned and the bacon is done to a cinder and the eggs are like leather, the morning meal starts the day all wrong.—London Daily Express.

We Wouldn't Put It Beyond Him

A son of the Sultan of Turkey who was known to Western Europe as "Abdul the Damned" is said to have been performing in a jazz band.—London Passing Show.

Dental Item

Pulling out all the teeth may not cure all diseases, but it may help considerably towards preventing people from talking about them.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

And We Call This a Civilized Age!

A lady of Los Angeles has obtained a divorce on the grounds that her husband teased her canary by bouncing its cage up and down, and also frightened his wife by "rattling a paper and saying 'Boo!'"—Kansas City Star.

A Test That Few Could Hope to Pass

A doctor urges that there should be a handwriting test to determine whether a man is sober or intoxicated. If he can write his name clearly with a post office pen and ink, he should be declared not only sober but a genius.—Montreal Herald.

A Joke From Washington

Fifteen million Americans are unable to read, says Secretary Wilbur. But, then, there's the radio.—Washington Post.

The Moves Being of the Slow Movie Kind

When we looked in at the final match for the championship in the checkers tournament, it suggested to us a way for improving the old proverb about something being "slower than molasses in January."—Vancouver Sun.

Or, of Hope's Triumph Over Experience?

There was a news story in the cable despatches recently of an octogenarian in England who had just married for the fifth time. One more proof that hope springs eternal in the human breast.—Kitchener Record.

The Periodicity is in the Payments

"Many people know nothing of the styles of furniture," writes an authority on that subject. But few are so ignorant as to think that period furniture means furniture bought on the instalment plan.—Hamilton Spectator.

Happy Thought

A motorist has one consolation. His license plate lasts twelve months without needing any repairs.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.



Hotel Manager:
"Can you beat it!
There goes another
one of our towels!"

If You Can Call That Fussiness

With a murder every forty minutes in these United States, some people in this happy land are fussy enough to feel that disarmament ought to begin at home.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Moreover, King Tut Died 1300 B.C.

Twelve men who pried into the tomb of King Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings, in Egypt, are now no more. Counting King Tut himself, that makes thirteen. Who will now say that thirteen is not an unlucky number?—Lethbridge Herald.

When the Pink Icing Comes Off the Cake

Pola Negri says that she thought it would be so wonderfully different, but now that she is one, she appears to be sadly disillusioned to find that it isn't. We wonder what she will say when she finds out the truth about Santa Claus.—Duluth Herald.

Except Sunburn

There is no Red menace in this country.—Calgary Herald.

The Slavery of Man, From a New Angle

The average man is a slave to the dinner table. He will eat a too heavy meal, because his wife has prepared it.—Toronto Globe.

Have You Ever Noticed This?

No matter how many pearls or beads scatter on the floor when the string breaks, you can find them all by turning out the light and walking about the room in your bare feet.—Quebec Soleil.

Cosmetic Item

Some of the wrinkles in some women's faces are caused by their worrying about their complexions.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

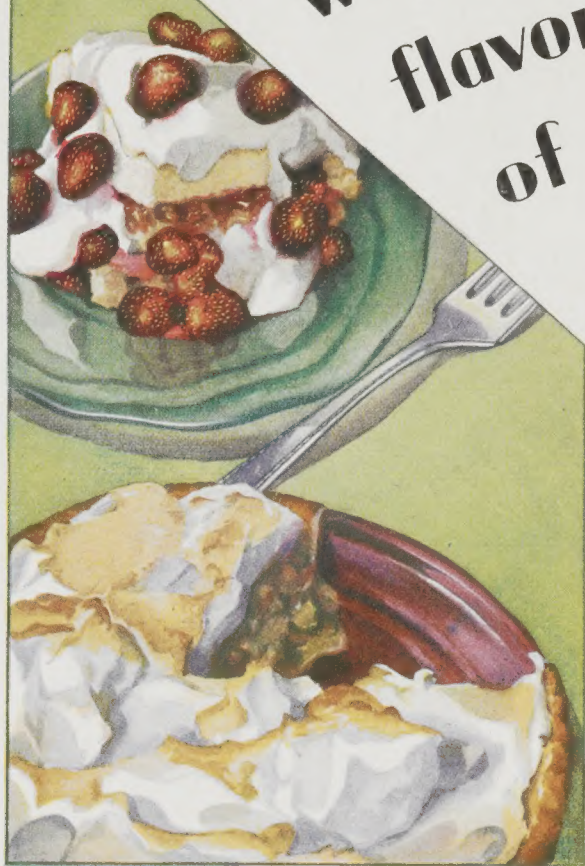
What a Pyramid They Would Make!

A statistician is responsible for the statement that in the United States a saxophone is made every minute. A further calculation would show that if they were all piled up in the Sahara Desert, there would be nothing to regret.—London Opinion.



The fellow that brought a prescription to a drug store.

You taste  milk. You test  eggs. Now, taste  Crisco  ... then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's  own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your   



RHUBARB COTTAGE PUDDING

Cottage Pudding is a homey-sounding name picturing a dessert that's simple and easy to make. This rhubarb cottage pudding fulfills that promise and has just the tart, invigorating tang one wants in a Springtime dessert. Crisco blends easily with the other ingredients in this quick dessert and its own sweet fresh flavor makes the cake fresh flavored.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco 2 cups flour $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar 2 teaspoons baking powder
 1 egg beaten $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
 1 cup unsweetened cooked rhubarb

Blend Crisco and sugar. Add beaten egg and rhubarb. Sift dry ingredients and add to mixture. Beat thoroughly. Bake in Criscoed loaf tin in moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Serve hot with favorite pudding sauce.

Flaky Pastry (plus a short-cut)

Sift 1 cup flour, $\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco in well with two knives. Add only enough water to hold mixture together (3 to 5 tablespoons). This recipe makes 6 tart shells, or one single crust. You can double or quadruple the recipe and keep Crisco pastry, already mixed, in the ice-box—ready whenever you want a pie. It stays sweet, because Crisco itself stays sweet.



Strawberry and rhubarb desserts [with 3 time-saving hints]

RHUBARB MERINGUE PIE

6,000 years ago a Chinese emperor grew rhubarb for its beautiful foliage. Later scientists found its roots had medicinal value... But when housewives tasted rhubarb, they exclaimed, "It's a plant for pie!"

Now housewives taste Crisco's pure, sweet flavor and exclaim, "It's the shortening for pie crust." Not only is Crisco pastry as sweet flavored as Crisco itself, but it is tender and flaky, too.

$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups rhubarb $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt 2 cups sugar
 2 egg yolks, beaten 7 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon 2 tablespoons Crisco, melted

Wash and cut rhubarb in thin slices without peeling. Add egg yolks well beaten, melted Crisco and sifted dry ingredients. Mix well together. Roll Crisco pastry $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick on floured board. Line Criscoed pie plate with pastry, put in the rhubarb filling and bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake until rhubarb is soft. Cool. Cover with meringue (2 egg whites beaten stiff with 4 tablespoons sugar) and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes until meringue is browned and cooked through.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

STRAWBERRY TARTS

If there's anything better than strawberry shortcake, it's a strawberry tart like this—red, ripe strawberries nestling in whipped cream and surrounded by a crinkly Crisco crust. Crisco crusts are sweet tasting, too, for Crisco itself tastes sweet and fresh.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar 1 cup water 3 cups fresh strawberries
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar
 1 tablespoon cornstarch $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet cream whipped

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add water and cook till thick, stirring constantly. Spread a little of this filling in the tart shells and add fresh strawberries mixed with the powdered sugar alternately with filling until crust is full. When cold, cover with sweetened whipped cream.

For tart shells, roll Crisco pastry $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick on floured board. Cut in small rounds, then cover inverted Criscoed muffin tins with the rounds. Prick well with fork to insure perfect-shaped shells. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.).

QUICK STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Two little children are responsible for this extra-quick Crisco shortcake. With their puppy they wandered out one afternoon to hunt wild berries and returned, tired and bedraggled, after supper had been put on the table. "They wanted their berries in a shortcake," writes their mother, "but I couldn't stop to make it the usual way. So I melted the Crisco, changed the recipe a bit and before we'd finished eating, the cake was out of the oven, brown and crunchy as any made the old slow way."

Crisco always imparts a fresh crispness to shortbread made this new quick way or by your old favorite recipe. For Crisco is both as rich and as sweet and fresh-tasting a shortening as you can imagine.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour 3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted Crisco $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
 2 tablespoons sugar 1 egg, well beaten

Sift dry ingredients together and stir in milk and melted Crisco which has been added to beaten egg. (Mix lightly, do not beat.) Spoon into Criscoed cake tin, and bake for 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Let cool slightly, split cake and fill with crushed sweetened strawberries. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Any fresh fruit can be used with this shortcake.



Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

CRISCO is made in Canada

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XHH-50), 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me free the cook book,
 "12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes."

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City _____ Prov. _____



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The New CRESTWOOD Tray of COMMUNITY PLATE

is the newest, most charming gift of wedding-silverware for the bride of 1930!

- The tray (shown above) is as romantic as her most secret imaginings—as cleverly practical as her own slim fingers—it blends perfectly with the silverware...

The silverware—COMMUNITY PLATE—so gay and gleaming—new and 'chic'—that it's come to be known as "The bride's silverware"—and 'belongs' to a wedding as much as the cake! Five designs—all lovely—to choose from... at your jeweller's.

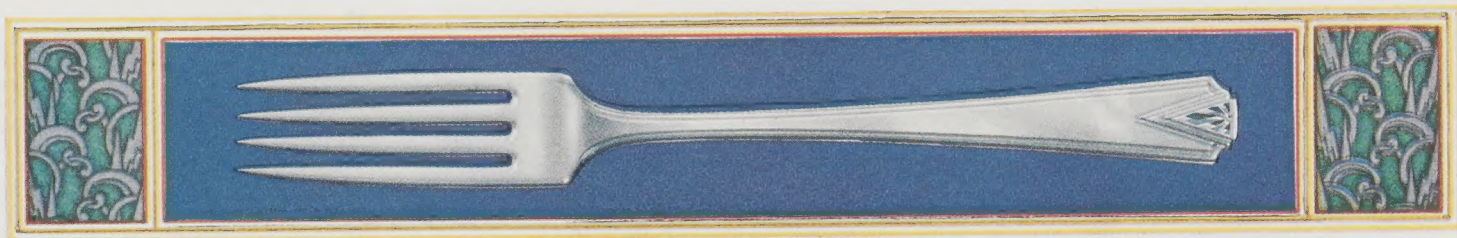
The design shown is the "DEAUVILLE"—Community's very new, very popular, modern design... The assortment is a service for eight people—spoons, knives, forks, and serving pieces—and costs \$45.95. Other services from \$35.50 to \$78.00. And, of course, you can get charming single pieces, in matching designs, for presents that will be the bride's favorites... from \$1.00 to \$30.00, unconditionally guaranteed for life.



Table Ways of Today

—a summary of the new trends in correct table service... has just been prepared by COMMUNITY with the aid of the editors of leading women's magazines. Its price is a quarter. Send for it to

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED
Dept. K, Niagara Falls, Canada



COMMUNITY PLATE

A L S O M A K E R S O F T U D O R P L A T E